BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY

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"O YE NOBLE BIG PINE TREE!"

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

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TO

A True Comrade

MY WIFE

PREFACE

THE BALLADS and songs recorded in the following pages have been gathered by me during the past seven years from men who worked in the woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, mainly during the Golden Age of American Lumbering (1870–1900).

Even a cursory acquaintance with the shanty-boy reveals him as a striking American frontier figure, with a mode of life as peculiarly his own, a personality as marked, as that of any of our other frontiersmen. He was, it must be admitted, destructive in his occupation; he cannot be credited with having been anything like the constructive factor in our national development that the cowboy was. But he was the product of a mighty industry blindly forced by the sudden growth of a mightier nation; and the person who shall study that industry and the men it required and produced may find the shanty-boy to have preserved and contributed to the American Spirit some very desirable qualities.

The definition of these qualities is not the purpose of the present volume, except as they may appear in songs and ballads. It is rather to pay tribute to the shanty-boy, and perhaps enrich the holdings of subsequent generations as well, by recording in as effective form as possible the songs and ballads he made and sang. No group ever celebrated itself in song and ballad more than did the shanty-boys of the Golden Age.

The preservation of song anywhere except in the human soul and voice is at best a process of questionable success. It may be as the little old lady of the North Countree sadly intimated to Sir Walter Scott: that to print a ballad of the people is to destroy it. But printing seems to be about the best method we have at our disposal, inasmuch as the number of those who care to learn and sing the old songs seems to be even less than negligible. The printing of the bare words of a ballad, however, without its melodic medium, seems to me to fall far short of preservation. This statement may be entirely debatable; but my feeling, based upon a considerable experience in presenting folk-song to present-day audiences, is that American balladry without its "air" is ineffective, sometimes even ugly, like a boat hauled up on the shore.

It is in accordance with this feeling, that the melodies given me for the various pieces in this collection receive their full share of attention. It is with regret that I am obliged to record a few compositions for which no tunes were furnished me. I have done so only on the supposition that half a loaf is better than none.

The original intention of making this an anthology of only such songs and ballads as belonged body and soul to the shanty-boy, and of including all obtainable variants and fragments of all of these, gave way later to the idea of excluding for the most part variants and fragments and including instead a number of other songs and ballads which the shanty-boy sang, although they did not directly reflect life in the woods. Thus in this volume of shanty-songs the sea, the Great Lakes, the battlefield (at

home and abroad), the prize-ring, and the paths of common life are represented, as well as the pineries.

In the course of my work I have naturally obligated myself to many people besides those who so patiently sang and recited for me. First among these is Mr. William W. Bartlett, since 1867 a citizen of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, whose active interest in this work and whose benevolent hospitality I shall always remember gratefully. I take this opportunity to pay a sincere tribute to this far-sighted man, who has by timely action caused to be preserved literally hundreds of pounds of valuable records, both literary and pictorial, of the lumber industry in Wisconsin from the eighteen-sixties onward. The illustrations in this volume are from pictures in Mr. Bartlett's possession. His gracious permission to reproduce these is one of his many kindnesses toward me.

I am also deeply indebted to Mr. Chris M. Forbes, of Perth, Ontario, for certain texts and historical material. Similar acknowledgment is due Mr. C. L. Clark, of Greenville, Michigan, and Mr. George F. Will, of Bismarck, North Dakota.

To Professor G. L. Kittredge, under whose benevolent influence I suppose all collectors and students of balladry come sooner or later, I render grateful acknowledgment for assistance in the form of several texts, many helpful editorial suggestions, and a most generous array of bibliographical material.

To Mr. Stewart Edward White and Doubleday, Page and Company I owe the privilege of using material from Mr. White's novel, *The Blazed Trail.* I acknowledge

obligation also to Mr. John Lomax for material, and to him and the Macmillan Company for permission to reprint matter from his *Cowboy Songs;* to G. P. Putnam's Sons for permission to reprint a text from their *American War Ballads*, edited by George Cary Eggleston; to Mr. M. C. (Mike) Dean, of Virginia, Minnesota, old shanty-boy and sailor, "singer," and indefatigable dispenser of good fellowship, whose collection, entitled *The Flying Cloud and 150 Other Old Time Poems and Ballads*, he gave me with the remark, "Go as far as you like"; and to Professor Roland P. Gray and the Harvard University Press for permission to use, from Mr. Gray's *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*, a few eleventh-hour bits with which I have enriched my Notes on certain ballads.

Claremont, California, January 2, 1925.

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INTRODUCTION

I

WHEN the English settler reached New English shores, in the early years of the seventeenth century, he found a land of forests, and he was immediately obliged to fell trees, not only that he might have material with which to build his home, but also that he might have arable land. But hardly two decades had elapsed after his landing before occasional shiploads of lumber began to find their way from the Colonies back to Old England — an exportation not based upon any conception of lumber as a source of wealth, but upon the fact that this was the first and most desirable commodity which the New Englander had to exchange for such goods as he needed from across the Atlantic.

By the time of the signing of our Declaration of Independence, while Canadian lumbering was practically just beginning, the American Colonies had been over a hundred years "in the business." For close on the heels of augmented settlement and the resultant increase in population and diversity of occupation had come the growing call for lumber within the Colonies themselves. It was no longer practicable for every man to serve himself in this respect, and thus entered industrial history those men whose calling it became to hew timber that their neighbors might have houses and their country, ships. It might be impossible to say exactly when or where, but

somewhere in that century appeared the professional woodsman, the incipient shanty-boy, foot-loose and fancy-free, who was to become the courageous, physically powerful, proud, swaggering, audacious, self-extolling "white water bucko" of the next century.

By 1850 the steam-driven circular saw had supplanted the primitive water-power jig-saw mill, and the supremacy in lumber production had moved successively from New England to New York, and from New York to Pennsylvania. The Army of the Axes had advanced even into the awe-inspiring columned vastnesses of Michigan, and across the intervening lake into the illimitable pineries of Wisconsin. What had previously been a steadily growing call for lumber, by 1870 swept suddenly upward into a reverberating clamorous roar of demand, as the hundreds of thousands, following the Argonauts of '49 and '50, surged out into the New West. It was then that American lumbering literally leaped into its Golden Age. Over Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota hovered for thirty years the far-seen glow of its romantic climax. Immense fortunes fell into the hands of far-sighted men, as into the spring-swollen streams rolled billions upon billions of logs, and the land was sown with stumps.

Meanwhile the shanty-boy came into his own. Up and down and across the country he roamed — here to-day, there to-morrow; chopping, skidding, rolling, hauling, driving great logs that the snarling saws might be fed. The free life called him, the thunder of falling majesties intoxicated him. Amid this stately presence, along these avenues of "endless upward reaches," he rudely trampled

the whiteness of the earth. His axe bit deep as it shouted, and his saw-blade sang in the brittle air. The soft aroma of the woods at peace sharpened to an acrid redolence, acute, insistent — the cry of wounded pine. The great crests trembled, tottered, and thundered to the earth in a blinding swirl of needles and snow-dust, and the sun and sky at last looked in. The conqueror shouted as the proud tops came crashing down, though the places made vacant and bare meant nothing to him. Long hours of hard labor, simple fare, and primitive accommodations hardened him; the constant presence of danger rendered him resourceful, self-reliant, agile. It was as if the physical strength and bold vitality, the regal aloofness of the fallen giants, flowed in full tide into him and he thus came to know neither weariness nor fear. Neither Life nor Death was his master. He loved, hated, worked, played, earned, spent, fought, and sang — and even in his singing was a law unto himself.

The relationship between the Northern lumbering communities of the United States and the Canadian provinces across the boundary was always close, not only in respect to the commercial exchange of the product, but in social ways as well. Migration took place in both directions; and, to a much greater extent, men from each side crossed over to work temporarily on the other, for profit, for a lark, or for both. The camps on both sides were similar, as were the logging operations themselves, until the American, with his mechanical and executive genius, outstripped his Northern neighbor. In the Golden Age of lumbering this cross-boundary visiting was most marked,

particularly America-ward. Canadian "boys" came across in droves to work in American camps, especially those of Michigan. They brought their songs and left them in the memories and on the lips of the Americans. They learned American shanty songs and took them back across the Lakes. In all probability the word "shanty-boy" itself came to our camps in the vocabulary of the Irishman *via* Canada. American jobbers logged off "limits," or grants, in Ontario; Canadian jobbers and companies boomed their cuts across the Lake to be sawed in Michigan sawmills.

So far as the contents of this volume are concerned, it is of no moment where next the lumber industry gloried in the United States; for the day of singing passed in the period of the Lake States supremacy. A few years, perhaps ten, before 1900, it was evident that some grim change was taking place, killing the song in the hearts of workers, not only in the forests, but abroad in the world as well. Instead of singing, they read or talked or plotted; or if they did sing, the song was no longer of themselves. The complexion of the shanty crews changed. Where once had been the free-moving wit, the clear ringing voice of the Irishman, the Scotchman, the French-Canadian, there appeared in greater numbers the stolid Indian, the quiet, slow-moving, more purposeful Scandinavian.

> Ten thousand Swedes
> Ran through the weeds
> Shouting the battle-cry of Copenhagen,

ran a maudlin lumber-jack parody of the later day. In the place of the old unattached shanty-boy, whose sole home

was the camp, came more and more the men from the farms, men who tended to save their money and whose morals were more or less safely anchored in homes to which they returned in the spring.

The insistent cry for quantity, the feverish prayer for efficiency, brought machines, massive, grim, powerful, ultra-human creatures of steel; and they, not singing, taught silence. Then one morning the romance of logging was gone. Gone were the feats of skill and prowess on the drive, for gone was the drive. The age of steel was upon lumbering — the impersonal age, the non-singing age.

The lumber industry still moves on. In the East, the North, the South, and the far West the trees still fall; for men must still have lumber, even more than ever. But it is now a cold and calculated process, with careful emphasis on selection, salvage, and by-product. The riot of wasteful harvest is no more: the unexpected vision of impending want, of imminent ugly barrenness, has quenched the thrill of destruction. The nation, having allowed the candle to be burned at both ends, tardily awakes to the necessity of conservation, a sort of cold gray "morning after." Such a morning has its good and holy uses; but whatever forms of exultation may finally come of it, it must be noted that song is not one of its immediate possessions.

II

Song did not serve in logging as it did in other gang occupations, such as that of sailors, railroad laborers, and the like, where efforts in unison were timed, or the general rhythm of the work was maintained, by the singing of the

group or of an individual in it. The shanty-boy made no appreciable use of his songs while actually at work. He apparently preferred quip and jest, or wordy by-play of various sorts. He was not by nature a "gang" worker; he was predominantly an individualist, an artist with cant-hook, peavy, axe, or saw.

But back in the shanty, particularly on Saturday evenings, secure from the outer cold, — his supper stowed safely within him, the old iron stove throwing out its genial heat, and the mellowing ministrations of tobacco well begun, — the shanty-boy became story-teller and singer. The emotional thaw set in; and a great many of his songs were, in the words of an old shanty-boy, "as fine as any you 'll hear."

One would like to assume unreservedly that this circle of deacon-seat gods required of each member a song as his turn came, as was the custom among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. But such an assumption does not seem to be warranted. In the very early days, when singing was an integral part of common life, provided for in the human soul and mechanism just as talking and walking are, the evidence is that all woodsmen sang, just as all other people sang, individually and collectively. But in that day the singing of a song could hardly be called a requirement; it was neither duty nor privilege: it was merely an element in the composite phenomenon of living.

Only on two occasions have I been told that each man around the deacon-seat was obliged to sing a song or tell a story. One of these informants added that if a fellow sang a song, he might sing an old one, but if he elected to

tell a story, he had to tell a new one. These were evidently particular instances rather than general practice. They illustrate what came to be a common form of amusement at social gatherings in that day of song: each person seated around the room was required to sing a song, not being allowed to repeat one already sung on that occasion. Failure to sing made necessary the payment of a forfeit, which had later to be redeemed as in the game of Forfeits.

In all ages, however, there have been those whose natural gifts have singled them out as performers more able than their fellows. In the case of the shanty-boy, by 1860, which is about as far back as can be reached effectively by the memories of men still living, although all shanty-boys sang on occasion (even the monotones!), the group generally liked to hear certain individuals sing. These individuals were called "singers," not because of any technical training, but because of the gifts of a naturally good voice, a particularly retentive memory, and an inherent inclination to sing. Such men were extremely popular in the camps, and in the saloons and resorts where the shanty-boy off the drive reached poverty through glittering doors.

A specific instance of the popularity of such a "singer" in camp was furnished me by Mr. Will Daugherty, of Charlevoix, Michigan, some years ago. After explaining that the position of the "singer" in the camp was unique, he went on to relate how one winter, when he was in a Michigan camp, a man named George Burns, an old Scotsman, wandered into the shanties in a freezing con-

dition. He was of course taken in, and in the natural order of events was asked if he could sing. In reply he sang "Bonnie Doon" in a fine tenor voice, and after that, as Daugherty put it, "he could n't get away." He was given work all that winter, "although he could n't shovel snow and do it right," and left the camp the following spring with a stake of $135, "a favorite member of the crew."

The majority of men from whom songs and ballads of the older men are now to be secured were "singers." It is only in the memories of these men, some of whom in their prime knew literally scores of songs, that the old melodies and verses rooted themselves sufficiently to stand a silence of thirty years, or even longer, and remain traceable now after a generation of rusting in disuse.

Whether the singing in the shanties was solo or ensemble would depend upon several conditions, prime among which would be the nature of the song and the spirit of the group at the particular moment. Some shanty-songs lend themselves to chorus singing; others do not. A song with a refrain would naturally bespeak a soloist for the stanza and all in chorus on the refrain. This principle is involved in the hoisting chantey, and possibly in the very origins of popular balladry. In *The Blazed Trail* Mr. White records "Bung Yer Eye" (No. 33) as sung by soloist and chorus. He also illustrates the other type of song in the fragment of "The Logger's Boast" which is reprinted in the Notes on page 219. This song, boisterous and boastful in tone, and composed in the third person plural, calls for chorus expression; whereas such a song as "Jim Whalen" (No. 3), or any of

that tragic type, or as "Jack Haggerty" (No. 1), or the autobiographical type, belongs just as definitely to the individual singer.

An examination of the names of the heroes in the songs recorded in this collection, and of the names of those from whom the songs were obtained, will support the assertion that in the logging camp the hegemony in song belonged to the Irish. Although the Scotch and French-Canadian occur occasionally, the Irish were dominant, and the Irish street-song was the pattern upon which a liberal portion of the shanty-songs were made.[1] Irishmen sailed the seas of the world. In the armies of England they fought against Russia and died on the fields of Indian insurrection. In Canada and the United States, whither they migrated in hordes, they fought wherever there was fighting. And in this New World those of them who were thrifty and provident laid the foundations of homes; and those who were not, did n't. But whatever they did, they made and sang songs; and wherever they went roving, they took them along. Thus it was that the shanties rang with songs of ships and piracy, of American battle charges, and of prize-fights in far-lying ports of the world; of charging the heights of Alma, of dying in India for Britannia and Britiannia's Queen, and of sailing the Lakes with red iron ore — of all these, as well as of harvesting the mighty pine.

[1] Examples of these street-songs are to be found in *A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue*, edited by Brooke and Rolleston (Macmillan, 1900); in *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; and in *Old-Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland* (*Irish Com-All-Ye's*), edited by Manus O'Conor.

In regard to the origin of woods songs there is no problem: they were composed by individuals who set out definitely to compose. No other theory of origin is logically possible, it seems to me. So far as I know, the shanty-boy had no ballads of the type of certain amœba-like negro pieces; nor of the unsettled hoisting chantey type, such as "Sally Black" or "Blow the Man Down" of the sailors; nor even of the type which includes "The Old Chisholm Trail" of the cowboys. I presume "Fred Sargent's Shanty Song" (No. 21) would be the nearest approach to these. A shanty-boy of modest ingenuity might construct new stanzas for this song as the group sang the refrain. But even so, the song is under no necessity of having originated that way.

Mr. Ava Smith, of Charlevoix, Michigan, gave me an account of a case of authorship which came under his observation one spring after a drive. The name of the song, the song itself, and the name of the man, had all vanished from his memory, but the occasion he recalled.

At a boarding and rooming house where a number of shanty-boys were staying, there was a waitress with very red hair. An "affair" between this lady and one of the boys became the occasion of a great deal of fun-making. Mr. Smith related that one of the men, a sort of ringleader among them, was noticeably absent from the group for several days — a fact which occasioned no little wonder on the part of the rest. For some reason known only to himself, he spent most of his time in his room, even missing some of his meals. Finally, however, he appeared at supper one evening, and after the meal was over sang

for the group a song which he had "made up on" the red-haired girl and her shanty-boy. There was no evidence that the man had written in the course of composition. Mr. Smith was of the opinion that the fellow could n't write anyway. Of the melody or its probable origin Mr. Smith could say nothing. His expression was merely that the composer of the verses had "fitted them to a tune." It is more than probable that the song was a short-lived one on account of its undramatic nature and its limited local appeal. I was told that it was highly successful at the time, however: it made the young lady "good an' hot." [1]

This incident suggests some consideration of the material and inspiration behind shanty-songs. Through the kindness of a patient friend I have been able to record in the Notes on "Jim Whalen" (No. 3) the historical data behind that classic. And it is more than likely that "Jack Haggerty" is built upon fact of some sort, although the material presented in the Notes establishes with certainty only Jack's historicity. The historical foundation of a great many ballads and songs of the generations which sang, especially of the ballads, is easily demonstrable, although the degree of visible dependence upon specific incident varies considerably in different instances. For example, "The Cumberland's Crew" is built definitely upon the sinking of the Cumberland by the Merrimac. At least one ballad and three songs rest upon the spectacular death of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, "the first hero

[1] For another such case of authorship see the Notes on "The Festive Lumber-jack" (No. 23).

of the Civil War"; and "James Bird" rests squarely upon the execution of the man of that name in 1814, just as "Jim Whalen" does upon the Phalen tragedy. On the other hand, in such pieces as "The Charge at Fredericksburg" (sometimes called "The Last Fierce Charge"), "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," "The Texas Rangers," and "The Battle of Buena Vista," there is little if anything that would serve to tie the story definitely to the locality or occasion announced in the title or assigned by investigators. Such shanty-songs as "The Maine-ite in Pennsylvania" (No. 19), any of the various "shanty-man's life" songs, or "The Shanty-boy and the Farmer's Son" (No. 10) would illustrate the song of indefinite foundation.

Imitation, not only of form but of theme as well, was a prime resource in the making of shanty-songs. This is true in American folk-song generally. A rich example is afforded in the old-world song called "The Unfortunate Rake," which is held responsible in a way for the well-known cowboy song, "The Dying Cowboy." I have heard a version of "The Dying Hobo" which was patently an adaptation, probably of the cowboy song; and the shanty-boys sang an adaptation known as "The Dying Whore." The relation of "The Cowboy's Lament," beginning

> Oh, bury me not on the lone prairee

to the earlier "Ocean Burial" (or "The Deep, Deep Sea"), which begins thus,

> Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,

has been pointed out.[1] It would seem also that "The Shanty-boy and the Farmer's Son (No. 10)" was patterned after "I Love My Sailor Boy." That "The Pinery Boy" (No. 18) is a direct adaptation of the older ballad, "Sweet William, or The Sailor Boy," a fragment of which is included in the Notes, there can be no doubt.

But, whatever the degree of imitation and of relationship and faithfulness to specific event, the shanty-song involved individual authorship, "the mere act of composition"; and later, on the lips of the folk, falling into multitudes of variants, it came into full acquaintance with "the second act of composition." [2]

It is common knowledge that anonymity is the rule in popular balladry. Only comparatively rarely, through some chance recording of author and song together at the time of composition (as in the case of "James Bird," "The Hunters of Kentucky," and "The Fatal Oak"), is the name of the "mere composer" known. Ballad collectors soon grow accustomed to being told who wrote this song or that, but in the majority of cases the information must simply be listed as another phase of folk expression!

Several years ago, however, Mr. William W. Bartlett, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, sent me the original manuscripts of some old woods songs, which had been sent him by the author, Mr. W. N. Allen, of Wausau, Wisconsin. Among these I was surprised to find a copy of a ballad

[1] Cf. Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, Notes on "The Dying Cowboy" and "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" (p. 253), for further references.

[2] These expressions are Professor Kittredge's, and are to be found in his Introduction to the Cambridge Edition of Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

which I had picked up in Minnesota some time before: "Johnny Murphy, or On the Banks of the Little Eau Pleine" (No. 5). It was perfectly clear that this version was actually the original, and some months later I had the privilege of visiting the author, a genial octogenarian, at his home. On the occasion of this visit I found that Billy Allen was also the composer of "The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire" (No. 11), a number of folk-versions of which I had also found. He had composed these and most of his other pieces under the pseudonym of "Shan T. Boy." His relation to the two ballads just mentioned is not at all known, even in his own state, where they were most used. I have never had anyone tell me who wrote them; but Mr. Allen said that on several occasions he had heard men sing one or the other of them and then give a complete account of "the feller that wrote that song," name and all. In none of these cases, however, was the "feller" Mr. Allen, who considered the joke a good one, but kept it to himself, mainly because he would not have been believed, I imagine.

Inasmuch as Mr. Allen is the only folk-author I have ever known, and as he seems to be about my closest possible approach to those shadowy persons responsible for the songs the shanty-boy sang, some biographical notice of him may not be amiss.

He was born, the oldest of eight children, in St. Stephens, New Brunswick, December 20, 1843, of parents who had emigrated from Ireland to Canada. The family left Canada in 1855 and came to Cedar River, Michigan, a settlement near where Escanaba now is. After fourteen

months there, they moved to Manitowoc County, Wisconsin; and a short time after, up to Wausau. There the mother of the family died. Billy left home at the age of seventeen, his first job being that of helper to a timber cruiser over in the Green Bay region of Wisconsin. It was in practical apprenticeship of this sort that he learned his trade. His formal schooling, all of which came prior to his leaving home, was very meagre — not more than three years in all, he thought.

In 1868, at the age of twenty-five, Allen returned to Wausau and worked that winter on the Wisconsin River. Since that year he has called Wausau his home, although he has travelled the length and breadth of the United States, and somewhat in Mexico, as timber cruiser for various companies. He has served as County Surveyor of his home county (Marathon) for several terms, twelve years in all. He has never married, and at the time I visited him was living with a sister in quiet retirement in his home in Wausau.

About 1870 he began composing his ballads and songs (he calls them all "poems"). He told me he had written lots of poetry when he was "a kid," but "it was n't much good." In composing his poems he had no idea of their achieving currency as songs, although he invariably composed them with tunes in mind, and, being himself a "singer," he sang them in the camps which he visited in the course of his work as cruiser. Nor did he make any attempt to preserve the pieces himself, other than in his memory — a fact he later regretted.

The following notes are from Mr. Allen to Mr. Bartlett, sent with the manuscripts already referred to:

Wausau, Wis.
April 10, 1923

W. W. Bartlett:

Dear Sir,

Yours of recent date at hand. Cap. Henry mentioned your name in his correspondence with me, and he wanted some of my poems. I presume it is immaterial whether I furnish them to him or to you. My business in by-gone days was cruising and surveying for the lumbermen in the Wisconsin valley. Consequently I had occasion to visit a great many logging camps in the course of each winter, and it was customary for me to sing for the lumber-jacks in lumber-jack style. But I am old and feeble now (in my 80th year) and my memory is not as fruitful as it was in former years. I was not careful enough about preserving my poems (which I should have done), and now I have to depend upon my memory for a great many of them. Several of my poems are sarcastic descriptions of characters and failings of our respectable (?) citizens, and I have been threatened with libel suits and shot-guns on several occasions. But most of my subjects are dead, so that I am now practically safe for the time being.

Yours truly, etc.

Wausau, Wis., *April 18, 1923*

W. W. Bartlett:

Dear Sir,

Yours to hand. I scribbled off a couple of poems which I enclose. Those others you mention I have heard sang, but am not the author of any of them. Several of my poems have been published far and wide and have generally been *murdered*, some of them I could n't tie together with a string.

Truly yours, etc.

As indicated here, Mr. Allen turned his poetic efforts in various directions. It happens that in two of his attempts, the two ballads mentioned earlier, he utilized such good narrative germs that the pieces caught in the popular fancy and rooted themselves there successfully, in spite of the author's conscious attempts at humor and satire. It so happens that neither of these ballads is based on actual fact — "just pure imagination," he told me, except for the mention, in each of them, of a local character. Indeed, Mr. Allen seemed always more interested in local characters and conditions than in dramatic narrative. Satire and derision were his favorite modes, and he recounted for me at great length some of his experiences as a writer of caustic verse, experiences to which he merely alludes in the first of the letters quoted above. The following stanzas from his "Ballad of a Blow-hard" are typical of his work in this vein.

My song is not a song of love; 't is not a song of flowers.
'T is not about the babbling brooks, nor of the shady bowers.
It is not about the ocean where the briny billow rolls.
But 't is of a hump-backed blow-hard: his name is S. D. Knowles.

When he was a little baby in the good old State of Maine,
His father was a homely cuss, his mother somewhat plain.
But the sun in all its glory as this planet round it rolls,
Ne'er gazed upon a cherub half so fair as S. D. Knowles.

. . . . . .

He 'll tell you of the dangers, of the hardships he went through;
How he can ride a Norway log and pole a bark canoe;

What havoc he has made among the spruces and the pines,
And how many miles on snow-shoes he has walked on section lines.

His manifold adventures to you he will explain,
When he was a shanty-boy in the good old State of Maine.
And you will wonder to yourself as you meander home,
Why so smart a man as S. D. Knowles is not more widely known.

The ballad contained twelve more stanzas of this general style, and a refrain of two lines.

Many of Mr. Allen's pieces were political, and of course intensely partisan. He recounted with some pride how, during a political struggle in the city of Wausau, someone handed the editor of one of Wausau's three newspapers a copy of one of the rival papers in which was prominent one of these political poems. "Yes," said the editor, "I see it, and I wish to God that editor had even half as much sense as the man who wrote that poem."

It would of course be dangerous to generalize too freely about folk-song authorship from one or two examples. Taking even the three clearly known authors represented in the present volume, — Billy Allen, Mrs. Payne, author of "The Fatal Oak" (No. 29), and Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Hunters of Kentucky" (No. 40), — one might find almost any number of differing details in matters of dependence upon historical event, purpose in composing, stanza form, utilization of older songs, and so on.[1]

[1] While speaking of ballad authors it seems entirely fitting to mention briefly Mr. Charles Miner, the author of the ballad "James Bird," which had

Certain points of apparent similarity also suggest themselves. Mr. Allen and Mr. Woodworth, for instance, might have thought and felt a great deal in common, their difference being rather in degree than in kind. The mood of "The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire" is very similar to that of "The Hunters of Kentucky." In "The Old Oaken Bucket" Mr. Woodworth sounded a universal note of homely sentiment; Mr. Allen achieved nothing of this magnitude, but he was no stranger to such sentiment, for he adapted the greater song to his own community when he wrote "The Hemlock that stood by the Brook," and recorded the traveller's yearning for his home when he composed "Wisconsin Again." Mr. Allen invariably appropriated his tunes from elsewhere; Mr. Woodworth was able to devise melodies for his verses, but did not always bind himself to do so, as witness his utilization of "Miss Bailey" for "The Hunters of Kentucky."

It is easy to imagine also that the author of "Jack Haggerty" would have been a kindred spirit with him who composed "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine." Whoever wrote "Harry Bail" would very likely have furnished congenial company for the writer of "The Fatal

a place among the songs of the shanty-boy, and a melody for which is included in this collection (No. 38). Mr. Miner was a Congressman, an editor, a man of affairs, of good education and possessing considerable literary sense — all of which qualities would normally be set down as inimical to any feeling for popular balladry. Yet in "James Bird" he composed a ballad which clung in the hearts of the American folk for nearly a century; a ballad which, in my experience at least, varies less in its countless folk-versions than any other popular song. No detail in it has seemed superfluous, no stanza unnecessary, no sentiment false to the emotional realities of the thousands who heard, learned, sung, and believed it. (For further comment and reference see Notes on "James Bird.")

Oak." It is not improbable that the makers of "Gerry's Rocks" and "James Bird" would also have been entirely compatible. And finally, "The Shanty-man's Alphabet," "Fred Sargent's Shanty Song," "The Crow Wing Drive," "Ole from Norway," and many other pieces in this collection might easily have taken form in the unlettered mind of the shanty-boy who drew aloof from his boarding-house fellows to "think up" the song on the red-haired girl and her jolly riverman.

It was in spite of his satire and his various other modes of conscious humor that Mr. Allen achieved folk-currency, certainly not because of them. It is axiomatic that the folk tends to drop from its ballads all that does not appeal to it — which is to say, it pares the story to the very core, dropping aside all artistic device which exists for its own sake or for the sake of anything except the narration. Cases in point are furnished by the ballad "Jack Haggerty" (No. 1), which, although probably not much, if any, older than Mr. Allen's compositions, has been more widely known and sung. In this ballad the paring has taken place in good style, a difference measured by four or five stanzas. The paring had begun on Mr. Allen's "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine," and with a wider and longer usage, all of this author's genial comedy would most likely have been left drying up along the wayside with Haggerty's poetic description of his unfaithful Annie.

In regard to Mr. Allen's methods another fact is salient and significant — the fact of his recourse to imitation and adaptation. For instance, "Driving Saw-logs on the

Plover" is a straight imitation of an older song about a mother's words to her son who went to the Crimean War; his "Little Log Shanty on Rib Hill" is an adaptation of the much-parodied "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane"; in "The Lass of Dunmore" (for a text see Dean, pages 47, 48) he apparently found his initial suggestion for "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine"; in "The Hemlock that stood by the Brook" he parodied "The Old Oaken Bucket"; and in "The Ballad of a Blow-hard" he followed the pattern of "Brennan on the Moor."

Being a "singer," he had at his tongue's end many old-world songs, mainly Irish. He not only had these always at his disposal as patterns for his verses, but for melodies for his new compositions he seemed invariably to turn to them. He sang "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine" to the tune of "Erin's Green Isle"; "Ye Noble Big Pine Tree" to that of "Will the Weaver"; "The Ballad of a Blow-hard" to that of "Brennan on the Moor"; and "The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire" and "Driving Saw-logs on the Plover" to old tunes the names of which he had forgotten by the time of my acquaintance with him.[1]

[1] Illustrative examples of the practice of appropriating existing tunes this way are numberless. "The Little Brown Bulls" (No. 13), a genuine woods song, and "Red Iron Ore" (No. 45), a Great Lakes song, have variants of the same tune; "Ye Maidens of Ontario" (No. 16), another woods song, made in Ontario, uses the same tune, with a different measure, as does "Morrissey and the Russian Sailor" (No. 48), a sea ballad telling of a prize-fight which took place in Terra del Fuego. "The Lost Jimmie Whalen" (No. 4), still another woods song, was sung to a portion of the melody used for "The Cumberland's Crew" (No. 39), a war song, probably originating on the ships, which became general. "The Shanty-boy's Song" (Jim Porter's Shanty Song") (No. 14) uses a tune used also by "The Bigler's Crew" (No. 47), "California Joe," and "Grandfather's Story." In my collecting I have found

Bona-fide singers of shanty-songs—that is, the shanty-boys themselves—have many peculiarities in singing, as they have, or had, in doing everything else in their lives. Some of these peculiarities have been hinted at here and there in the Notes on various pieces. But the recording of the individualistic touches and mannerisms found in the different singers, interesting and amusing as most of these touches and mannerisms would be, belongs to a detailed exposition of shanty-boy character rather than to this brief introduction. Two or three outstanding traits may be mentioned here, however.

Intense application to the matter in hand was apparently a cardinal trait of those singers, if their performances to-day may be taken as evidence. That the concentration may be greater, I suppose, many of them sing with their eyes closed. Some prefer (nowadays at least) to sit in a rocking-chair and rock nervously as they sing; others sit bolt upright and stiff, as they might have been moulded by the harsh lines of the deacon-seat itself. Stiffness and want of relaxation are present in the vocal organs themselves practically without exception, for the relaxation of proper singing comes usually only with training such as the folk never had. It would not be fair

the "Casey Jones" tune used for four different songs besides the original: a song of a deer-hunt over in Minnesota; a decadent shanty-boy song, "The Crow Wing Drive" (No. 24); a forest ranger song from the Klamath country; and an Idaho version of "The Old Chisholm Trail." On the other hand, "James Bird" was sung to at least four different tunes, three besides the one recorded in this collection, which is incidentally the only one I have heard used for it by the shanty-boys: one a famous old church tune ("Nettleton"), another a fife-and-drum tune of the soldiers, and the third a favorite published song of the nineties ("The Tempest").

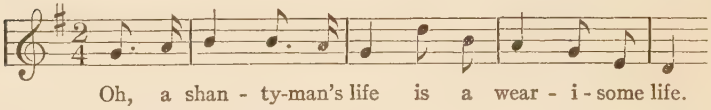
to judge, without very liberal allowance at least, what these voices were like in the Golden Age; for most of the old fellows are past man's three-score-and-ten allotment. But in the Golden Age the story and not the voice was the principal element. A good voice was appreciated, but it was in no sense a requirement.

Willingness to sing is another general trait of the old shanty-boy. I have yet to encounter one of them who hesitated to give me all he had, once common understanding and confidence had been established.

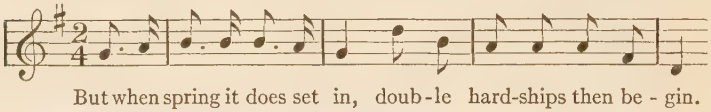
Many of the men, though not by any means all of them, have the habit of dropping from a singing to a speaking voice on the last words of a song, sometimes "talking" the entire last line. This habit is spoken of by Mr. Chris Forbes (see Notes on "Jim Whalen") as being common among shanty-boys and sailors. He explains it as being a sort of indication that the song is finished. Mr. Andrew Ross, of Charlevoix, Michigan, closed his songs with the last few words spoken, and invariably added as he opened his eyes, "That 's all there is to that song."

An examination of most of the songs recorded in this collection, where the music is included, will reveal the fact that the stanzas following the first one do not seem to "fit" the melody given. In such cases anyone attempting to sing the songs simply has to make them fit. The melody given is arranged for the first stanza that is complete in the particular version. To sing the song entire, one must do as the old singers did: have the melody clearly in mind, then merely juggle the notation in each

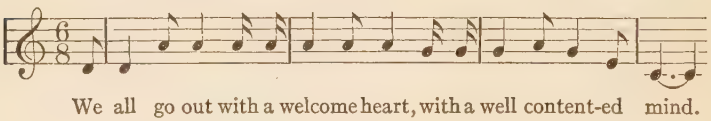
measure so that the sum total takes care of the whole stanza. For instance, the first line of stanza 1 of a certain song runs thus:



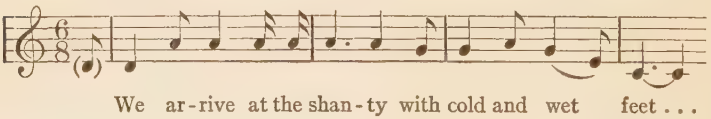
For the first line of stanza 4, however, this becomes



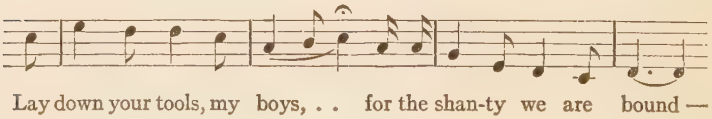
In a certain version of No. 14, for the first line of stanza 2:

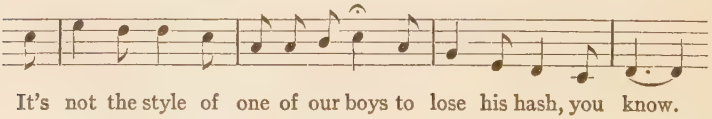


But for the same line in stanza 4:



And this passage in stanza 2 of the same piece —



becomes this for the same line of stanza 4:

It is with these songs and ballads just as my good friend, Mr. Otto Rindlisbacher, of Rice Lake, Wisconsin, said of the logging camp fiddler: "He gets the swing of the tune and then plays it to suit himself." Getting the swing of the melody of a song, and then bending both melody and words into a satisfactory union, is fundamental in folk-song. The singing of a ballad is a free and unconfined process. The story is the clear unmortgaged possession of the personality whose lips happen to be forming it at the time; word and note must serve, but they must not get in the way. Thus it is that a singer, in three successive renditions of the same line, may sing it no twice alike. Not only may the melody vary slightly, but "they" may become "we," "though" may become "although," "Willie" may become "William," or even another person entirely. "Oh" may be omitted, or supplied; or "it 's" or "then" or "now"; and so on through a hundred similar or greater possibilities. This may all sound slovenly and unkempt to the conscious artist; but in the realm of popular balladry, until one does it, the ballad is not truly his.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY

I

In every direction the woods —
the grandeur,
the remoteness,
the solemnity of the great pine forests.

II

The wilderness
sent forth its old-time challenge
to the hardy.

III

Each night
the men returned to the camp
in the beautiful dream-like twilight.
There, after eating,
they sat smoking their pipes.
Much of the time they sang.

IV

We regret the passing,
each after his manner;
for they are of the picturesque.

Adapted from *The Blazed Trail*
by Stewart Edward White

I

Jack Haggerty's Flat River Girl

A

From Mr. C. L. Clark, Greenville, Michigan

1 I 'm a heart-broken raftsman, from Greenville I came.
My virtues departed, alas! I declaim.
The strong darts of Cupid have caused me much grief.
Till my heart bursts asunder I will ne'er find relief.

2 I am by occupation a raftsman where the Flat River rolls.
My name is engraved on its rocks, sands, and shoals.
In shops, bars, and households I 'm very well known.
They call me Jack Haggerty, the pride of the town.

3 I 'll tell you my trouble without much delay,
How a sweet little lassie my heart stole away.
She was a blacksmith's daughter from the Flat River side,
And I always intended to make her my bride.

4 Her face was as fair as the rose on the lea.
Her eyes they resembled the calm smiling sea.
Her skin was as white as the lilies of Spain,
Or the wing of the sea-gull as he skims o'er the main.

5 Her form like the dove was so slender and neat.
Her hair hung in ringlets to her tiny white feet.
Her voice was like music or the sigh of the breeze,
As she whispered she loved me as we strolled through the trees.
I thought her my darling, — what a gem for a wife.
When I think of her treachery it near takes my life.

6 I worked on the river, I earned quite a stake.
I was steadfast and steady and ne'er played the rake;
But buoyant and happy on the boiling white stream,
My thoughts were of Annie, she haunted my dreams.

7 I would have dressed her in jewels and the finest of lace,
In the choicest muslins her form would embrace.
I thought not of sorrow, of trouble or gloom,
My heart light and happy as the rays of the moon.
I gave her my wages, the same to keep safe;
I begrudged her of nothing I had on this earth.

8 One day on the river a letter I received.
She said from her promise herself she 'd relieved.
My brain whirled with anguish, it near drove me mad.
My courage all left me, I wished myself dead.

9 "I have no doubt this letter will cause you surprise,
And for disappointment must apologize.

My marriage to another I 've a long time delayed,
And the next time you see me I shall ne'er be a maid."

10 To her mother, Jane Tucker, I lay all the blame.
She caused her to leave me and blacken my name.
She cast off the rigging that God would soon tie,
And left me a wanderer until the day that I die.

11 I will bid farewell to virtues divine.
I 'll live in debauchery, fast women, and wine.
I 'll leave Flat River, there I ne'er can find rest.
I 'll shoulder my peavy and start for the West.

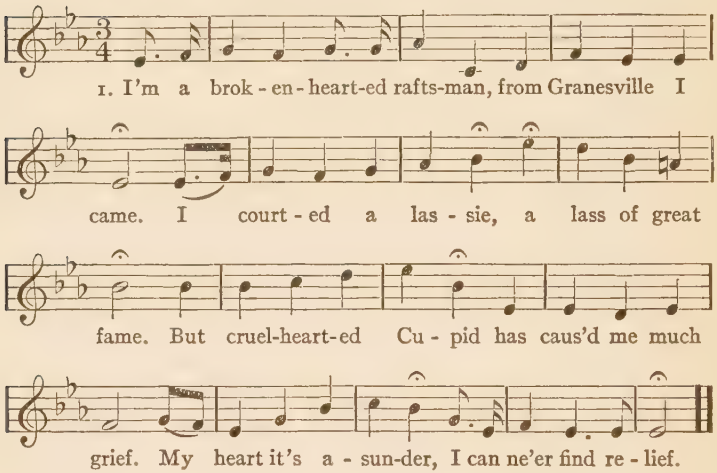
12 Now come all you young fellows with hearts brave
and true,
Don't believe in a woman: you 're beat if you do.
But if ever you see one with a brown chestnut curl,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and his Flat River girl.

13 Now my song it is ended, I hope it 's pleased all.
I sail in a packet that sails from White Hall.
The canvas is hoisted, and the wind blowing free,
As over the ocean sails Jack Haggerty.

B

The Flat River Girl

Sung by Mr. Arthur Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota


1. I'm a brok - en - heart-ed rafts-man, from Granesville I
came. I court - ed a las - sie, a lass of great
fame. But cruel-heart-ed Cu - pid has caus'd me much
grief. My heart it's a - sun-der, I can ne'er find re - lief.

1 I'm a broken-hearted raftsman, from Granesville I came.
I courted a lassie, a lass of great fame.
But cruel-hearted Cupid has caused me much grief.
My heart it's asunder, I can ne'er find relief.

2 My troubles I'll tell you without more delay.
A comely young lassie my heart stole away.
She was a blacksmith's only daughter from Flat River side,
And I always intended for to make her my bride.

3 I bought her rich jewels and the finest of lace,
And the costliest of muslins it was her I'd embrace.
I gave her my wages for her to keep safe.
I begrudged her of nothing that I had myself.

4 My name is Jack Haggarty where the white waters flow.
My name it's engraved on the rocks on the shore.
I'm a boy that stands happy on a log in the stream.
My heart was with Hannah, for she haunted my dreams.

5 I went up the river some money to make.
I was steadfast and steady, I ne'er played the rake.
Through —— and ——[1] I am very well known.
They call me Jack Haggarty and the pride of the town.

6 One day on the river a letter I received,
That it was from her promises she would be relieved.
She'd be wed to a young man who a long time delayed,
And the next time I'd see her she would not be a maid.

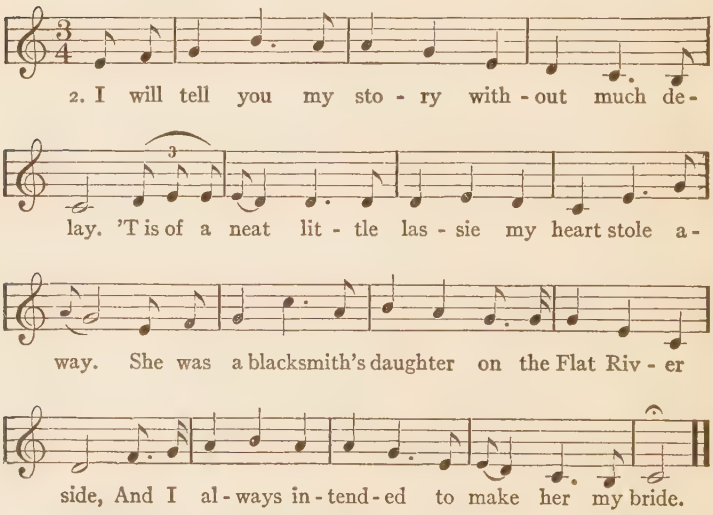
[1] Mr. Milloy said these should be names of two small towns near Muskegon.

7 Then adieu to Flat River. For me there's no rest.
I'll shoulder my peavy and I'll go out West.
I will go to Moskeegan some pleasures to find,
And I'll leave my own darling on Flat River behind.

8 So come all ye jolly raftsmen with hearts stout and bold,
Don't depend to the women; you're left if you do.
For if you chance to meet one with dark chestnut curls,
You will think of Jack Haggarty and his Flat River girl.

C

Jack Haggerty

Sung by Mr. W. H. Underwood, Bayport, Minnesota

2. I will tell you my sto - ry with - out much de -
lay. 'T is of a neat lit - tle las - sie my heart stole a -
way. She was a blacksmith's daughter on the Flat Riv - er
side, And I al - ways in - tend - ed to make her my bride.

1 I'm a heart-broken raftsman, from Greensville I came.

. . . . . .

The strong darts of Cubit have caused me much grief.
My heart's broke within me. I can ne'er get relief.

2 I will tell you my story without much delay.
'T is of a neat little lassie my heart stole away.
She was a blacksmith's daughter on the Flat River side,
And I always intended to make her my bride.

3 My occupation is raftsman when the white waters roll.
My name is engraved on the rocks and sand shores.
Through shabbers and housetops I'm known of renown,
And they call me Jack Haggerty, the pride of the town.

4 I dressed her in jewels and the finest of lace,
The costliest muslins herself to embrace.
I gave her my wages for to keep safe.
I begrudged her of nothing I had on this earth.

5 To her mother, Jane Tucker, I owe all the blame.
She has caused her to leave me and go back on my name.
She has cast off the riggin' that God would soon tie,
And has left me to wander till the day that I die.

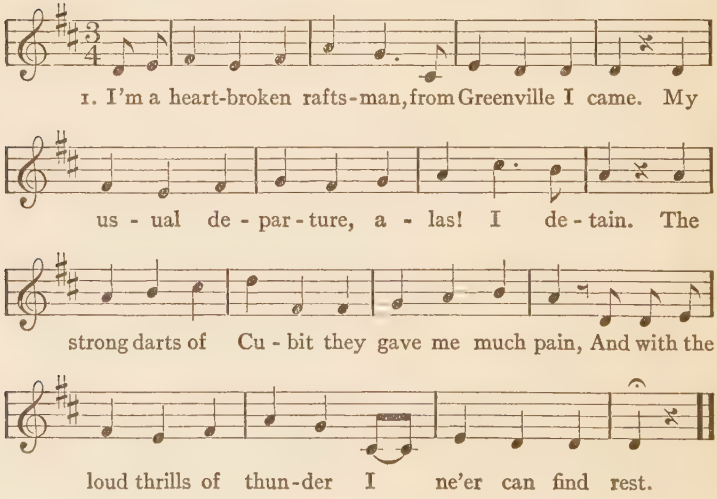
6 I'll bid adieu to Flat River. For me there's no rest.
I will shoulder my peavy and I will go West.
I will go to Muskegon some comfort to find,
And I'll leave my own sweetheart on Flat River
behind.

7 So come all you bold raftsmen with hearts stout and
true,
Don't depend on the women, you're beat if you do.
For when you meet one with a dark chestnut curl,
Oh, just remember Jack Haggerty and his Flat River
girl.

D

Jack Haggerty

As sung by Mr. Ed Springstad, Bemidji, Minnesota

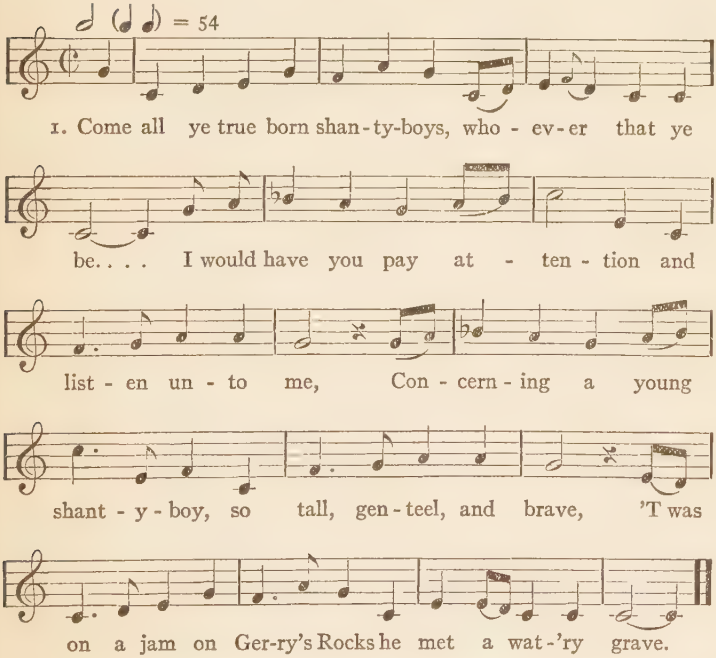

1. I'm a heart-broken rafts-man, from Greenville I came. My
us - ual de - par - ture, a - las! I de - tain. The
strong darts of Cu - bit they gave me much pain, And with the
loud thrills of thun-der I ne'er can find rest.

2

Gerry's Rocks

A

Sung by Mr. A. C. Hannah, Bemidji, Minnesota


♩ (♩ ♪) = 54
1. Come all ye true born shan-ty-boys, who - ev-er that ye
be. . . . I would have you pay at - ten - tion and
list - en un - to me, Con - cern - ing a young
shant - y - boy, so tall, gen - teel, and brave, 'T was
on a jam on Ger-ry's Rocks he met a wat-'ry grave.

1 Come all ye true born shanty-boys, whoever that ye
be,
I would have you pay attention and listen unto me,

Concerning a young shanty-boy so tall, genteel, and brave.
'T was on a jam on Gerry's Rocks he met a wat'ry grave.

2 It happened on a Sunday morn as you shall quickly hear.
Our logs were piled up mountain high, there being no one to keep them clear.
Our boss he cried, "Turn out, brave boys. Your hearts are void of fear.
We'll break that jam on Gerry's Rocks, and for Agonstown we'll steer."

3 Some of them were willing enough, but others they hung back.
'T was for to work on Sabbath they did not think 't was right.
But six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rocks with their foreman, young Monroe.

4 They had not rolled off many logs when the boss to them did say,
"I'd have you be on your guard, brave boys. That jam will soon give way."
But scarce the warning had he spoke when the jam did break and go,
And it carried away these six brave youths and their foreman, young Monroe.

5 When the rest of the shanty-boys these sad tidings
came to hear,
To search for their dead comrades to the river they
did steer.
One of these a headless body found, to their sad grief
and woe,
Lay cut and mangled on the beach the head of young
Monroe.

6 They took him from the water and smoothed down
his raven hair.
There was one fair form amongst them, her cries
would rend the air.
There was one fair form amongst them, a maid from
Saginaw town.
Her sighs and cries would rend the skies for her lover
that was drowned.

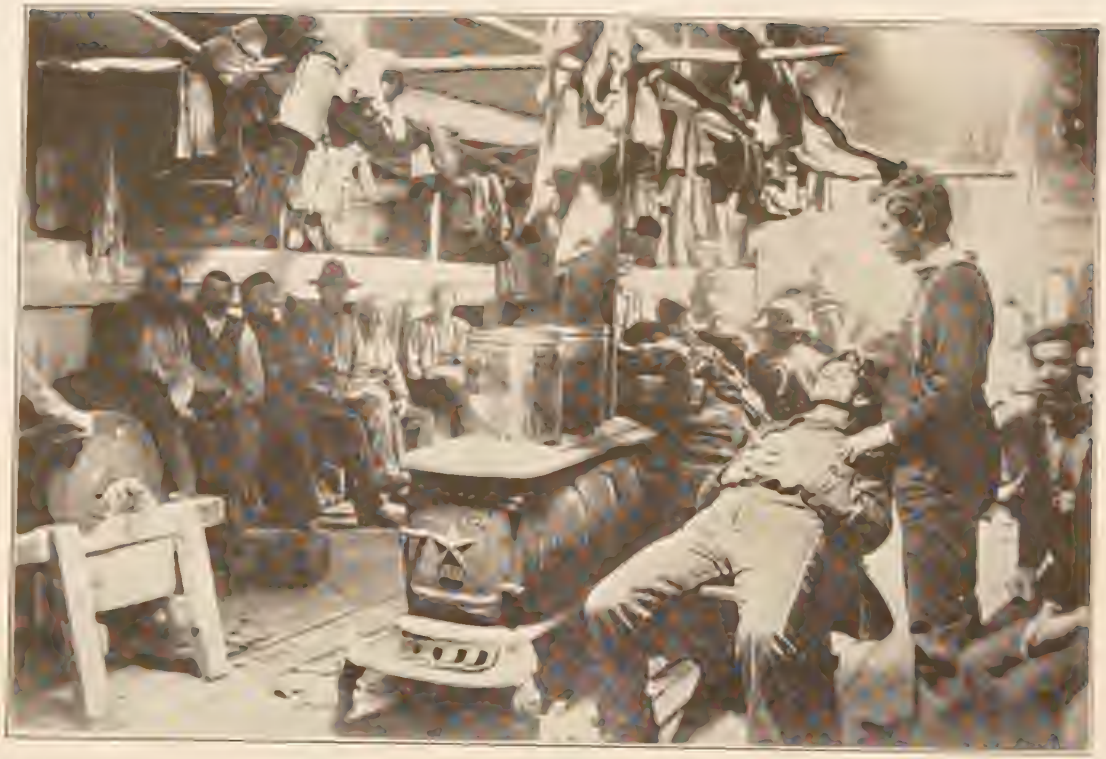
7 They buried him quite decently, being on the seventh
of May.
Come all the rest of you shanty-boys, for your dead
comrade pray.
'T is engraved on a little hemlock tree that at his
head doth grow,
The name, the date, and the drowning of this hero,
young Monroe.

8 Miss Clara was a noble girl, likewise the raftsman's
friend.
Her mother was a widow woman lived at the river's
bend.

The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And a liberal subscription she received from the shanty-boys next day.

9 Miss Clara did not long survive her great misery and grief.
In less than three months afterwards death came to her relief.
In less than three months afterwards she was called to go,
And her last request was granted — to be laid by young Monroe.

10 Come all the rest of ye shanty-men who would like to go and see,
On a little mound by the river's bank there stands a hemlock tree.
The shanty-boys cut the woods all round. These lovers they lie low.
Here lies Miss Clara Dennison and her shanty-boy, Monroe.



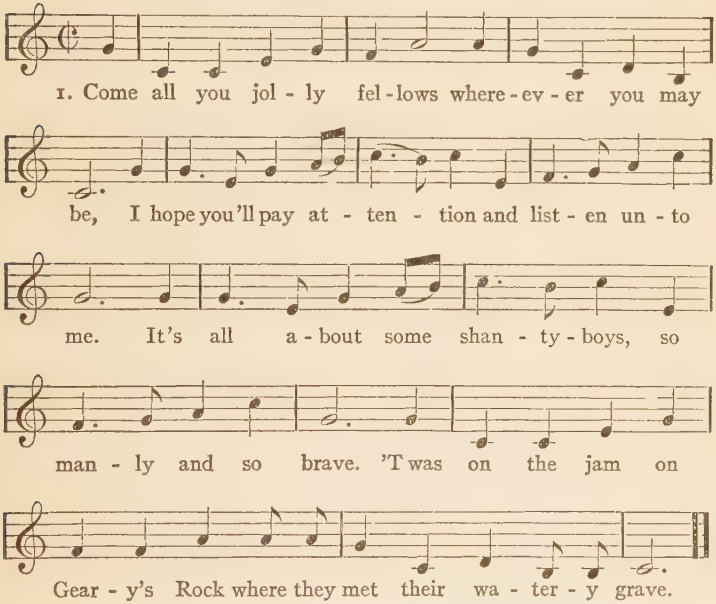
"'T WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING, AS YOU SHALL QUICKLY HEAR"

A comparatively recent picture (perhaps 1905), but as good as any that ever could have been taken for showing the interior arrangement of the bunk house. The location and relationship of bunks, stove, drying rack, etc., are traditional.

B

Geary's Rock

Sung by Mr. C. D. Donaldson, Eau Claire, Wisconsin


1. Come all you jol - ly fel - lows where - ev - er you may
be, I hope you'll pay at - ten - tion and list - en un - to
me. It's all a - bout some shan - ty - boys, so
man - ly and so brave. 'T was on the jam on
Gear - y's Rock where they met their wa - ter - y grave.

1 Come all you jolly fellows wherever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me.
It's all about some shanty-boys, so manly and so brave.
'T was on the jam on Geary's Rock where they met their watery grave.

2 'T was on one Sunday morning as you shall quickly hear,

Our logs were piled up mountain high; we could not keep them clear.
"Turn out, brave boys," the foreman cried, with a voice devoid of fear,
"And we'll break the jam on Geary's Rock and for Eagletown we'll steer."

3 Some of the boys were willing, while the others they hung back,
For to work on Sunday morning, they thought it was not right.
But six American shanty-boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam on Geary's Rock with their foreman, young Monroe.

4 They had not rolled off many logs before the boss to them did say,
"I would you all to be on your guard, for the jam will soon give way."
He had no more than spoke those words before the jam did break and go,
And carried away those six brave youths with their foreman, young Monroe.

5 As soon as the news got into camp and attorneys came to hear,
In search of their dead bodies down the river we did steer,
And one of their dead bodies found, to our great grief and woe,

All bruised and mangled on the beach lay the corpse
of young Monroe.

6 We took him from the water, smoothed back his raven
black hair.
There was one fair form amongst them whose cries did
rend the air.
There was one fair form amongst them, a girl from
Saginaw town,
Whose mournful cries did rend the skies for her lover
that was drowned.

7 We buried him quite decently. 'T was on the twelfth
of May.
Come all you jolly shanty-boys and for your comrade
pray.
We engraved upon a hemlock tree that near his grave
did grow
The name, the age, and the drownding date of the
foreman, young Monroe.

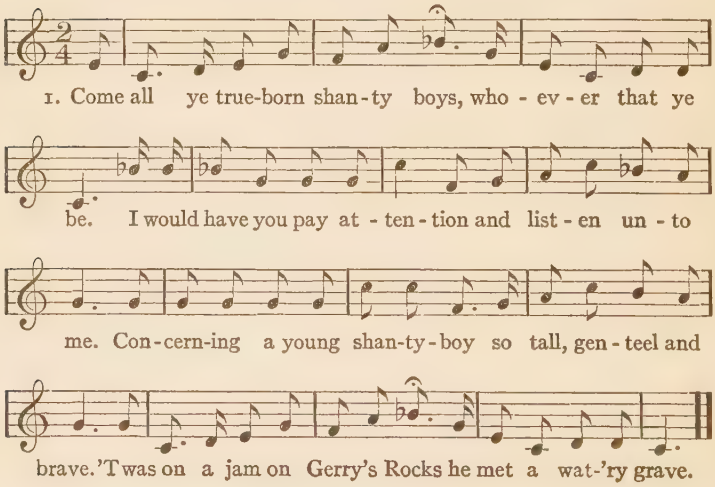
8 His mother was a widow living down by the river side.
Miss Clark she was a noble girl, this young man's
promised bride.
The wages of her own true love the firm to her did
pay,
And a liberal subscription she received from the
shanty-boys that day.

9 She received their presents kindly and thanked them every one,
Though she did not survive him long, as you shall understand.
Scarcely three weeks after, and she was called to go,
And her last request was to be laid by her lover, young Monroe.

C

Shanty-boys

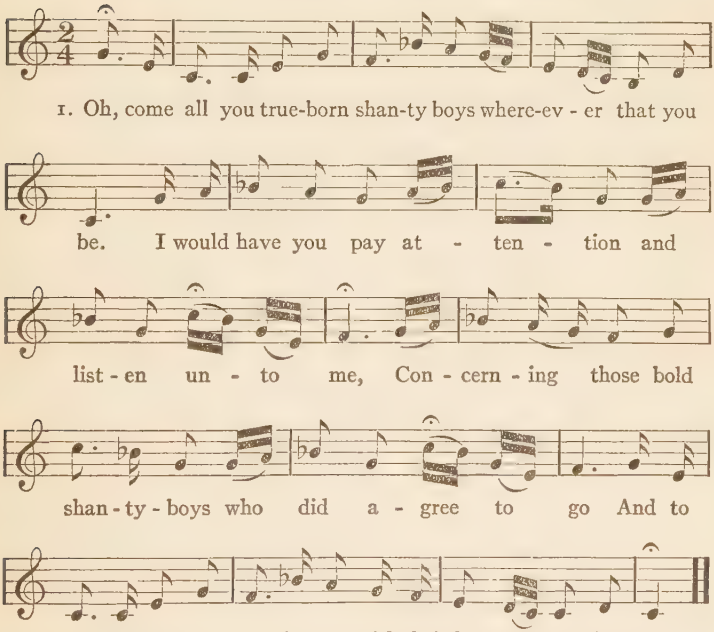
As sung by Miss GLENNIE TODD, Eau Claire, Wisconsin


1. Come all ye true-born shan-ty boys, who - ev - er that ye
be. I would have you pay at - ten - tion and list - en un - to
me. Con-cern-ing a young shan-ty-boy so tall, gen - teel and
brave. 'T was on a jam on Gerry's Rocks he met a wat-'ry grave.

D

The Foreman Monroe

As sung by Mr. Art Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota

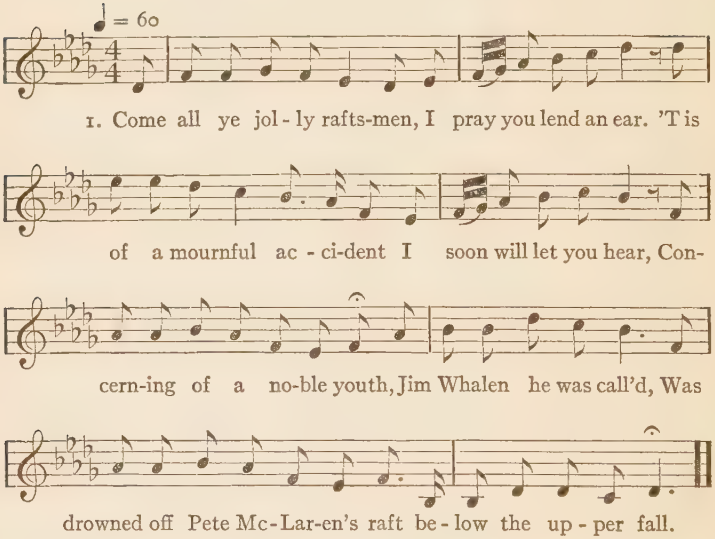

1. Oh, come all you true-born shan-ty boys where-ev - er that you
be. I would have you pay at - ten - tion and
list - en un - to me, Con - cern - ing those bold
shan - ty - boys who did a - gree to go And to
break the jam on Garry's rocks with their foreman young Monroe.

3

Jim Whalen

A

Sung by Mr. A. C. Hannah, Bemidji, Minnesota


♩ = 60
1. Come all ye jol - ly rafts-men, I pray you lend an ear. 'T is
of a mournful ac - ci-dent I soon will let you hear, Con-
cern-ing of a no-ble youth, Jim Whalen he was call'd, Was
drowned off Pete Mc - Lar-en's raft be - low the up - per fall.

1 Come all ye jolly raftsmen, I pray you lend an ear.
'T is of a mournful accident I soon will let you hear,
Concerning of a noble youth, Jim Whalen he was call'd,
Was drowned off Pete McLaren's raft below the upper fall.

2 The rapids they were raging, the waters were so high.
Says the foreman unto Whalen, "This jam we'll have to try.
You're young, you're brave and active when danger's lurking near.
You're just the man to help me now these waters to get clear."

3 Young Whalen then made answer unto his comrades bold,
Saying, "Come on, boys, though it's dangerous, we'll do as we are told.
We'll obey our orders manfully, as young men they should do —"
But while he spoke the jam it broke, and Whalen he went through.

4 Three of them were in danger, but two of them were saved,
But noble-hearted Whalen met with a watery grave.
No mortal man could live in such a raging watery main,
And although he struggled hard for life, his struggles were in vain.

5 The foaming waters roared and tossed the logs from shore to shore.
Now here, now there his body seen tumbling o'er and o'er.
One awful cry for mercy — "O God, look down on me!"
And his soul was freed from earthly cares, gone to eternity.

6 Come all ye jolly raftsmen, think on poor Jimmy's fate.
Be careful and take warning before it is too late,
For death is lurking near you ever eager to destroy
The pride of a fond father's heart, likewise a mother's joy.

B

James Phalen

From Mr. Chris M. Forbes, Perth, Ontario

1 Gentlemen and maidens, I pray you to draw near.
An accident most terrible I mean to let you hear,
All of a young and comely youth, James Phalen he was called.
He was drowned off McLaren's raft upon the upper falls.

2 The waters they were raging fierce, the rivers they ran high.
The foreman says to Phalen, "That jam we'll have to try.
You're bold, brave, and active when danger's lurking near.
You are the man to help me now those waters to get clear."

3 Young Phalen he made answer unto his comrades bold,
"Come ye all. Though it's dangerous, we'll do as we are told.

"THAT JAM WE'LL HAVE TO TRY"

Probably no really satisfactory picture of a log jam has ever been secured. This one, of the famous jam at Big Eddy, above Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, in 1903, will give some idea of the nature and extent of this classic spectacle of the drive.

We'll obey our orders bravely, as noble men should do —"
And as he spoke, the jam it broke and let poor Jimmie through.

4 There were three of them in danger, while two of them were saved,
While noble-hearted Jimmie he received a watery grave,
Which no mortal man could live upon that foaming watery main.
Although he struggled hard for life, his struggles were in vain.

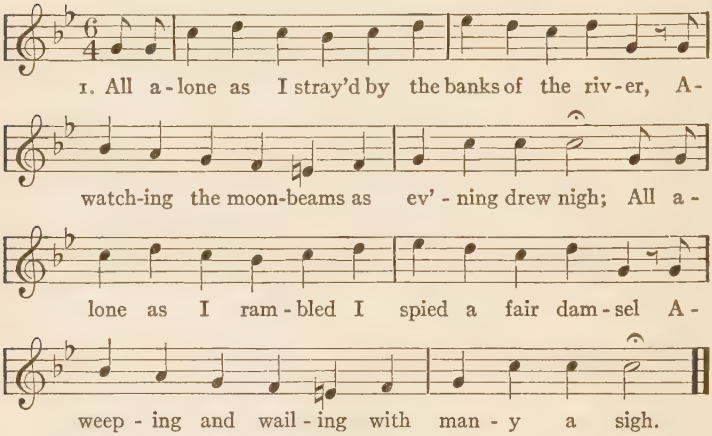
5 The foaming waters tossed and tore the logs from shore to shore.
Now here, now there his body went, now tumbling o'er and o'er.
One fearful cry for mercy, "O God, look down on me!"
And his soul was freed from earthly bonds, gone to eternity.

6 Come all you jolly raftsmen, look on poor Jimmie's fate.
Take warning and be cautious before it is too late,
For death's still lurking round you, still seeking to destroy
The pride of many a father's heart, likewise a mother's joy.

4

The Lost Jimmie Whalen

Sung by Mr. Will Daugherty, Charlevoix, Michigan


1. All a-lone as I stray'd by the banks of the riv-er, A-
watch-ing the moon-beams as ev' - ning drew nigh; All a -
lone as I ram - bled I spied a fair dam - sel A -
weep - ing and wail - ing with man - y a sigh.

1 All alone as I stray'd by the banks of the river,
A-watching the moonbeams as evening drew nigh;
All alone as I rambled I spied a fair damsel
A-weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

2 A-weeping for one who is now lying lowly,
A-mourning for one who no mortal can save,
As the dark foaming waters flow sadly about him,
As onward they speed over young Jimmie's grave.

3 "O Jimmie, can't you tarry here with me,
Not leave me alone, distracted in pain?
But since death is the dagger that has cut us asunder,
And wide is the gulf, love, between you and I . . ."

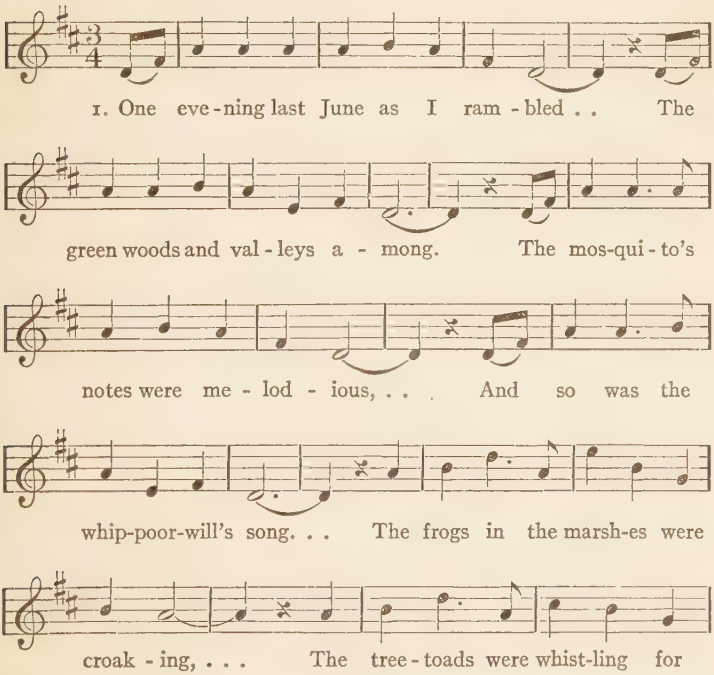
5

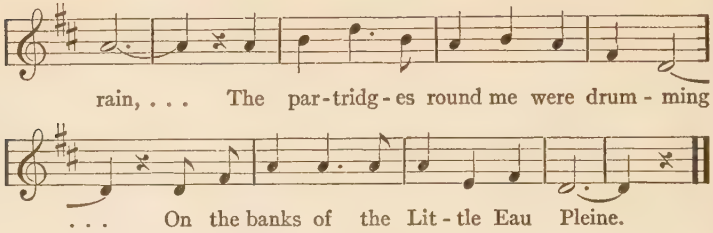
The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine

By Shan T. Boy

A

Sung by Mr. Wm. N. Allen ("Shan T. Boy"), Wausau, Wisconsin


1. One eve-ning last June as I ram-bled . . The
green woods and val-leys a-mong. The mos-qui-to's
notes were me-lod-ious, . . . And so was the
whip-poor-will's song. . . The frogs in the marsh-es were
croak-ing, . . . The tree-toads were whist-ling for



1 One evening last June as I rambled
The green woods and valleys among,
The mosquito's notes were melodious,
And so was the whip-poor-will's song.
The frogs in the marshes were croaking,
The tree-toads were whistling for rain,
And partridges round me were drumming,
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

2 The sun in the west was declining
And tinging the tree-tops with red.
My wandering feet bore me onward,
Not caring whither they led.
I happened to see a young school-ma'am.
She mourned in a sorrowful strain,
She mourned for a jolly young raftsman
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

3 Saying, "Alas, my dear Johnny has left me.
I'm afraid I shall see him no more.
He's down on the lower Wisconsin,
He's pulling a fifty-foot oar.
He went off on a fleet with Ross Gamble
And has left me in sorrow and pain;

And 't is over two months since he started
From the banks of the Little Eau Pleine."

4 I stepped up beside this young school-ma'am,
And thus unto her I did say,
"Why is it you're mourning so sadly
While all nature is smiling and gay?"
She said, "It is for a young raftsman
For whom I so sadly complain.
He has left me alone here to wander
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine."

5 "Will you please tell me what kind of clothing
Your jolly young raftsman did wear?
For I also belong to the river,
And perhaps I have seen him somewhere.
If to me you will plainly describe him,
And tell me your young raftsman's name,
Perhaps I can tell you the reason
He's not back to the Little Eau Pleine."

6 "His pants were made out of two meal-sacks,
With a patch a foot square on each knee.
His shirt and his jacket were dyed with
The bark of a butternut tree.
He wore a large open-faced ticker
With almost a yard of steel chain,
When he went away with Ross Gamble
From the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

7 "He wore a red sash round his middle,
With an end hanging down at each side.

His shoes number ten were, of cowhide,
With heels about four inches wide.
His name it was Honest John Murphy,
And on it there ne'er was a stain,
And he was as jolly a raftsman
As was e'er on the Little Eau Pleine.

8 "He was stout and broad-shouldered and manly.
His height was about six feet one.
His hair was inclined to be sandy,
And his whiskers as red as the sun.
His age was somewhere about thirty,
He neither was foolish nor vain.
He loved the bold Wisconsin River
Was the reason he left the Eau Pleine."

9 "If John Murphy's the name of your raftsman,
I used to know him very well.
But sad is the tale I must tell you:
Your Johnny was drowned in the Dells.
They buried him 'neath a scrub Norway,
You will never behold him again.
No stone marks the spot where your raftsman
Sleeps far from the Little Eau Pleine."

10 When the school-ma'am heard this information,
She fainted and fell as if dead.
I scooped up a hat-full of water
And poured it on top of her head.
She opened her eyes and looked wildly,
As if she was nearly insane,

And I was afraid she would perish
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

11 "My curses attend you, Wisconsin!
May your rapids and falls cease to roar.
May every tow-head and sand-bar
Be as dry as a log schoolhouse floor.
May the willows upon all your islands
Lie down like a field of ripe grain,
For taking my jolly young raftsman
Away from the Little Eau Pleine.

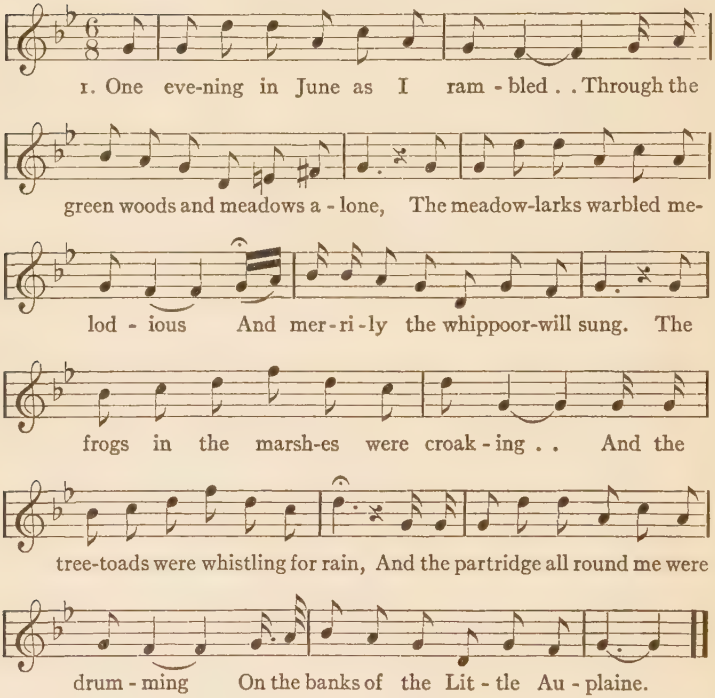
12 "My curses light on you, Ross Gamble,
For taking my Johnny away.
I hope that the ague will seize you,
And shake you down into the clay.
May your lumber go down to the bottom,
And never rise to the surface again.
You had no business taking John Murphy
Away from the Little Eau Pleine.

13 "Now I will desert my vocation,
I won't teach district school any more.
I will go to some place where I'll never
Hear the squeak of a fifty-foot oar.
I will go to some far foreign country,
To England, to France, or to Spain;
But I'll never forget Johnny Murphy
Nor the banks of the Little Eau Pleine."

B

The Little Auplaine

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota
(Text from Dean, pp. 11–12)


1. One eve-ning in June as I ram - bled . . Through the
green woods and meadows a - lone, The meadow-larks warbled me-
lod - ious And mer-ri-ly the whippoor-will sung. The
frogs in the marsh-es were croak - ing . . And the
tree-toads were whistling for rain, And the partridge all round me were
drum - ming On the banks of the Lit - tle Au - plaine.

1 One evening in June as I rambled
Through the green woods and meadows alone,
The meadow larks warbled melodious,
And merrily the whip-poor-will sung;
The frogs in the marshes were croaking,

And the tree-toads were whistling for rain,
And the partridge all round me were drumming
On the banks of the Little Auplaine.

2 The sun to the west a-declining
Had shaded the tree-tops with red,
My wandering feet led me onward,
Not caring wherever I strayed.
Till by chance I beheld a fair school-ma'am
Who most bitterly did complain.
It was all for the loss of her lover
From the banks of the Little Auplaine.

3 I boldly stepped up to this fair one,
And this unto her I did say,
"Why are you so sad and so mournful
When all nature is smiling and gay?"
"It's all for a jolly young raftsman,
But I fear I will see him no more,
For he is down on the Wisconsin River
A-pulling a fifteen-foot oar."

4 "If it's all for a jolly young raftsman
You are here in such awful despair,
Pray tell me the name of your true love,
And what kind of clothes did he wear?"
"His pants were made of two meal-sacks,
With a patch a foot wide on each knee,
And his jacket and shirt they were dyed
With the bark of the butternut tree.

5 "His hair was inclined to be curly,
His whiskers as red as the sun;
He was tall, square-shouldered, and handsome,
His height was six feet and one.
His name was young Johnnie Murphy,
And his equal I ne'er saw before;
But he is down on the Wisconsin River
A-pulling a fifteen-foot oar."

6 "If Johnnie Murphy was the name of your true love,
He was a man I knew very well.
But sad is the tale I must tell you:
Your Johnnie was drowned in the Dalles.
We buried him 'neath a scrub Norway,
And his face you will ne'er see again;
No stone marks the grave of your lover,
And he is far from the Little Auplaine."

7 When she heard me say this she fainted,
And fell at my feet like one dead;
I scooped up a hat full of water
And threw it all over her head.
She opened her eyes and looked wildly;
She acted like one that's insane.
I thought to myself she had gone crazy
On the banks of the Little Auplaine.

8 "My curse be upon you, Ross Campbell,
For taking my Johnnie away;
May the eagles take hold of your body
And sink it 'way down in the clay.

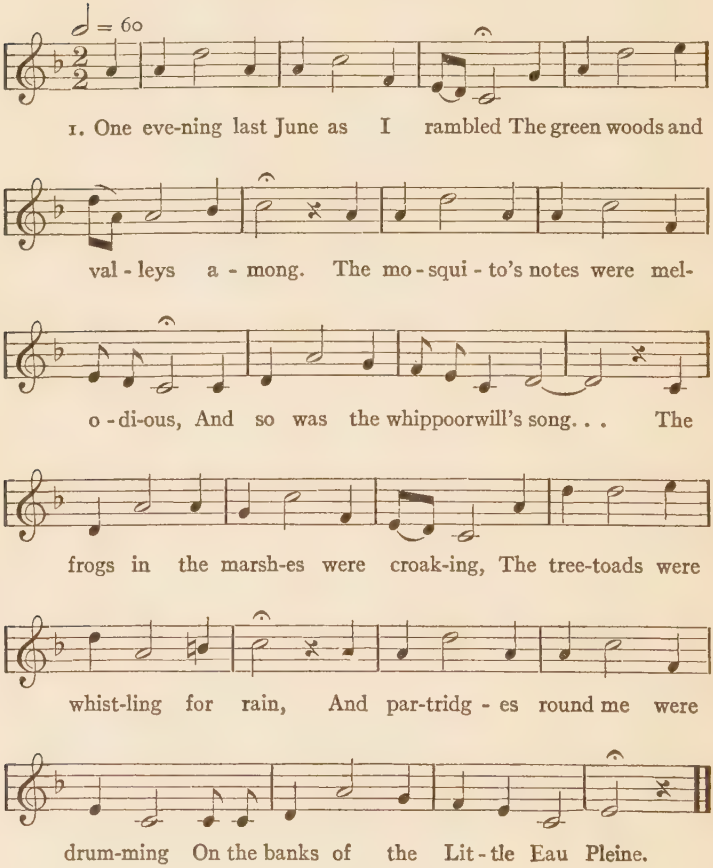
May your lumber all go to the bottom,
Never rise to the surface no more;
May all of your creeks and your sandbars
Go as dry as the log schoolhouse floor.

9 "And now I will leave this location,
I'll teach district school no more;
I will go where never, no never,
I will hear the screech of a fifteen-foot oar.
I will go to some far distant country,
To England, to France, or to Spain,
But I will never forget Johnnie Murphy
Or the banks of the Little Auplaine.

C

Johnny Murphy

As sung by Mr. Ed Springstad, Bemidji, Minnesota

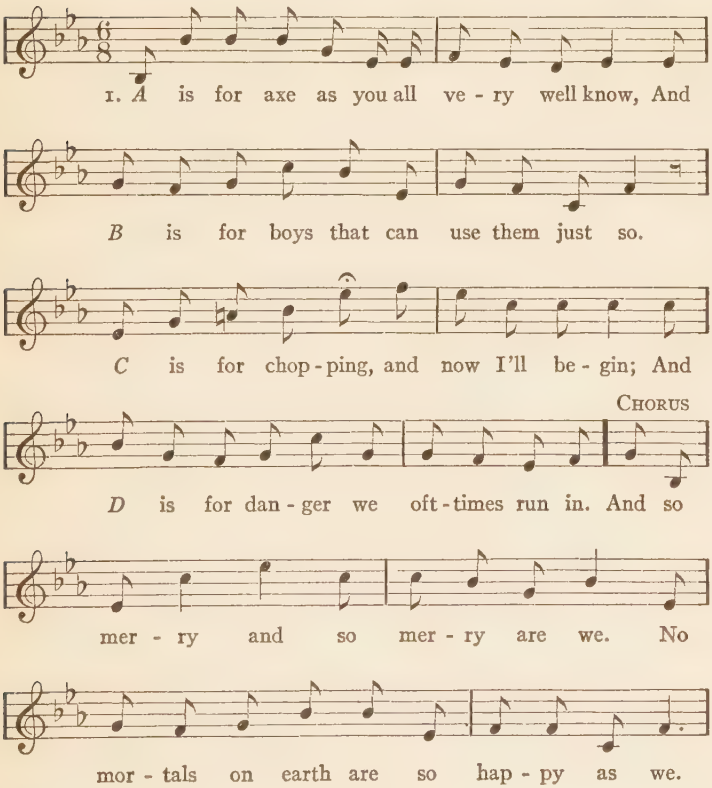

♩ = 60
1. One eve-ning last June as I rambled The green woods and
val - leys a - mong. The mo - squi - to's notes were mel-
o - di-ous, And so was the whippoorwill's song. . . The
frogs in the marsh-es were croak-ing, The tree-toads were
whist-ling for rain, And par-tridg - es round me were
drum-ming On the banks of the Lit - tle Eau Pleine.

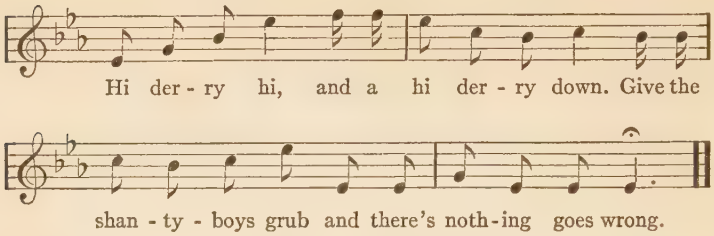
6

The Shanty-man's Alphabet

A

Sung by Mr. Joe Bainter, Gordon, Wisconsin


1. A is for axe as you all ve - ry well know, And
B is for boys that can use them just so.
C is for chop - ping, and now I'll be - gin; And
Chorus
D is for dan - ger we oft - times run in. And so
mer - ry and so mer - ry are we. No
mor - tals on earth are so hap - py as we.



1 *A* is for axe as you all very well know,
And *B* is for boys that can use them just so.
C is for chopping, and now I'll begin;
And *D* is for danger we ofttimes run in.

Chorus

And so merry and so merry are we.
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.
Hi derry hi, and a hi derry down.
Give the shanty-boys grub and there's
nothing goes wrong.

2 *E* is for echo that through the woods ring,
And *F* is for foreman, the head of our gang.
G is for grindstone, so swift it doth move,
And *H* is for handle so slick and so smooth.

3 *I* is for iron we mark our pine with,
And *J* is for jobber that's always behind.
K is for keen edge our axes do keep,
And *L* is for lice that around us do creep.

4 *M* is for moss we stag our camp with,
And *N* is for needle we patch our pants with.

"T IS FOR TEAMS THAT WILL HAUL THEM ALONG"

A load of white pine logs. This was the method of hauling from the skidway to the landing. The load pictured here, though a good one, is not extraordinary.

O is for owl that hoots in the night,
And *P* is for pine that always falls right.

5 *Q* is for quarrels we never allow,
And *R* is for river our logs they do plow.
S is for sleigh, so stout and so strong,
And *T* is for teams that will haul them along.

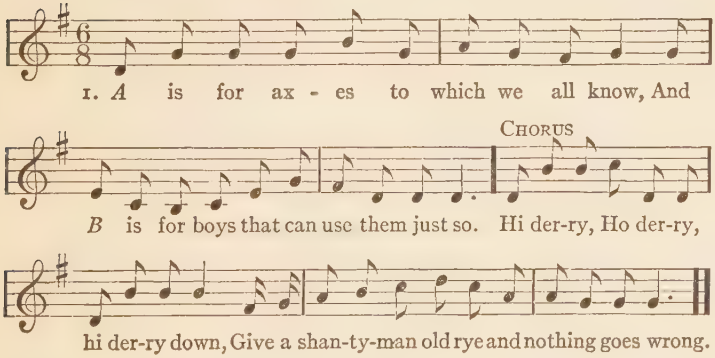
6 *U* is for use we put our teams to,
And *V* is for valley we haul our logs through.
W's for woods we leave in the spring . . .

7 There's three more letters I ain't put in rhyme,
And if any of you know them, please tell me in time.
The train has arrived at the station below,
So fare you well, true love, it's I must be gone.

B

Shanty-man's Alphabet

Sung by Mr. Arthur Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota


1. A is for ax - es to which we all know, And
Chorus
B is for boys that can use them just so. Hi der-ry, Ho der-ry,
hi der-ry down, Give a shan-ty-man old rye and nothing goes wrong.

1 *A* is for axes to which we all know,
And *B* is for boys that can use them just so.

Chorus

Hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give a shanty-man old rye and nothing goes wrong.

C is for choppers . . .

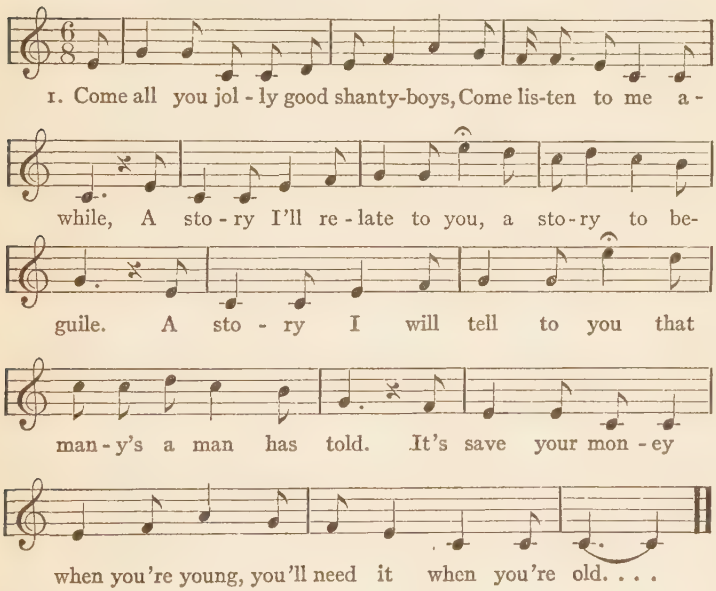
L is for loaders that roll the logs on . . .

T is for teamsters that pull them along . . .

7

Save Your Money When You're Young

Sung by Mr. Arthur Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota


1. Come all you jol - ly good shanty-boys, Come lis-ten to me a-
while, A sto - ry I'll re - late to you, a sto - ry to be-
guile. A sto - ry I will tell to you that
man - y's a man has told. It's save your mon - ey
when you're young, you'll need it when you're old. . . .

1 Come all you jolly good shanty-boys, come listen to me awhile,
A story I'll relate to you, a story to beguile.
A story I will tell to you that many's a man has told.
It's save your money when you're young, you'll need it when you're old.

2 Oh, if you are a single man, I'll tell you what to do,
Just court some pretty fair maid that always will prove true.
Just court some pretty fair maid that is not over-bold,
That will stick to you when you are young, find comforts when you're old.

3 And if you are a married man, I'll tell you what to do,
Support your wife and family; you're sworn that to do.
Keep away from all those grog-shops where liquor's kept and sold,
For all they want is your money, boys. You'll need it when you're old.

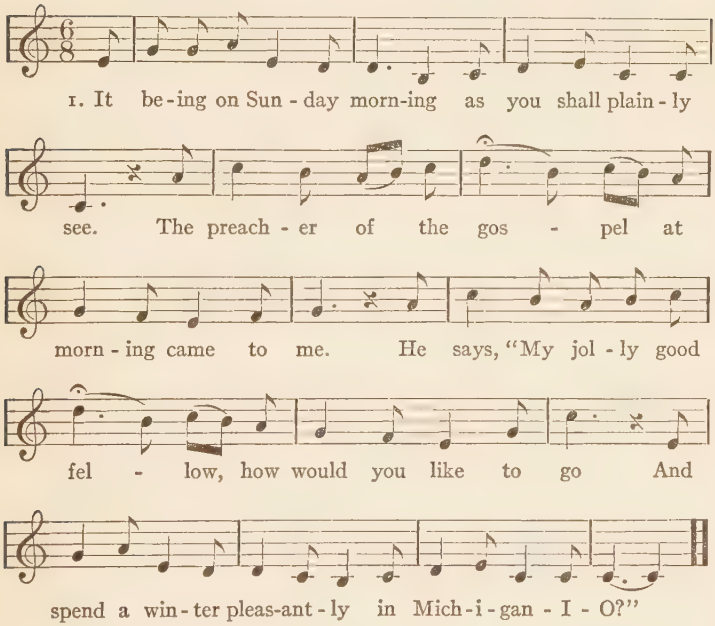
4 Oh, once I was a shanty-boy, and was n't I the lad?
I spent my money foolish, I swear it was too bad.
And now I'm old and feeble, and wet out in the cold.
Oh, save your money when you're young, you'll need it when you're old.

5 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
But yet you'll see the day, my boys, when wet out in the cold, . . .
Oh, save your money when you're young, you'll need it when you're old.

8

Michigan-I-O

Sung by Mr. Arthur Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota


1. It be-ing on Sun-day morn-ing as you shall plain-ly
see. The preach-er of the gos-pel at
morn-ing came to me. He says, "My jol-ly good
fel-low, how would you like to go And
spend a win-ter pleas-ant-ly in Mich-i-gan-I-O?"

1 It being on Sunday morning, as you shall plainly see,
The preacher of the gospel at morning came to me.
He says, "My jolly good fellow, how would you like
to go
And spend a winter pleasantly in Michigan–I–O?

2 "Oh, we will pay good wages; we will pay your passage out,
Providing you 'll sign papers that you will stand the route,
For fear that you 'll get homesick and swear out home you 'll go.
I 'll never pay your passage out of Michigan–I–O."

3 He had a kind of flattering. With him we did agree.
Some thirty-five or forty stout able men were we.
We had a pleasant journey on the road we had to go.
We landed safe in Saginaw, called Michigan–I–O.

4 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
The grub the dogs would laugh at. Our beds were on the snow.
God send there is no worse than hell or Michigan–I–O.

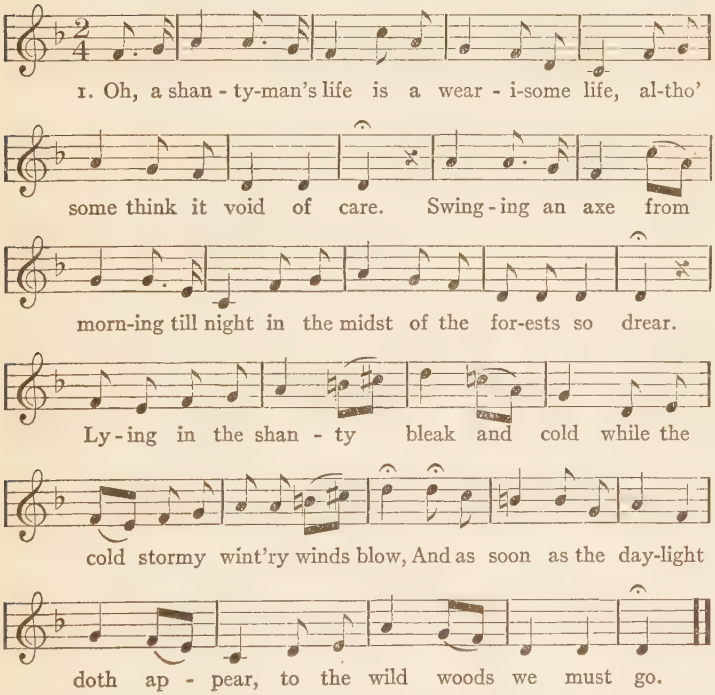
5 . . . . . .
Along yon glissering river no more shall we be found.
We 'll see our wives and sweethearts, and tell them not to go
To that God-forsaken country called Michigan–I–O.

9

The Shanty-man's Life

A

Sung by Mr. A. C. Hannah, Bemidji, Minnesota


1. Oh, a shan - ty-man's life is a wear - i-some life, al-tho'
some think it void of care. Swing - ing an axe from
morn-ing till night in the midst of the for-ests so drear.
Ly - ing in the shan - ty bleak and cold while the
cold stormy wint'ry winds blow, And as soon as the day-light
doth ap - pear, to the wild woods we must go.

1 Oh, a shanty-man's life is a wearisome life, altho' some think it void of care,
Swinging an axe from morning till night in the midst of the forests so drear.

Lying in the shanty bleak and cold while the cold stormy wintry winds blow,
And as soon as the daylight doth appear, to the wild woods we must go.

2 Oh, the cook rises up in the middle of the night saying, "Hurrah, brave boys, it's day."
Broken slumbers ofttimes are passed as the cold winter night whiles away.
Had we rum, wine, or beer our spirits for to cheer as the days so lonely do dwine,
Or a glass of any shone while in the woods alone for to cheer up our troubled minds.

3 But transported from our lass and our sparkling glass, these comforts which we leave behind,
Not a friend to us so near as to wipe the falling tear when sorrow fills our troubled mind.

4 But when spring it does set in, double hardships then begin, when the waters are piercing cold,
And our clothes are dripping wet and fingers benumbed, and our pike-poles we scarcely can hold.
Betwixt rocks, shoals, and sands gives employment to all hands our well-banded raft for to steer,
And the rapids that we run, oh, they seem to us but fun, for we're void of all slavish fear.

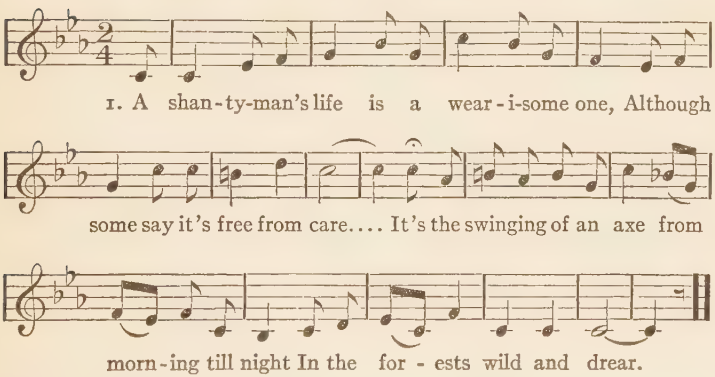
5 Oh, a shanty-lad is the only lad I love, and I never will deny the same.
My heart doth scorn these conceited farmer boys who think it a disgraceful name.

They may boast about their farms, but my shanty-boy
has charms so far, far surpassing them all,
Until death it doth us part he shall enjoy my heart,
let his riches be great or small.

B

Shanty-man's Life

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. A shan-ty-man's life is a wear-i-some one, Although
some say it's free from care.... It's the swinging of an axe from
morn-ing till night In the for-ests wild and drear.

1 A shanty-man's life is a wearisome one,
Although some say it's free from care.
It's the swinging of an axe from morning till night
In the forests wild and drear.

2 Or sleeping in the shanties dreary
When the winter winds do blow.
But as soon as the morning star does appear,
To the wild woods we must go.

3 At four in the morning our greasy old cook calls out,[1]
"Hurrah, boys, for it's day."
And from broken slumber we are aroused
For to pass away the long winter's day.

4 Transported as we are from the maiden so fair
To the banks of some lonely stream,
Where the wolf, bear, and owl with their terrifying howl
Disturb our nightly dreams.

5 Transported from the glass and the smiling little lass,
Our life is long and drear;
No friend in sorrow nigh for to check the rising sigh
Or to wipe away the briny tear.

6 Had we ale, wine, or beer our spirits for to cheer
While we're in those woods so wild,
Or a glass of whiskey shone while we are in the woods alone,
For to pass away our long exile.

7 When spring it does come in, double hardship then begins,
For the water is piercing cold;
Dripping wet will be our clothes and our limbs they are half froze,
And our pike-poles we scarce can hold.

[1] This is the line as Mr. Dean sang it. In his *Flying Cloud* collection (pp. 87–88) it is given,

"At four o'clock in the morning our old greasy cook calls out."

"OH, THE RAPIDS THAT WE RUN, THEY SEEM TO US BUT FUN"

A striking picture of the wanigan, or wangan, negotiating an interesting piece of white water. The wanigan was the cook's headquarters on the drive.

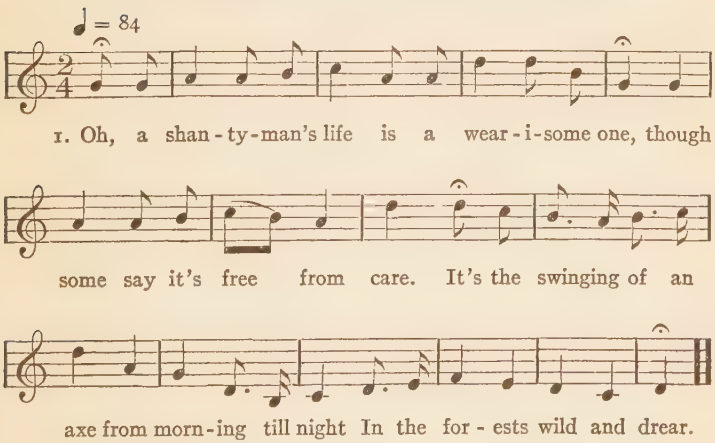
8 O'er rocks, shoals, and sands give employment to old hands,
And our well-bended raft we do steer.
Oh, the rapids that we run, they seem to us but fun.
We're the boys of all slavish care.

9 Shantying I'll give o'er when I'm landed safe on shore,
And I'll lead a different life.
No longer will I roam, but contented stay at home
With a pretty little smiling wife.

C

The Shanty-man's Life

As sung by Mr. I. B. KEELER, Bemidji, Minnesota

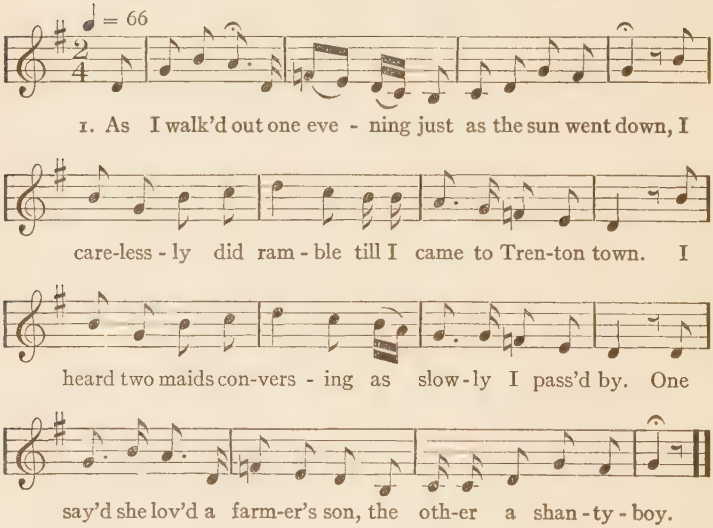

♩ = 84
1. Oh, a shan-ty-man's life is a wear-i-some one, though
some say it's free from care. It's the swinging of an
axe from morn-ing till night In the for-ests wild and drear.

10

The Shanty-boy and the Farmer's Son

A

Sung by Mr. Ed D. Springstad, Bemidji, Minnesota


♩ = 66
1. As I walk'd out one eve - ning just as the sun went down, I
care-less - ly did ram - ble till I came to Tren-ton town. I
heard two maids con-vers - ing as slow - ly I pass'd by. One
say'd she lov'd a farm-er's son, the oth-er a shan - ty - boy.

1 As I walk'd out one evening just as the sun went down,
I carelessly did ramble till I came to Trenton town.
I heard two maids conversing as slowly I passed by.
One say'd she loved a farmer's son, the other a shanty-boy.

2 The one that loved her farmer's son those words I heard her say:
36--17600
"The reason that I love him, at home with me he'll stay.
He'll stay at home all winter; to the shanties he will not go,
And when the spring it doth come in, his land he 'll plow and sow."

3 "All for to plow and sow your land," the other girl did say,
"If crops should prove a failure and the grain market be low,
The sheriff he would sell you out to pay the debts you owe."

4 "All for the sheriff selling us out, it doth not me alarm.
You have no need to be in debt when you're on a good farm.
You raise your bread all on your farm; you don't work through storms of rain,
While your shanty-boy he must work each day his family to maintain.

5 "Oh, how you praise your shanty-boy, who off to the woods must go.
He's ordered out before daylight to work through storms and snow,
Whilst happy and contented my farmer's son doth lie,
And he tells to me sweet tales of love until the storm goes by."

6 "That's the reason I praise my shanty-boy. He goes
up early in the fall.
He is both stout and hearty, and he's fit to stand the
squall.
It's with pleasure I'll receive him in the spring when
he comes down,
And his money quite free he'll share with me when
your farmer's sons have none.

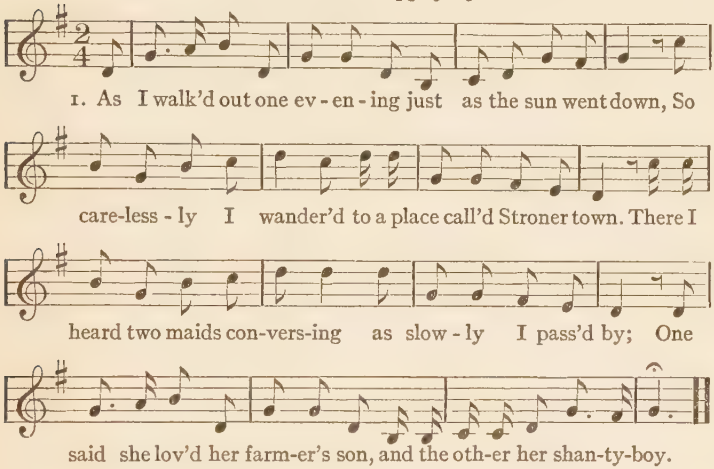
7 "I could not stand those silly words your farmer's son
would say.
They are so green the cows ofttimes have taken them
for hay.
How easy it is to know them when they come into
town.
Small boys will run up to them sayin', 'Mossback, are
ye down?'"

8 "What I say'd about your shanty-boy, I hope you'll
excuse me,
And of my ignorant farmer's son I hope I do get free.
Then if ever I do get a chance, with a shanty-boy I'll
go,
And I'll leave poor mossback stay at home his buck-
wheat for to sow."

B

Shanty-boy

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota
(Text from Dean, pp. 51–52)


1. As I walk'd out one ev - en - ing just as the sun went down, So
care-less - ly I wander'd to a place call'd Stroner town. There I
heard two maids con-vers-ing as slow - ly I pass'd by; One
said she lov'd her farm-er's son, and the oth-er her shan-ty-boy.

1 As I walk'd out one evening just as the sun went down,
So carelessly I wander'd to a place called Stroner town.
There I heard two maids conversing as slowly I passed by;
One said she loved her farmer's son, and the other her shanty-boy.

2 The one that loved her farmer's son, those words I heard her say,
The reason why she loved him, at home with her he'd stay;

He would stay at home all winter, to the woods he would not go,
And when the spring it did come in, his grounds he'd plow and sow.

3 "All for to plow and sow your land," the other girl did say,
"If the crops should prove a failure, your debts you could n't pay.
If the crops should prove a failure, or the grain market be low,
The sheriff often sells you out to pay the debts you owe."

4 "As for the sheriff selling the lot, it does not me alarm,
For there's no need of going in debt if you are on a good farm;
You make your bread from off the land, need not work through storms and rain,
While your shanty-boy works hard each day his family to maintain."

5 "I only love my shanty-boy, who goes out in the fall.
He is both stout and hardy, well fit for every squall.
With pleasure I'll receive him in the spring when he comes home,
And his money free he will share with me when your farmer's son has none."

6 "Oh, why do you love a shanty-boy? To the wild
woods he must go.
He is ordered out before daylight to work through
rain and snow;
While happy and contented my farmer's son can lie
And tell to me some tales of love as the cold winds
whistle by."

7 "I don't see why you love a farmer," the other girl did
say;
"The most of them they are so green the cows would
eat for hay.
It is easy you may know them whenever they're in
town,
The small boys run up to them saying, 'Rube, how
are you down?' "

8 "For what I have said of your shanty-boy, I hope you
will pardon me,
And from that ignorant mossback I hope to soon get
free.
And if ever I get rid of him, for a shanty-boy I will
go, —
I will leave him broken-hearted his grounds to plow
and sow."

11

The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire

By Shan T. Boy

A

From the Author (Mr. W. N. Allen), Wausau, Wisconsin

1 Every girl she has her troubles; each man likewise has his.
But few can match the agony of the following story, viz.
It relates about the affection of a damsel young and fair
Who dearly loved a shanty-boy up on the Big Eau Claire.

2 This young and artless maiden was of noble pedigree.
Her mother kept a milliner shop in the town of Mosinee.
She sold waterfalls and ribbons and bonnets trimmed with lace
To all the gay young ladies that lived around that place.

3 Her shanty-boy was handsome, a husky lad was he.
In summer time he tail-sawed in a mill at Mosinee.

And when the early winter blew its cold and biting breeze,
He worked upon the Big Eau Claire a-chopping down pine trees.

4 The milliner swore the shanty-boy her daughter ne'er should wed.
But Sally did not seem to care for what her mother said.
So the milliner packed her ribbons and bonnets by the stack
And started another milliner shop 'way down in Fondulac.

5 Now Sall was broken-hearted and weary of her life.
She dearly loved the shanty-boy and wished to be his wife.
And when brown autumn came along and ripened all the crops,
She went 'way out to Baraboo and went to picking hops.

6 But in that occupation she found but little joy,
For her thoughts were still reverting to her dear shanty-boy.
She caught the scarlet fever and lay a week or two
In a suburban pest-house in the town of Baraboo.

7 And often in her ravings she would tear her raven hair
And talk about her shanty-boy upon the Big Eau Claire.
The doctors tried, but all in vain, her hapless life to save;

And millions of young hop-lice are dancing over her grave.

8 When the shanty-boy heard these sad news, his business he did leave.
His emotional insanity was fearful to perceive.
He hid his saw in a hollow log and traded off his axe,
And hired out for a sucker on a fleet of Sailor Jack's.

9 But still no peace or comfort he anywhere could find,
That milliner's daughter's funeral came so frequent to his mind.
He often wished that death would come and end his woe and grief,
And grim death took him at his word and came to his relief.

10 For he fell off a rapids piece on the falls at Mosinee,
And ended thus his faithful love and all his misery.
The bold Wisconsin River is now roaring o'er his bones.
His companions are the catfish, and his grave a pile of stones.

11 The milliner is a bankrupt now; her shop's all gone to wrack,
And she talks of moving some fine day away from Fondulac.
Her pillow is often haunted by her daughter's auburn hair
And the ghost of that young shanty-boy from up the Big Eau Claire.

12 And often in her slumbers she sees a dreadful sight
Which puts the worthy milliner into an awful fright.
She sees horrid ghosts and phantoms, which makes her blood run cool.
By her bedside in his glory stands the ghost of Little Bull.

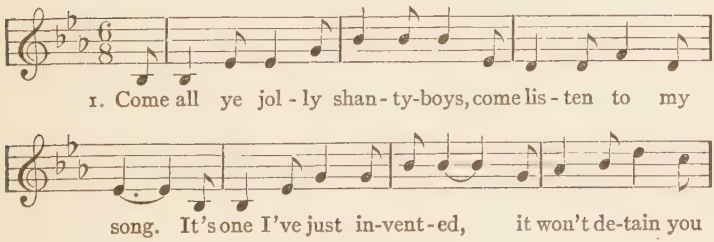
13 Now let this be a warning to other maidens fair,
To take no stock in shanty-boys up on the Big Eau Claire;
For shanty-boys are rowdies, as everybody knows.
They dwell in the dense forest where the mighty pine tree grows.

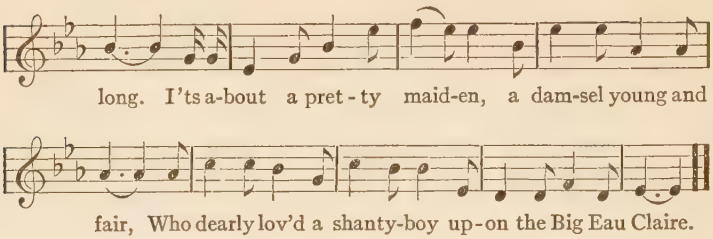
14 And stealing logs and shingle-bolts, and telling awful lies,
And playing cards and swearing, is all their exercise.
But seek the solid comfort and bliss without alloy,
And play their cards according for some one-horse farmer's boy.

B

The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire

Sung by Mrs. MATHILDE MYER, Eau Claire, Wisconsin





1 Come all ye jolly shanty-boys, come listen to my song.
It's one I've just invented, it won't detain you long.
It's about a pretty maiden, a damsel young and fair,
Who dearly loved a shanty-boy upon the Big Eau Claire.

2 This young and artful maiden with a noble pedigree,
Her mother she kept a milliner shop 'way down in Mosinee.
She sold waterfalls and ribbons and bonnets trimmed with lace
To all the high-toned people in this gay and festive place.

3 This shanty-boy was handsome, there was none so gay as he.
In the summer time he labored at the mills of Mosinee,
Till stern keen winter came along with cool and blistering breeze,
He went upon the Big Eau Claire to fall the big pine trees.

4 He had a handsome black mustache and a curly head of hair.
A finer lad than he was not upon the Big Eau Claire.
He loved this milliner's daughter, he loved her long and well,
Till circumstances happened, and this is what I tell.

5 The milliner swore her daughter the shanty-boy never to wed.
But Sally, seeming not to care for what her mother said,
So she packed down her waterfalls and bonnets by the stack,
And started another milliner shop 'way down by Fondulac.

6 It was in her occupation she found but little joy.
Thoughts came rushing through her mind about the shanty-boy.
Till one fine autumn came along to ripen all the crops,
She then went down to Baraboo and went to picking hops.

7 Sall is broken-hearted and tired of her life.
She's thinking of the shanty-boy, and wished to be his wife.
She caught the scarlet fever, was sick a week or two
Down in the shabby pest-house 'way down in Baraboo.

8 It was ofttimes in her raving she tore her auburn hair.

. . . . . .

The doctors tried, but all in vain; her life they could not save,
And now this weeping willow stands drooping o'er her grave.

9 When the shanty-boy heard these sad news, he became a lunatic.
He acted just as others do when they become love-sick.
He hid his saw in a hollow log and traded off his axe,
And hired out to pull an oar [in] a fleet for Sailor Jack.

10 He fell off from a rapids place at the falls of Mosinee,
Which put an end to his career and all his misery.
The bold Wisconsin River is waving o'er his bones;
His friends and his companions are weeping for him at home.

11 The milliner now is bankrupt; her shop is gone to wrack.
She's thinking now of some fine day to move from Fondulac.
Her pillow sobbed every night in spite of her daughter fair,
And by the ghost of the shanty-boy upon the Big Eau Claire.

12 Come all ye young and pretty fair maids, come take an advice of me,

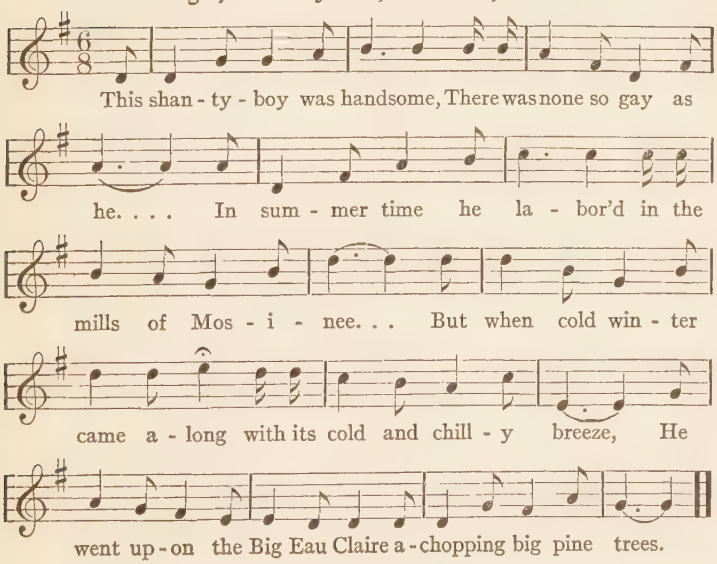
Not to be too fast to fall in love with everyone you see;
For the shanty-boys are rowdish, which everybody knows.
They dwell in the mighty pine woods where the mighty pine tree grows.

13 Stealing logs or shingle booms, telling other lies,
Playing cards, or swearing, is all their exercise.
But if you want to marry for comfort or for joy,
I advise you to get married to an honest farmer's boy.

C

The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire

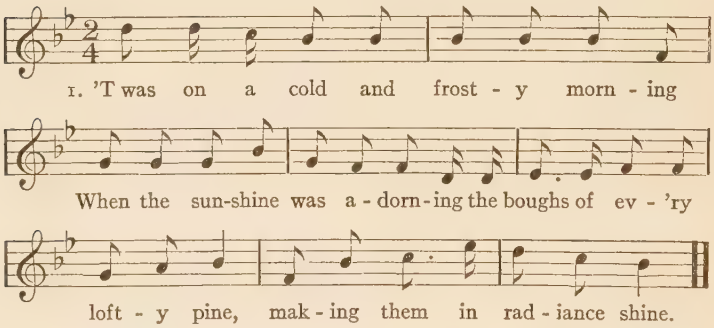
As sung by Mrs. A. J. Fox, Eau Claire, Wisconsin


This shan - ty - boy was handsome, There was none so gay as
he. . . . In sum - mer time he la - bor'd in the
mills of Mos - i - nee. . . But when cold win - ter
came a - long with its cold and chill - y breeze, He
went up - on the Big Eau Claire a - chopping big pine trees.

Ye Noble Big Pine Tree

By Shan T. Boy

Sung by Mr. W. N. Allen ("Shan T. Boy"), Wausau, Wisconsin


1. 'T was on a cold and frost - y morn - ing
When the sun-shine was a - dorn - ing the boughs of ev - 'ry
loft - y pine, mak - ing them in rad - iance shine.

1 'T was on a cold and frosty morning
When the sunshine was adorning
The boughs of ev'ry lofty pine,
Making them in radiance shine.

2 Through the forest lone I wandered
Where a little brook meandered,
Gurgling o'er the rocks below,
Wading deep through ice and snow.

3 On its banks and right before me
Stood a pine in stately glory.
The forest king he seemed to be.
He was a noble Big Pine Tree.

4 I gazed upon his form gigantic.
Thoughts ran through my head romantic.
These were my musings as I stood
And viewed that monarch of the wood.

5 "For ages you have towered proudly.
The birds have praised you long and loudly.
The squirrels have chattered praise to thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

6 "When the lumberjacks first spy you,
They'll step up to you and eye you.
With saw and axe they'll lay you down
On the cold snow-covered ground.

7 "Your fall will sound like distant thunder
And fill the birds and squirrels with wonder.
The snow thy winding-sheet will be,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

8 "Were you punky, were you hollow,
You had been a lucky fellow;
Then they would have let you be,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

9 "But seeing you're so sound and healthy,
You'll make some lumberman more wealthy.
There's scads of wealth concealed in thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

10 "They will measure, top, and butt you.
Into saw-logs they will cut you.
The woodsman's chains will fetter thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

11 "When your branches cease to quiver,
They will haul you to the river,
And down the roll-ways roll you in
Where you'll have to sink or swim.

12 "In spring the agile river-driver
Will pick and punch you down the river.
There'll be little rest for thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

13 "Up the mill-slide they will draw you.
Into lumber they will saw you.
Then they'll put you in a pile,
Where they'll let you rest awhile.

14 "In spring, when gentle showers are falling,
And the toads and birds are squalling,
They will take and raft you in
Where once more you'll have to swim.

15 "Over dams and falls they'll take you,
Where the rocks will tear and break you,
You'll reach the Mississippi's breast
Before they'll let you have a rest.

16 "Then they'll sell you to some farmer
To keep his wife and children warmer.
With his team he'll haul you home
To the prairie drear and lone.

17 "Into a prairie house he'll make you,
Where the prairie winds will shake you.
There'll be little rest for thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

18 "The prairie winds will sing around you.
The hail and sleet and snow will pound you,
And shake and wear and bleach your bones,
On the prairie drear and lone.

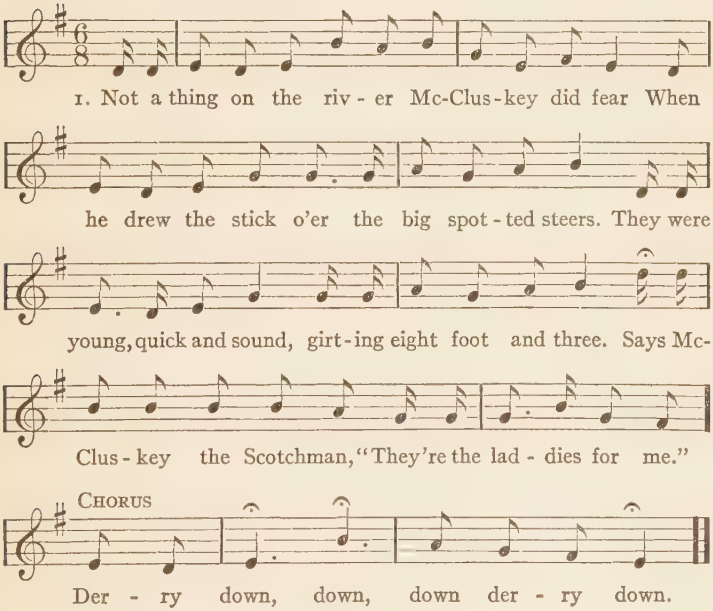
19 "Then the prairie fires will burn you.
Into ashes they will turn you.
That will be the end of thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree."

13

The Little Brown Bulls

A

Verses from Mr. Joe Bainter, Gordon, Wisconsin
Sung by Mr. Fred Bainter, Ladysmith, Wisconsin


1. Not a thing on the riv - er Mc-Clus-key did fear When
he drew the stick o'er the big spot - ted steers. They were
young, quick and sound, girt - ing eight foot and three. Says Mc-
Clus - key the Scotchman, "They're the lad - dies for me."
Chorus
Der - ry down, down, down der - ry down.

1 Not a thing on the river McCluskey did fear
When he drew the stick o'er the big spotted steers.
They were young, quick, and sound, girting eight
foot and three.

Says McCluskey the Scotchman, "They're the laddies for me."
Derry down, down, down derry down.

2 Bull Gordon, the Yankee, on skidding was full,
As he cried "Whoa-*hush*" to the little brown bulls.
Short-legged and soggy, girt six foot and nine.
Says McCluskey the Scotchman, "Too light for our pine."

3 It's three to the thousand our contract did call.
Our hauling was good and the timber was tall.
McCluskey he swore he'd make the day full
And skid two to one of the little brown bulls.

4 "Oh no," says Bull Gordon; "that you cannot do,
Though it's well do we know you've the pets of the crew.
And mark you, my boy, you would have your hands full,
If you skid one more log than the little brown bulls."

5 The day was appointed and soon it drew nigh,
For twenty-five dollars their fortunes to try.
Both eager and anxious that morning were found,
And scalers and judges appeared on the ground.

6 With a whoop and a yell came McCluskey in view,
With the big spotted steers, the pets of the crew,
Both chewing their cuds — "O boys, keep your jaws full,
For you easily can beat them, the little brown bulls."

"IT'S THREE TO THE THOUSAND OUR CONTRACT DID CALL"

Skidding logs with oxen. Under the forward end of the big log to the left is a go-devil, to which the two yoke of oxen in the foreground are hitched.

7 Then out came Bull Gordon with a pipe in his jaw,
The little brown bulls with their cuds in their mouths;
And little we think, when we seen them come down,
That a hundred and forty could they jerk around.

8 Then up spoke McCluskey: "Come stripped to the skin.
We'll dig them a hole and tumble them in.
We'll learn the d——d Yankee to face the bold Scot.
We'll mix them a dose and feed it red hot."

9 Said Gordon to Stebbin, with blood in his eye,
"To-day we must conquer McCluskey or die."
Then up spoke bold Kennebec, "Boy, never fear,
For you ne'er shall be beat by the big spotted steers."

10 The sun had gone down when the foreman did say,
"Turn out, boys, turn out; you've enough for the day.
We have scaled them and counted, each man to his team,
And it's well do we know now which one kicks the beam."

11 After supper was over McCluskey appeared
With the belt ready made for the big spotted steers.
To form it he'd torn up his best mackinaw.
He was bound he'd conduct it according to law.

12 Then up spoke the scaler, "Hold on, you, a while.
The big spotted steers are behind just one mile.
For you have a hundred and ten and no more,
And Gordon has beat you by ten and a score."

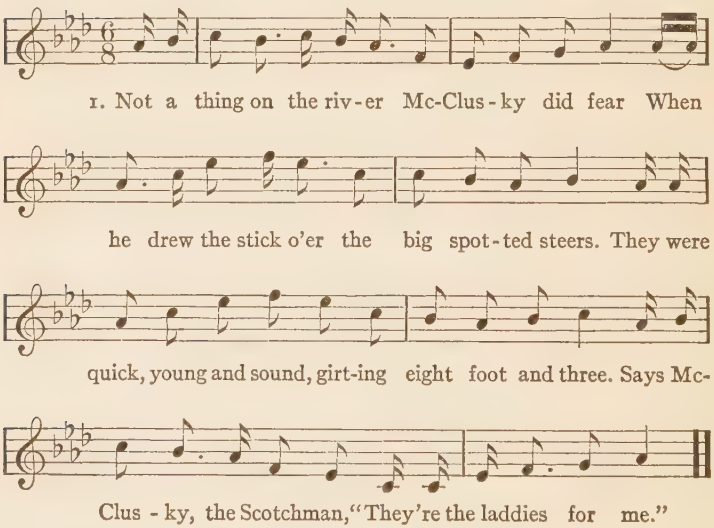
13 The shanty did ring and McCluskey did swear.
He tore out by handfuls his long yellow hair.
Says he to Bull Gordon, "My colors I'll pull.
So here, take the belt for the little brown bulls."

14 Here's health to Bull Gordon and Kennebec John;
The biggest day's work on the river they done.
So fill up your glasses and fill them up full;
We'll drink to the health of the little brown bulls.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

B

The Brown Bulls

As sung by Mr. W. H. Underwood, Bayport, Minnesota

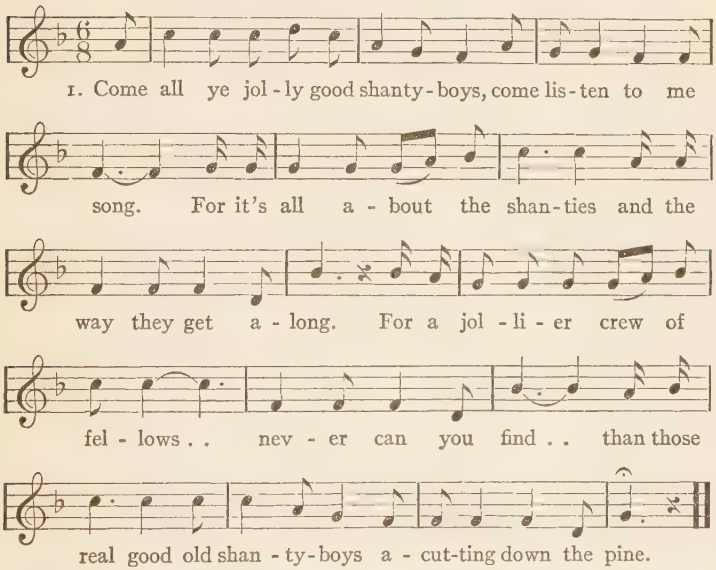

1. Not a thing on the riv-er Mc-Clus-ky did fear When
he drew the stick o'er the big spot-ted steers. They were
quick, young and sound, girt-ing eight foot and three. Says Mc-
Clus - ky, the Scotchman, "They're the laddies for me."

14

Jim Porter's Shanty Song

A

Sung by Mrs. J. S. Murphy, Minto, North Dakota


1. Come all ye jol-ly good shanty-boys, come lis-ten to me
song. For it's all a-bout the shan-ties and the
way they get a-long. For a jol-li-er crew of
fel-lows . . nev-er can you find . . than those
real good old shan-ty-boys a-cut-ting down the pine.

1 Come all ye jolly good shanty-boys, come listen to me song,
For it's all about the shanties and the way they get along.
For a jollier crew of fellows never can you find
Than those real good old shanty-boys a-cutting down the pine.

2 The choppers and the sawers they lay the timbers low,
The skidders and the swampers they holler to and fro.
Next comes the sassy loaders before the break of day.
"Come, load up your teams, me boys!" And to the woods they sway.

3 For the broken ice is floating, and our business is to try.
Three hundred able-bodied men are wanted on the drive.
With cant-hooks and with jam-pikes these noble men do go
And risk their sweet lives on some running stream, you know.

4 On a cold and frosty morning they shiver with the cold.
The ice upon their jam-pikes, which they can scarcely hold.
The axe and saw does loudly sing unto the sun goes down.
Hurrah, my boys! For the day is spent. For the shanty we are bound.

5 Arriving at the shanty with cold and with wet feet,
Pull off your boots, me boys, for supper you must eat.
Then supper being ready, to supper we must go,
For it's not the style of one of us to lose our hash, you know.

"ARRIVING AT THE SHANTY WITH COLD AND WITH WET FEET,
PULL OFF YOUR BOOTS, ME BOYS, FOR SUPPER YOU MUST EAT"

An interior view of the bunk shanty, showing the upper and lower bunks, and the deacon seat — in use. The men sitting in the middle are wearing calked rivermen's boots. All wear their trousers "stagged" or cut off just below the knee.

6 Then supper being over, to the apartments we must go.
We'll all load up our pipes and smoke till all is blue,
To nine o'clock or thereabout. Our bunks we then do climb.

. . . . . .

7 At four o'clock in the morning our foreman he will say,
"Come, roll out, ye teamsters! It's just the break of day."
The teamsters they get up, and their things they cannot find.
They'll blame it on the swampers, and they'll curse them till they're blind.

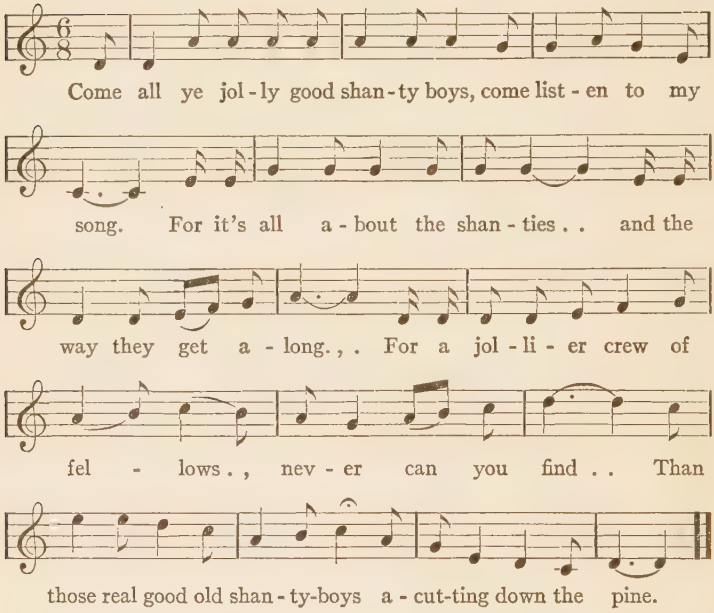
8 But as springtime rolls on, how happy we will be,
Some of us arriving home, and others far away.
It takes farmers and sailors, likewise merchants too,—
It takes all sorts of tradesmen to make up a shanty crew.

9 So now my song is ended. Those words they say are true.
But if you doubt a word of it, go ask Jim Porter's crew.
For it was in Jim Porter's shanty this song was sung with glee.
So that's the end of me shanty song. It was composed by me.

B

Shanty-boy and the Pine

As sung by Mr. Fred Bainter, Ladysmith, Wisconsin


Come all ye jol-ly good shan-ty boys, come list-en to my
song. For it's all a-bout the shan-ties . . and the
way they get a-long. , . For a jol-li-er crew of
fel-lows . , nev-er can you find . . Than
those real good old shan-ty-boys a-cut-ting down the pine.

C

The Shanty-boy's Song

Reprinted from *Delaney's Song Book No. 13*, p. 23 (1896)

1 Now, boys, if you will listen, I will sing to you a song,
It's all about the shanty-boys and how they get
along;

They are a jovial set of boys, so merry and so fine,
They spend a pleasant winter in cutting down the pine.

2 Some will leave their homes, and friends whom they love dear,
And for the lonesome pine woods their pathway they will steer;
They are going to the pine woods, all winter to remain,
Awaiting for the springtime ere they return again.

3 There are farmers, and sailors, likewise mechanics, too,
And all sorts of tradesmen found with a lumber crew;
The choppers and the sawyers, they lay the timber low,
While the swampers and the skidders, they haul it to and fro.

4 Noon time rolls around, the foreman loudly screams,
"Lay down your saws and axes, boys, and haste to pork and beans!"
Arrived at the shanty, the splashing does begin;
There's the rattle of the waterpail, and the banging of the tin.

5 It is, "Hurry in, my boys! you, Tom, Dick, or Joe,
For you must take the pail and for some water go!"
The cook he halloos, "Dinner!" they all get up and go;
It's not the style of a shanty boy to miss his pie, you know.

6 Dinner being over, to their shanty they all go;
They all load up their pipes, and smoke till all is blue.
"It's time you were out, boys," the foreman soon will say;
They all take up their hats and mitts, to the woods they haste away.

7 Oh, each goes out with cheerful heart, and with contented mind,
For wintry winds do not blow cold among the waving pine;
Loudly their axes ring, until the sun goes down.
"Hurrah! my boys, the day is done, for the shanty we are bound."

8 Arrived at the shanty, with wet and cold feet,
They off with their boots and packs, for supper they must eat;
The cook he halloos, "Supper!" they all get up and go,
It's not the style of a shanty boy to miss his hash, you know.

9 The boots, the packs, the rubbers, are all thrown to one side,
The mitts, the socks, the rags, are all hung up and dried;
At nine o'clock or thereabouts into their bunks they crawl,
To sleep away the few short hours until the morning call.

10 At four o'clock next morning, the foreman loudly shouts:
"Hurrah, there! you teamsters, 't is time that you were out!"
The teamsters then get up, all in a fretful way;
Says one, "I've lost my boot-packs, and my socks have gone astray."

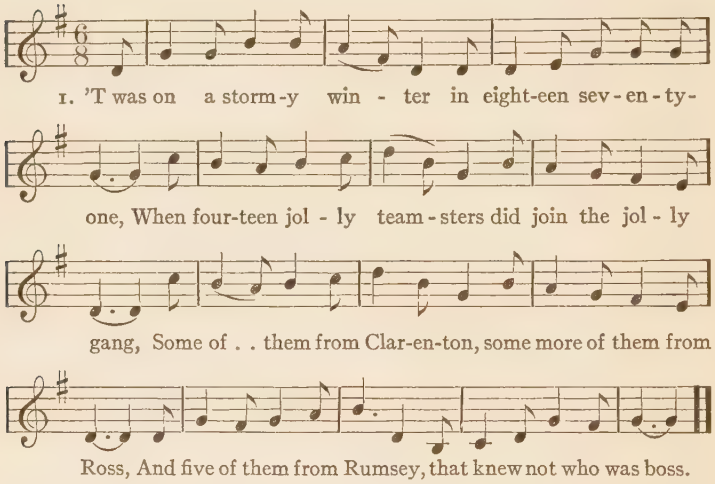
11 The choppers they get up, and their socks they cannot find,
They lay it to the teamsters, and curse them in their mind;
One says, "I've lost my socks — I don't know what to do."
Another has lost his boot-packs, and he is ruined too.

12 Springtime rolls around; the foreman he will say:
"Lay down your saws and axes, boys, and haste to break away";
And when the floating ice goes out, in business we'll thrive;
Hundreds of able-bodied men are wanted on the drive.

15

The Three McFarlands

Sung by Mr. James Gallagher, Minto, North Dakota


1. 'T was on a storm-y win - ter in eight-een sev-en-ty-
one, When four-teen jol - ly team-sters did join the jol - ly
gang, Some of . . them from Clar-en-ton, some more of them from
Ross, And five of them from Rumsey, that knew not who was boss.

1 'T was on a stormy winter in eighteen seventy-one,
When fourteen jolly teamsters did join the jolly gang,
Some of them from Clarenton, some more of them from Ross,
And five of them from Rumsey that knew not who was boss.

2 There were the three McFarlands: there was Tom and Jim and Bob;
And Alec Tois, their rollway man, to load the timber on.

They loaded our hosses heavy with three sticks every time,
And we did think it early if we were home at nine.

3 As for our leadin' teamster, he is a very nice man.
I do intend to tell his name; it's Louie Culberson.
He drives a fine concern team, he starts us up at three,
Sayin', "Go and harness your horses, for you must follow me."

4 Bein' in the month of January, a very cold time indeed,
When seven of our jolly teamsters left our gang with speed.
Bein' in the month of February, it would make your poor heart ache
To see such loads and drifted roads our horses had to take.

5 Here's a word to the three McFarlands: They are a most damnable crew.
They all stood at their stations, they mean to put us through.
They never did show mercy to man nor beast was there,
But when they had to leave a stick, they all began to swear.

6 Come all ye jolly teamsters, wherever you are from,
Oh, do not blame poor Culberson, for he's not in the wrong.

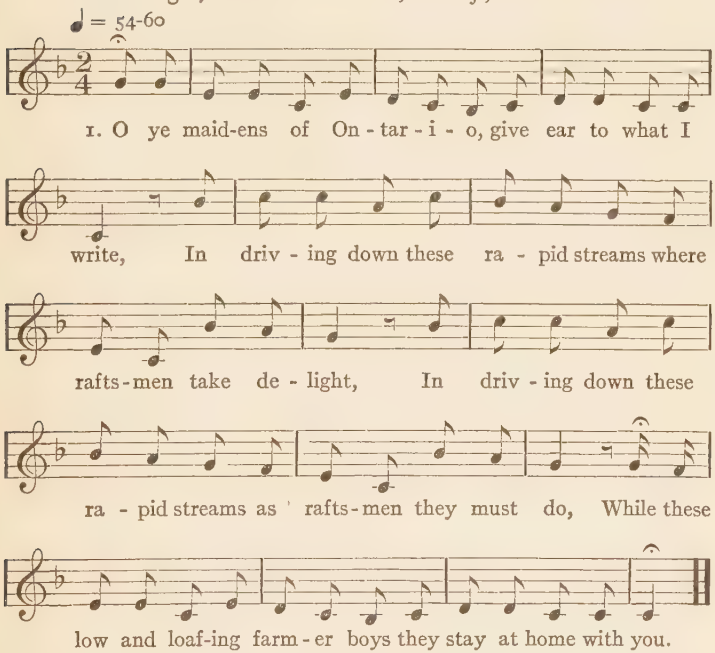
We never did blame Louie to drive through frost and
snow;
He bein' our leadin' teamster, he always had to go.

7 So now the cold winter's o'er, an' spring is comin' on,
And with the help of God, brave boys, we'll all get
home again.
We'll kiss the girls and court them, and play with
them for fun.
This lovin' maid will ask us when we'll come back
again.

16

Ye Maidens of Ontario

Sung by Mr. A. C. Hannah, Bemidji, Minnesota


♩ = 54-60
1. O ye maid-ens of On-tar-i-o, give ear to what I
write, In driv-ing down these ra-pid streams where
rafts-men take de-light, In driv-ing down these
ra-pid streams as rafts-men they must do, While these
low and loaf-ing farm-er boys they stay at home with you.

1 O ye maidens of Ontario, give ear to what I write,
In driving down these rapid streams where raftsmen take delight,
In driving down these rapid streams as raftsmen they must do,
While these low and loafing farmer boys they stay at home with you.

2 Oh, these low and loafing farmer boys they tell the girls great tales.
They'll tell them of great dangers in crossing o'er the fields,
While the cutting of the grass and weeds is all that they can do,
While we poor jolly raftsmen are running the Long Soo.

3 And when the sun is going down, their plows they'll cast aside.
They'll jump upon their horse's back and homeward they will ride.
And when the clock strikes eight or nine, then into bed they'll crawl,
While down on Lake St. Peter we stand many a bitter squall.

4 Oh, the wind blew from the south and east; it blew our cribs along.
It blew so very hard it shook our timbers up and down.
It put us in confusion for fear we should be drowned.
Our pilot cried, "Cheer up, brave boys! Your red pine oars bring on."

5 Oh, when we get down to Quebec town, the girls they dance for joy.
Says one unto another one, "Here comes a shanty-boy!"
One will treat us to a bottle, and another to a dram,

While the toast goes round the table for the jolly shanty-man.

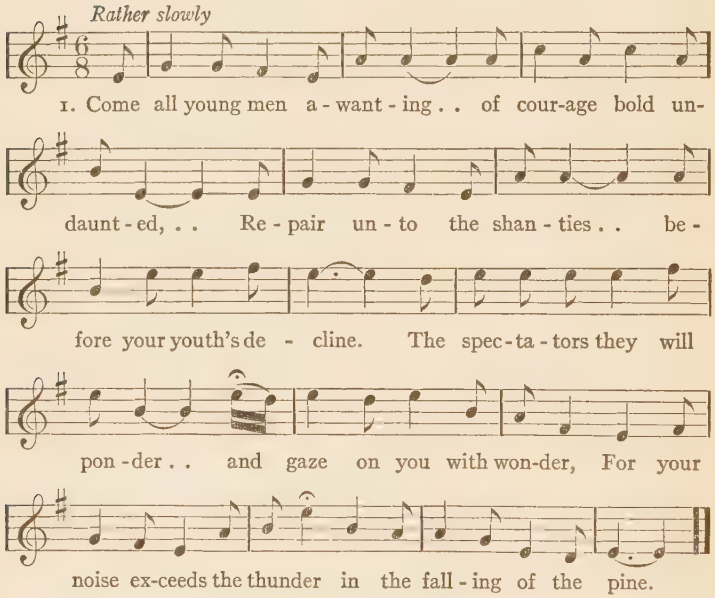
6 I had not been in Quebec for weeks 't was scarcely three,
When the landlord's lovely daughter fell in love with me.
She told me that she loved me and she took me by the hand,
And shyly told her mamma that she loved a shanty-man.

7 "O daughter, dearest daughter, you grieve my heart full sore,
To fall in love with a shanty-man you never saw before."
"Well, mother, I don't care for that, so do the best you can,
For I'm bound to go to Ottawa with my roving shanty-man."

17

The Falling of the Pine

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


Rather slowly
1. Come all young men a - want - ing . . of cour-age bold un-
daunt - ed, . . Re - pair un - to the shan - ties . . be -
fore your youth's de - cline. The spec - ta - tors they will
pon - der . . and gaze on you with won-der, For your
noise ex-ceeds the thunder in the fall - ing of the pine.

1 Come all young men a-wanting of courage bold undaunted,
Repair unto the shanties before your youth's decline.
The spectators they will ponder and gaze on you with wonder,
For your noise exceeds the thunder in the falling of the pine.

2 The shanty is our station and lumbering our occupation,
Where each man has his station, some for to score and line.
It is nine foot of a block we will bust at every knock,
And the wolves and bears we'll shock at the falling of the pine.

3 When the day it is a-breaking, from our slumbers we're awakened.
Breakfast being over, our axes we will grind.
Into the woods we do advance, where our axes sharp do glance,
And like brothers we commence for to fall the stately pine.

4 For it's to our work we go through the cold and stormy snow,
And it's there we labor gayly till bright Phœbus does not shine;
Then to the shanties we'll go in and songs of love we'll sing,
And we'll make the valleys ring at the falling of the pine.

5 When the weather it grows colder, like lions we're more bolder,
And while this forms grief for others, it's but the least of mine;
For the frost and snow so keen it can never keep us in,
It can never keep us in from the falling of the pine.

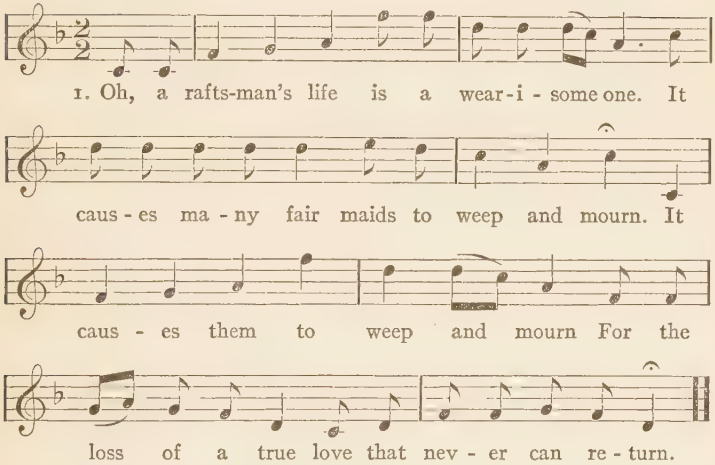
6 When the snow is all diminished and our shanty work
all finished,
Banished we are all for a little time,
And then far apart we're scattered until the booms are
gathered,
Until the booms are gathered into handsome rafts
of pine.

7 When we get to Quebec, O me boys, we'll not forget,
And our whistles we will wet with some brandy and
good wine.
With fair maidens we will boast till our money is all
used,
And, my boys, we'll ne'er refuse to go back and fall
the pine.

18

The Pinery Boy

Sung by Mrs. M. A. Olin, Eau Claire, Wisconsin


1. Oh, a rafts-man's life is a wear-i - some one. It
caus - es ma - ny fair maids to weep and mourn. It
caus - es them to weep and mourn For the
loss of a true love that nev - er can re - turn.

1 Oh, a raftsman's life is a wearisome one.
It causes many fair maids to weep and mourn.
It causes them to weep and mourn
For the loss of a true love that never can return.

2 "O father, O father, build me a boat,
That down the Wisconsin I may float,
And every raft that I pass by
There I will inquire for my sweet Pinery Boy."

3 As she was rowing down the stream,
She saw three rafts all in a string.

She hailed the pilot as they drew nigh,
And there she did inquire for her sweet Pinery Boy.

4 "O pilot, O pilot, tell me true,
Is my sweet Willie among your crew?
Oh, tell me quick and give me joy,
For none other will I have but my sweet Pinery Boy.

5 "Oh, auburn was the color of his hair,
His eyes were blue and his cheeks were fair.
His lips were of a ruby fine;
Ten thousand times they've met with mine."

6 "O honored lady, he is not here.
He's drownded in the dells, I fear.
'T was at Lone Rock as we passed by,
Oh, there is where we left your sweet Pinery Boy."

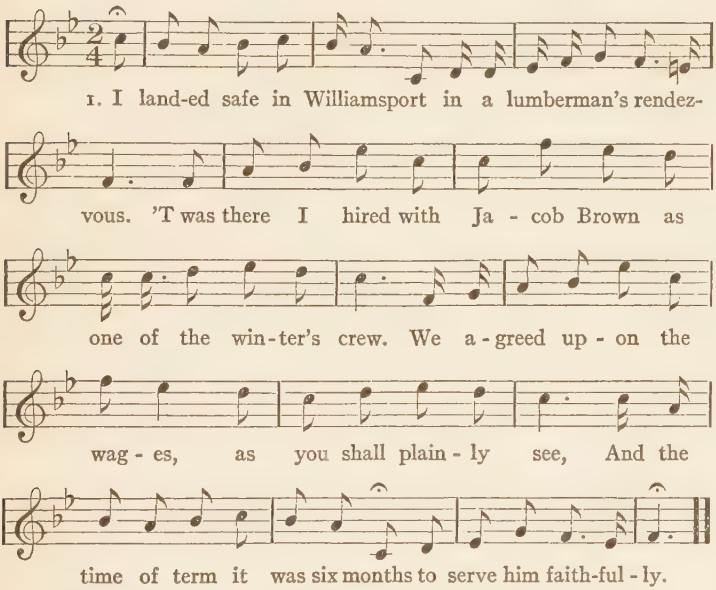
7 She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Just like a lady in great despair.
She rowed her boat against Lone Rock.
You'd a-thought this fair lady's heart was broke.

8 "Dig me a grave both long and deep,
Place a marble slab at my head and feet;
And on my breast a turtle dove
To let the world know that I died for love;
And at my feet a spreading oak
To let the world know that my heart was broke."

19

The Maine-ite in Pennsylvania

Sung by Mr. W. H. Underwood, Bayport, Minnesota


1. I land-ed safe in Williamsport in a lumberman's rendez-
vous. 'T was there I hired with Ja - cob Brown as
one of the win-ter's crew. We a - greed up - on the
wag - es, as you shall plain - ly see, And the
time of term it was six months to serve him faith-ful - ly.

1 I landed safe in Williamsport in a lumberman's
rendezvous.
'Twas there I hired with Jacob Brown as one of the
winter's crew.
We agreed upon the wages, as you shall plainly see,
And the time of term it was six months to serve him
faithfully.

2 It would melt your heart with pity, it would make
your blood run cold,
To see the work that Nature did all in her rudest
mould,
And to see those overhanging rocks along the ice-
bound shore,
Where the rippling waters fierce do rage and the
cataracts do roar.

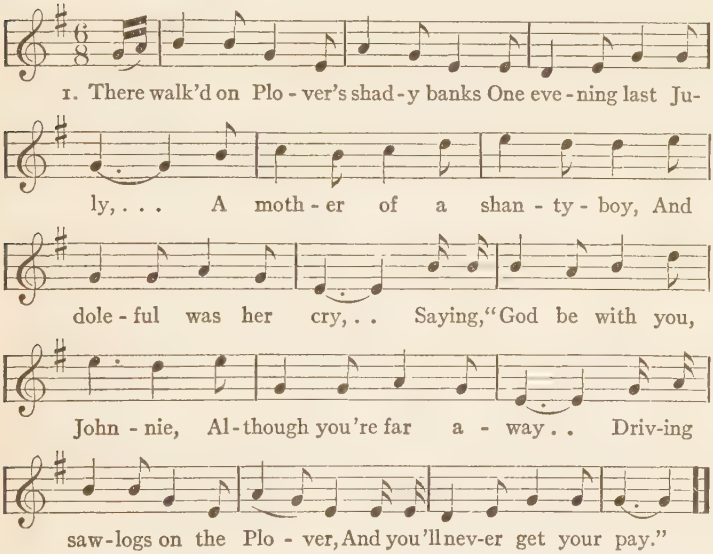
3 There's the tomtit and the moose-bird and the roving
caribou;
The lucifee and pa'tridge that through the forests
flew;
And the wild ferocious rabbit from the colder regions
came;
And several other animals too numerous to name.

4 So to conclude and finish, I have one thing more to
say:
When I am dead and in my grave, lying mould'ring in
the clay,
No artificial German text you can for me sustain,
But simply say I'm a roving wreck right from Bangor,
Maine.

Driving Saw-logs on the Plover

A DOLEFUL DITTY, by SHAN T. BOY

Sung by Mr. W. N. ALLEN ("Shan T. Boy"), Wausau, Wisconsin


1. There walk'd on Plo - ver's shad - y banks One eve - ning last Ju-
ly, . . . A moth - er of a shan - ty - boy, And
dole - ful was her cry, . . Saying, "God be with you,
John - nie, Al - though you're far a - way . . Driv-ing
saw - logs on the Plo - ver, And you'll nev-er get your pay."

1 There walked on Plover's shady banks
One evening last July
A mother of a shanty-boy,
And doleful was her cry,
Saying, "God be with you, Johnnie,
Although you're far away
Driving saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

2 "O Johnnie, I gave you schooling,
I gave you a trade likewise.
You need not been a shanty-boy
Had you taken my advice.
You need not gone from your dear home
To the forest far away,
Driving saw-longs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

3 "O Johnnie, you were your father's hope,
Your mother's only joy.
Why is it that you ramble so,
My own, my darling boy?
What could induce you, Johnnie,
From your own dear home to stray,
Driving saw-longs on the Plover?
And you'll never get your pay.

4 "Why did n't you stay upon the farm
And feed the ducks and hens,
And drive the pigs and sheep each night
And put them in their pens?
Far better for you to help your dad
To cut his corn and hay
Than to drive saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay."

5 A log canoe came floating
Adown the quiet stream.
As peacefully it glided
As some young lover's dream.
A youth crept out upon the bank

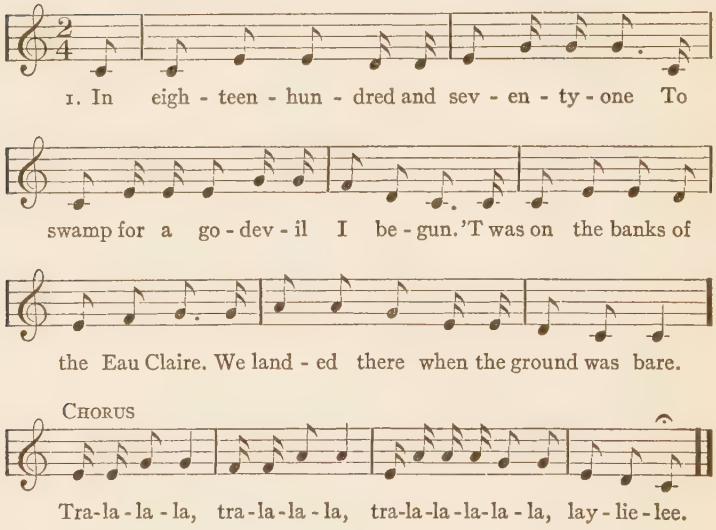
And thus to her did say,
"Dear mother, I have jumped the game,
And I have n't got my pay.

6 "The boys called me a sucker
And a son-of-a-gun to boot.
I said to myself, 'O Johnnie,
It is time for you to scoot.'
I stole a canoe and started
Upon my weary way,
And now I have got home again, —
But nary a cent of pay."

7 Now all young men take this advice:
If e'er you wish to roam,
Be sure and kiss your mothers
Before you leave your home.
You had better work upon a farm
For a half a dollar a day
Than to drive saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

Fred Sargent's Shanty Song

Sung by Mr. Emmet Horen, Eau Claire, Wisconsin


1. In eigh - teen - hun - dred and sev - en - ty - one To
swamp for a go - dev - il I be - gun. 'T was on the banks of
the Eau Claire. We land - ed there when the ground was bare.
Chorus
Tra-la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra-la - la - la-la - la, lay - lie - lee.

1 In eighteen hundred and seventy-one
To swamp for a go-devil I begun.
'T was on the banks of the Eau Claire.
We landed there when the ground was bare.

Chorus

Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la, lay-lie-lee.

2 Early in the morning we arose
And manfully put on our clothes.
'T was not day till the horn did blow,
And in to breakfast we did go.

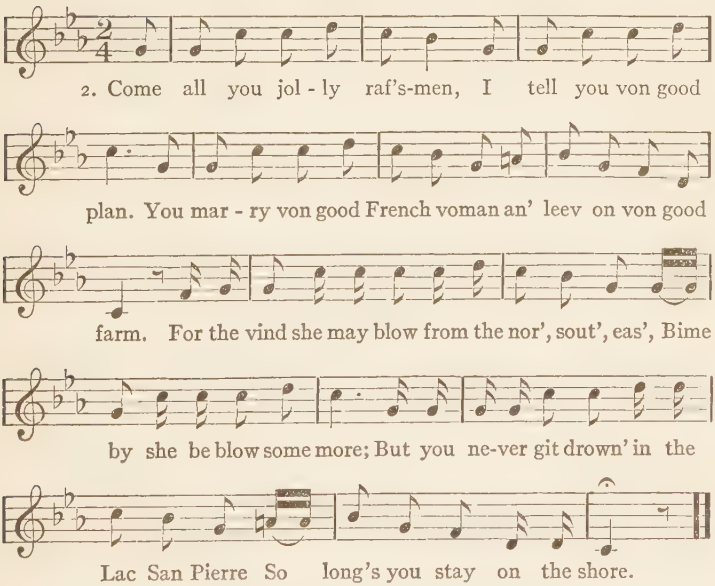
3 Now to conclude and end my song,
My shanty ditty won't be long.
Here's a health to whiskey strong,
And to Fred Sargent and all his gang.

22

On the Lac San Pierre

(A FRAGMENT)

Sung by Mr. A. C. HANNAH, Bemidji, Minnesota

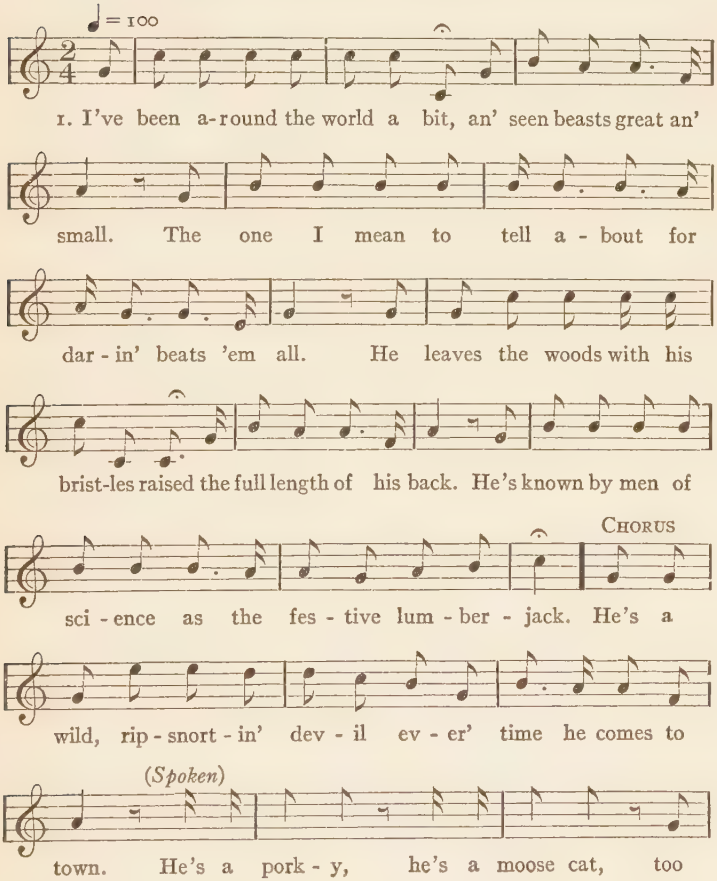

2. Come all you jol - ly raf's-men, I tell you von good
plan. You mar - ry von good French voman an' leev on von good
farm. For the vind she may blow from the nor', sout', eas', Bime
by she be blow some more; But you ne-ver git drown' in the
Lac San Pierre So long's you stay on the shore.

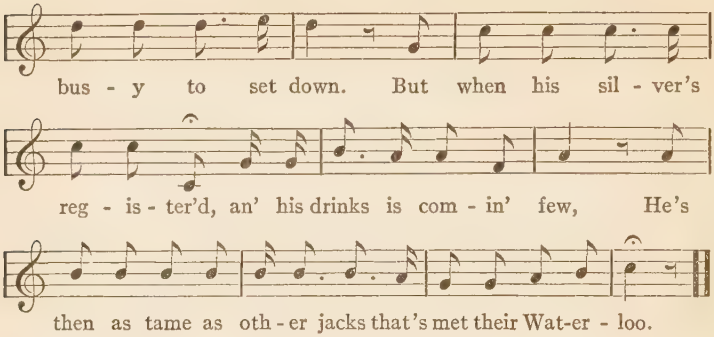
1 Von night on the Lac San Pierre
The vind she blow, blow, blow;
The vind she blow from the nor', sout', eas',
She blow our crib from the shore . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Our raf' she struck on a great beeg rock
In the beeg Lachine canawl.

2 Come all ye jolly raf'smen,
I tell you von good plan.
You marry von good French voman
An' leev on von good farm.
For the vind she may blow from the nor', sout', eas',
Bime by she be blow some more;
But you never git drown' in the Lac San Pierre
So long 's you stay on the shore.

The Festive Lumber-jack

Sung by Mr. Ed Springstad, Bemidji, Minnesota


♩ = 100
1. I've been a-round the world a bit, an' seen beasts great an'
small. The one I mean to tell a - bout for
dar - in' beats 'em all. He leaves the woods with his
brist-les raised the full length of his back. He's known by men of
Chorus
sci - ence as the fes - tive lum - ber - jack. He's a
wild, rip - snort - in' dev - il ev - er' time he comes to
(Spoken)
town. He's a pork - y, he's a moose cat, too


bus - y to set down. But when his sil - ver's
reg - is - ter'd, an' his drinks is com - in' few, He's
then as tame as oth - er jacks that's met their Wat-er - loo.

1 I've been around the world a bit, an' seen beasts both great an' small.
The one I mean to tell about for darin' beats 'em all.
He leaves the woods with his bristles raised the full length of his back.
He's known by men of science as the festive lumberjack.

Chorus

He's a wild rip-snortin' devil ever' time he comes to town.
He's a porky, he's a moose-cat, too busy to set down.
But when his silver's registered and his drinks is comin' few,
He's then as tame as other jacks that's met their Waterloo.

2 While out in camp he's very wise, he'll tell you of his plans.
He's figgered out an' knows he'll beat the long white-aproned man.

"HIS PEAKERS RISE ABOVE THE CLOUDS"

A good illustration of the process of loading (see Glossary, under *cross-haul*). The cross-haul line and oxen, the cant-hook men, and the top-loader are all present in the picture.

He means to cut out drinkin' booze an' climb right up
in fame,
And within a year of time will own a handsome little
claim.

3 He'll go down to the city with his time-check in his
hand.
He's as busy as a bedbug, for an instant could n't
stand
Until he gets his pile o' silver, which will vanish soon
from sight,
For he intends to log a bit, an' he will do it right.

4 One dozen drinks o' whiskey straight an' the jack
feels pretty fair.
The heavy loggin' then begins, but he's loggin' with
hot air.
His peakers rise above the clouds; the cross-haul man
below
Works by a code, for they could n't hear his "Whoa!"

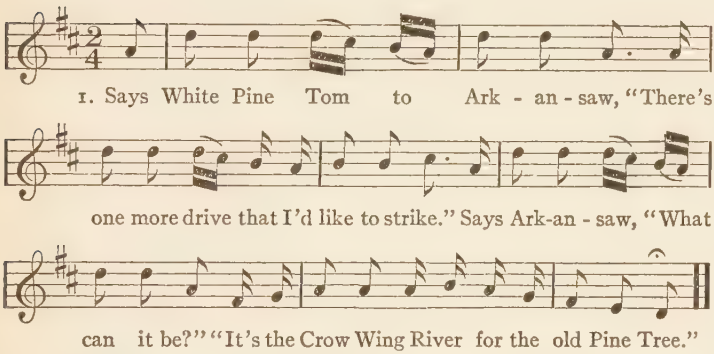
5 Every jack's a cant-hook man; no others can be
found.
They do some heavy loggin', but they do it best in
town.
They're loved by all the pretty girls, who at their feet
would kneel
If they could win that darlin' chap that birls the
crooked steel.

6 But here's a proposition, boys: when next we meet in
town,
We'll form a combination and we'll mow the forest
down.
We then will cash our handsome checks, we'll neither
eat nor sleep,
Nor will we buy a stitch o' clothes while whiskey is so
cheap.

24

The Crow Wing Drive

Sung by Mr. Ed Springstad, Bemidji, Minn.


1. Says White Pine Tom to Ark - an - saw, "There's
one more drive that I'd like to strike." Says Ark-an - saw, "What
can it be?" "It's the Crow Wing River for the old Pine Tree."

1 Says White Pine Tom to Arkansaw,
"There's one more drive that I'd like to strike."
Says Arkansaw, "What can it be?"
"It's the Crow Wing River for the old Pine Tree."

2 Says Arkansaw, "Now if that's the case,
I can put you in the race.
Come with me in the mornin' an' we'll begin,
For I've a job a-pushin' for Long Jim Quinn."

3 In the mornin' we boarded the M. & I.
Our friends in Bemidji we bid good-bye.
Humpy Russell took us down the line
And landed us in Brainard right on time.

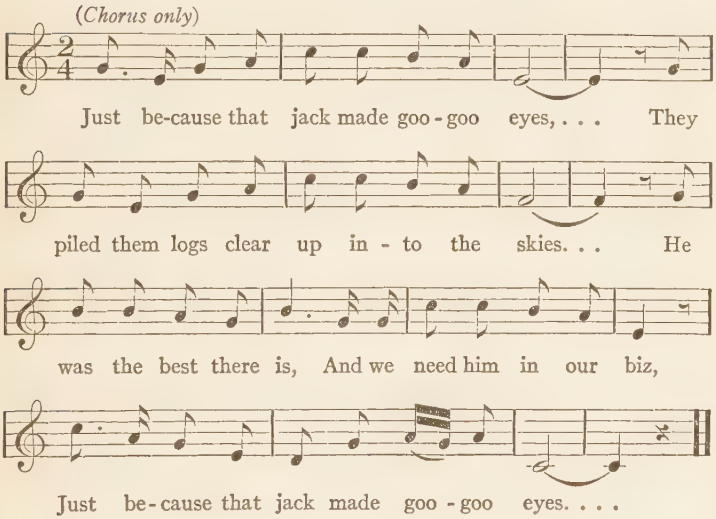
4 There was White Pine Tom and young Lazzard,
And Mikey Stewart and his two big pards;
Billy Domine and the Weston boys,
And there was others from Bemidji that could make
some noise.

25

The M. and I. Goo-goo Eyes

By Ed ("Arkansaw") Springstad

Sung by Mr. Ed Springstad, Bemidji, Minnesota


(Chorus only)
Just be-cause that jack made goo-goo eyes, . . . They
piled them logs clear up in-to the skies. . . He
was the best there is, And we need him in our biz,
Just be-cause that jack made goo-goo eyes. . . .

1 There was an old switch-hog with a train o' logs
All standin' on their end.
The engineer was shovin' back,
He had heaps o' coal to spend.
When a lumber-jack from the timber came,
He lowered his head and rolled his eyes,
An' then laid back one ear,
As much as to say, "You old switch-hog,

I'll put you in the clear."
The engineer gave a dynamite sign.

Chorus

Just because that jack made goo-goo eyes,
They piled them logs clear up into the skies.
He was the best there is,
And we need him in our biz,
Just because that jack made goo-goo eyes.

2 Then along came Russell with number seven;
He was rubberin' straight up at his stack.
He says, "I guess my air's all right."
But just then he left the track
At Hackensack, at Hackensack.
There was Nolan's logs, there was Dolan's logs,
And there was logs that never went through.
But says Nolan's logs to Dolan's logs,
"Good mornin' an' how-dy-you-do?
I'm on to you, I'm on to you."

3 There is a spur upon this line,
They call it seventy-five.
If you wanta hold your job,
You've gotta be alive
When the pay car comes, when the pay car
comes . . .

26

The Hanging Limb

A

Printed by F. W. Waugh, in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxxi, 75–76: "informant, Roy Hutchison, Manitoulin Island, Ontario."

1 Come, all ye sons of Canada, wherever you may be,
And listen to my tale of woe, and mark it in Fort Knell;
And do not leave your own dear homes, but by your parents stand:
And if ever you're forced to look for work, steer clear of Michigan.

2 Right well I knew that handsome lad whose name was Harry Done.
His father was a farmer, the township of Aldone.
He had everything he wished for, and a farm of good land;
But he thought he would spend a winter in the woods of Michigan.

3 The morning that he left his home, his mother to him did say,
"Now, Harry boy, take my advice and on your farm stay;
For if you leave your mother, likewise your sister dear,

There's something tells me that on earth your face
I'll ne'er more see."

4 But Harry gayly laughed at her: "Say, mother, don't you fear!
For when the spring is opened, I am coming straight back here."
Then he went to Bay City, where he hired in a lumber king;
And straight from that he took his course to the woods of Michigan.

5 He worked three months quite merrily, and ofttimes would write home,
"The winter will soon be over, and [in] spring I am going home."
As he rose one morning from his bunk, his face it wore no smile,
As he called his chum outside the door, whose name was Charlie Loyal.

6 "O Charlie Loyal, I had a dream which fills my heart with woe.
I fear there's something wrong at home, and home I ought to go."
But his comrade only laughed at him, which cheered him for a while,
Saying, "Harry boy, it's time for work; let's go and fell the pine."

7 He worked away till ten o'clock, while on that fatal day,
When a hanging limb fell down on him and crushed him where he lay.
His comrades gathered round him to pull the limb away,
When he opened his eyes and faintly smiled, and this to them did say:

8 "Now, comrades, I am dying; may the end come right soon,
And may the Lord in his mercy look on my friends at home."
In two or three days after, his body was sent home,
Containing all remained on earth of poor young Harry Done.

9 And when his mother saw him, she fell down like a stone.
They picked her up, but her heart was broke when Harry he came home.
His poor old aged father he lingered for a while,
But never till the day he died was known to wear a smile.

10 In less than three months after, they buried the poor old man.
Now, who can say no deadly curse hangs over Michigan?

B

Harry Dunn

From Mrs. Riley Hopkins, Moran, Michigan

1 Come all you sons of Canada, wherever you may dwell,
And likewise pay attention and mark its imports well.
Oh, do not leave your old homestead, but by your parents stand,
And if you ever get short of work, steer clear of Michigan.

2 For it's many a bold Canadian boy left home and friends so dear,
And longing for excitement, for Michigan would steer.
But ere many months would pass away a telegram would come,
Saying, "Your son was killed in the lumber-woods. His body will send home."

3 I once did know a handsome youth whose name was Harry Dunn.
His father was a farmer in the county of Aldun.
He had everything he wished for, like houses and good land,
But he thought he would like one winter in the woods of Michigan.

4 The day before he went away his mother to him did say,
"It's breaking of my heart, dear boy, to have you go away.
Oh, do not leave your parents, likewise your sisters three,
For something tells me that your form no more on earth we'll see."

5 But Harry only laughed at them, saying, "Mother, don't you fear.
The winter will soon pass away, then I'll come right back here,
With plenty of money for to spend; and don't you understand?
I only want to have a time in the woods of Michigan."

6 He then went to Bay City and hired out to a lumber king,
And steered his course then straightway to the woods near.
He worked along right merrily and often did write home,
Saying, "Winter will soon pass away, then right back home I'll come."

7 One morning Harry rose from bunk, his face it wore no smile.
He called his comrade to one side, whose name was Charlie Lisle,

Saying, "Charlie, my boy, I've had a dream that
fills my heart with woe.
I fear there's something wrong at home, and there
I'd better go."

8 His comrade only laughed at him, which cheered him
for a time,
Saying, "Harry, dear boy . . ."
He worked along till ten o'clock all on that fatal day,
When a hanging limb fell from above and crushed
him where he lay.

9 His comrades gathered around him and tore the
limb away.
He opened wide his bright blue eyes and unto them
did say,
"O comrades, I'm a-dying. The end will come right
soon.
May God in his great mercy pity my poor friend[s]
at home.

10 "And Charlie Lisle, I'd have you go and take my
body home
Unto my aged mother dear. Oh, why did I leave her
side?"
And then he closed his bright eyes, he gasped, fell
back and died.

11 And just two days after, a coffin was brought home
Containing all that was left of poor, poor Harry
Dunn.

And when his mother saw him, she fell down like a stone.
They picked her up, but her heart was broke when Harry was brought home.

12 Then that old man through sickness and woe, and from that day until he died,
He was never known to smile . . .
And just three months afterward they buried that old man.
And who can say but what there a deadly lure hangs over Michigan?

27

Harry Bail

From Mrs. Riley Hopkins, Moran, Michigan

1 Come all kind friends and parents, brother[s] one and all,
A story I will tell to you. It will make your blood run cold.
'T is of a poor unfortunate boy; 't is known both far and near.
His parents raised him tenderly not many miles from here.

2 In the township of Arcade, in the county of Lapeer,
There stands a little shingle mill that has run about one year.
'T is where the dreadful deed was done caused many to weep and wail.
'T is where this poor boy lost his life, and his name was Harry Bail.

3 It appears his occupation was head sawyer in the mill.
He followed it successfully two years four months, until
The time was come for him to leave this earth of care.
No one knows how soon 't will be these recorded deeds to share.

4 On the twenty-ninth of April in the year of sixty-nine,
He went into the mill as usual; no fear did he discern,
Till the roaring of the feed-box threw the carriage into gear.
It threw him upon the saw and cut him so severe.

5 It cut clear through his shoulder-blade and halfway down.
It threw him upon the floor as the carriage it came back.
He started for the shanty, his strength was failing fast.
He said, "My boys, I'm wounded. I fear it is my last."

6 His brothers they were sent for; likewise his sisters two.
The doctor he was summoned, but alas! it was true.
For when his cruel wound was dressed, he unto them did say,
"I know there is no help for me. I soon will pass away."

7 No father has poor Harry to weep beside his bed,
No kind and loving mother to soothe his aching head.
He lingered for one night and day till death did ease his pain.
Hushed his voice forever. He never spoke again.

8 They dressed him for his coffin and fitted him for his grave,
While brothers and sisters mourned the loss of their brother so young and brave.
They took him to the churchyard and laid him there to rest.
His body is a-mouldering, but his spirit is with the blest.

9 This life is such a short time, which often causes many to frown.
We know it is men's portion to come forth and be slain down.
As jolly a fellow was Harry as ever you wish to know,
But he withered like a flower; it was his time to go.

10 The springtime is returning to wait this mournful lay.
The little birds in the leafy trees sing sweetly all the day.
While brother[s] and sister[s] they . . . the love he fondly gave,
By planting . . . of flowers around young Harry's grave.

28

Shanty Teamster's Marseillaise

From Mr. George F. Will, Bismarck, North Dakota

1 Come all ye gay teamsters, attention I pray.
I'll sing you a ditty composed, by the way,
Of a few jovial fellows who thought the hours long,
Would pass off the time with a short comic song.

Chorus

Come, cheer up, brave boys, it is upward we go
Through this wretched country, the Opeongo.

2 As it happened one morning of a fine summer day,
I met Robert Conroy, who to me did say,
"Will you go to my shanty and draw my white pine?
I'll give you good wages and the best of good time."

3 "For to go to your shanty we do feel inclined,
To earn our good wages and be up in good time.
To our wives and our sweethearts we'll bid all adieu,
And go up to York Branch and draw timber for you."

4 There assembled together a fine jovial crew,
With horses well harnessed, both hardy and true.
All things being ready, we started away
From fair Elmer town about noon of the day.

5 The road led o'er mountains, through valleys and plains,
In a country where hardship and poverty reigns,
Where the poor suff'ring settlers, hard fate to bewail,
Are bound down with mortgage, debt dues and claims.

6 At a place called York Branch, where Conroy holds his rules,
There assembled together his hacknaves and fools,
And old Jimmy Edwards, that cut-throat and spy,
Would try to deceive you by advices and lies.

7 Not long at the farm we're allowed to stay,
But escorted by Jimmy we're hurried away,
Where Frenchmen and Indian, their living to gain,
Were abused by a brute — Jerry Welch was his name.

8 We read of the devil: from heaven he fell,
For rebellion and treason was cast down to hell.
But his son, Jerry Welch, remains here below
To work deeds of darkness, cause sorrow and woe.

9 With the eye of a demon, the tongue of a knave,
Those two villainous traitors should be yoked in a sleigh,
And Jerry's old squaw for a teamster and guide
To tip up the brutes of the Branch for to drive.

10 At length we commenced the white pine to draw.
It was Jerry's intention to put us square through,
To break down our horses and show no fair play,
And he ordered brave Jimmy to drive night and day.

11 But the teamsters consulted and made up a plan,
Since fair work won't do, to go home every man.
So we left Conroy's shanty and Jerry the knave,
For true loyal teamsters ain't born to be slaves.

12 So we are at home and surrounded by friends.
We are thankful for favors that providence sends.
We'll sing our adventures and our shantying is o'er,
And we'll never go up the York Branch any more.

Chorus

Come, cheer up, brave boys! We plough and we sow,
And adieu evermore to the Opeongo.

29

The Fatal Oak

From Mr. Lee Todd, Cornell, Wisconsin

1 'T is a mournful story I relate
Of three young men who met their fate.
While folded in the arms of sleep
They sank beneath the billows deep.

2 In blooming health they left the shore,
Ne'er thought they'd see their friends no more.
Down the Kickapoo on a raft
With De Jean the captain of the craft.

3 Down they floated down the Kickapoo,
Laughing and joking as raftmen do;
Ne'er thought their fate would come so soon
When death would rob them of their bloom.

4 When night came on, they made for shore,
Where they had often stayed before;
'Neath the same oak tree which had been their stake
They went to sleep, no more to wake.

5 The Captain viewed the tree once more
And spoke as he had oftentimes before,
Saying, "I fear, my boys, when it is too late,
This very oak will seal our fate."

6 Early next morning the Captain arose
And left his men in sweet repose.

For some wood he stepped out on the shore
For to [p]repare their breakfast o'er.

7 Scarcely had he stepped on shore
When, looking at the tree once more,
He saw it start and then did cry,
"Awake, my boys, or you must die."

8 There was none but Wilson that awoke,
When, with a crash, down came the oak.
The Captain stood out on the shore
And saw them sink to rise no more.

9 For three long hours they searched in vain,
Till at last two bodies they obtained.
'T was Hatfield and Totten, two boys so brave,
But Robert still slept beneath the grave.

10 By land the Captain started home,
Both night and day he journeyed on,
Taking those brave boys home to their friends,
That they might see their last remains.

11 When the sun was setting in the west,
Those two brave boys were laid to rest.
Their friends stood weeping round their tomb,
No more to see them in their bloom.

12 'T was but a glance and all was o'er,
Their friends could see their faces no more.
Poor Juliet, the Captain's wife,
It seemed 't would almost take her life.

13 The Captain strove to hide his grief,
But now he wrung his hands and cried,
Saying, "Oh, this is a bitter cup!
Aaron, how can I give up?"

14 Young Hatfield was the Captain's pride,
Long in his family did reside.
To him he seemed more like a son
Than like a child that was not their own.

15 Poor Robert's friends in deep despair,
They longed some tidings for to hear.
They searched the river for miles along
Till at Wyalusing his body was found.

16 And near the place where it was found
There may be seen a little mound.
'Twas strangers' hands that laid him there,
No friends to shed a farewell tear.

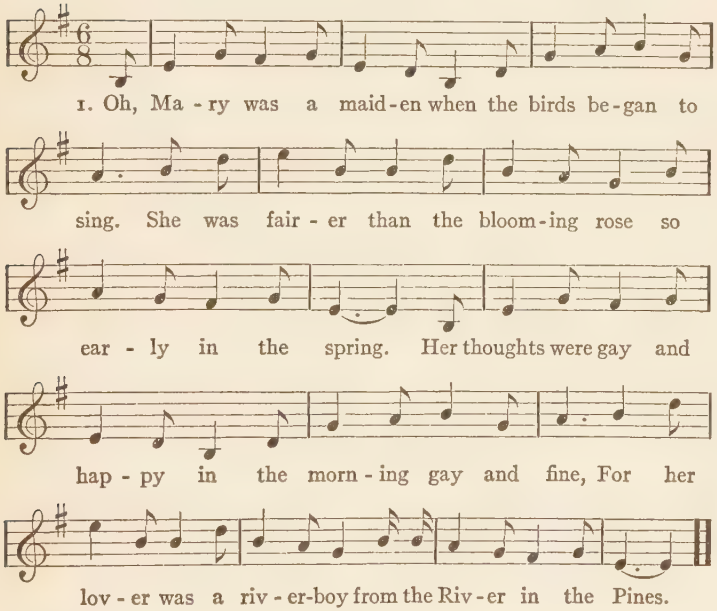
17 But since that time he was brought home.
Friends laid him in his earthly tomb.
Come, weeping mourners, dry your eyes,
Prepare to meet them in the skies.

18 Now think of those young and blooming youths
And travel no more on but what is truth.
For like a raft tied to a tree,
Every day there is a snare for thee.

30

The River in the Pines

From Mr. William Bartlett, Eau Claire, Wisconsin


1. Oh, Ma - ry was a maid - en when the birds be - gan to
sing. She was fair - er than the bloom - ing rose so
ear - ly in the spring. Her thoughts were gay and
hap - py in the morn - ing gay and fine, For her
lov - er was a riv - er-boy from the Riv - er in the Pines.

1 Oh, Mary was a maiden when the birds began to sing.
She was fairer than the blooming rose so early in the spring.
Her thoughts were gay and happy in the morning gay and fine,
For her lover was a river-boy from the River in the Pines.

2 Now Charlie got married to this Mary in the spring,
When the trees were budding early and the birds began to sing.
"Now, darling, I must leave you in the happiness of love,
And make some V's and X's for you, my darling dove.
And early in the autumn when the fruit is in the wine,
I'll return to you, my darling, from the River in the Pines."

3 'T was early in the morning in Wisconsin's dreary clime
When he rode the fatal rapids for that last and fatal time.
They found his body lying on the rocky shores below,
Where the silent water ripples and the whispering cedars blow.

4 The woodsmen gathered round him on the bright and cloudless morn,
And with sad and tearful eyes they viewed his cold and lifeless form.
"I would send a message to her, but I fear she would repine,"
Spoke a friend of Charlie Williams from the River in the Pines.

5 When Mary heard these tidings from that river far away,
It was in the early springtime, in the early month of May.

At first she seemed uncertain and no more her eyes did shine,
But her saddened thoughts still wandered to that River in the Pines.

6 Not long ago I visited there, not many years ago;
It was a Southern city where strange faces come and go.
I spied a gray-haired maiden, both very old and gray,
And my thoughts turned back again once more to that river far away.

7 She smiled though when she saw me, though she looked old and gray.
"I am waiting for my Charlie boy," these words to me did say.
"And early in the autumn, when the fruit is in the wine,
I'll return to meet my Charlie from the River in the Pines."

8 Now every raft of lumber that comes down the Chippewa,
There's a lonely grave that's visited by drivers on their way.
They plant wild flowers upon it in the morning fair and fine;
'T is the grave of Charlie Williams from the River in the Pines.

31

The Merry Shanty Boys

From a broadside published by H. J. Wehman, New York (No. 990)

1 We are a band of shanty boys,
As merry as can be;
No matter where we go, my boys,
We're always gay and free;
Blow high or low, no fear we know,
To the woods we're bound to go,
Our axes swing, the woods do ring
With shanty men, heighho!

Chorus

Blow high or low, no fear we know,
To the woods we're bound to go,
Our axes swing, the woods do ring
With shanty men, heighho!

2 At break of day the boss doth say:
Hurrah, to the woods, away!
Those teams hitch up — get to the dump,
The rollers are away!
The choppers are all gone, hurrah!
Come, boys, do not delay —
Then whips do crack on every track,
The teamsters are away.

Chorus

"WE ARE A BAND OF SHANTY-BOYS"

A Wisconsin crew of the [illegible]'s or early 8[illegible]'s. Note the special display of cant-hook, saw, mascot, fiddle, and dinner-horn. The latter is held by the cook's helper, who, with the cook, is distinguishable by his apron. The exhibition of the manly art in the background is notoriously deficient in similarity to real shanty-boy fashion in fighting!

3 And when our day's work we have done,
Home to the shanty come —
Each gang will boast who's done the most,
The clerk our work doth sum;
Then clean and neat we take our seats,
And for our suppers go —
Beef, pork and beans, eat all we please,
Bread, pie, molasses, oh!

Chorus

4 When lined within, we then begin
Our axes to grind thin;
Come, fiddler gay, do not delay
To tune up every string;
'T is our delight! — yes, every night,
To wrestle, dance, and sing,
Our songs all sung and dancing done,
We roll in one by one.

Chorus

5 When spring doth come we've jolly fun
On the river drive away;
Pull, ahoy! Heave away!
Together, *Oh — yeh — oh!*
The drive, when through, our lasses true,
We'll meet them all so gay,
And kiss for kiss will be our bliss,
While we with them do stay.

Chorus

6 Since shanty life is our delight,
Let's all together sing,
Scorehackers, hewers, choppers, sawyers,
Road-cutters join in,
Boss, cook, and clerk, for all your worth,
Now let your voices ring,
Teamsters and all, on you we call,
In chorus now dive in.

Chorus

Blow high or low, no fear we know,
To the woods we're bound to go,
Our axes swing, the woods do ring,
With shanty men, heighho!

32

Silver Jack

Reprinted from Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*
(By permission)

1 I was on the drive in eighty
Working under Silver Jack,
Which the same is now in Jackson
And ain't soon expected back,
And there was a fellow 'mongst us
By the name of Robert Waite;
Kind of cute and smart and tonguey,
Guess he was a graduate.

2 He could talk on any subject
From the Bible down to Hoyle,
And his words flowed out so easy,
Just as smooth and slick as oil.
He was what they call a skeptic,
And he loved to sit and weave
Hifalutin' words together
Tellin' what he did n't believe.

3 One day we all were sittin' round
Smokin' nigger-head tobacco
And hearing Bob expound;
Hell, he said, was all a humbug,
And he made it plain as day
That the Bible was a fable,

And we lowed it looked that way.
Miracles and such like
Were too rank for him to stand,
And as for him they called the Saviour
He was just a common man.

4 "You're a liar," some one shouted,
"And you've got to take it back."
Then everybody started, —
'T was the words of Silver Jack.
And he cracked his fists together
And he stacked his duds and cried,
"'T was in that thar religion
That my mother lived and died;
And though I have n't always
Used the Lord exactly right,
Yet when I hear a chump abuse him
He's got to eat his words or fight."

5 Now this Bob he were n't no coward
And he answered bold and free:
"Stack your duds and cut your capers,
For there ain't no flies on me."
And they fit for forty minutes
And the crowd would whoop and cheer
When Jack spit up a tooth or two
Or when Bobby lost an ear.

6 But at last Jack got him under
And he slugged him onct or twict,
And straightway Bob admitted
The divinity of Christ.

But Jack kept reasoning with him
Till the poor cuss gave a yell
And lowed he'd been mistaken
In his views concerning hell.

7 Then the fierce encounter ended
And they riz up from the ground,
And some one brought a bottle out
And kindly passed it round.
And we drank to Bob's religion
In a cheerful sort o' way,
But the spread of infidelity
Was checked in camp that day.

33

Bung Yer Eye

From Stewart Edward White, *The Blazed Trail*
(By permission)

1 I am a jolly shanty-boy,
As you will soon discover;
To all the dodges I am fly,
A hustling pine-woods rover.
A peavy-hook it is my pride,
An axe I well can handle.
To fell a tree or punch a bull
Get rattling Danny Randle.
Bung yer eye! bung yer eye!

2 I love a girl in Saginaw,
  She lives with her mother.
I defy all Michigan
  To find such another.
She's tall and slim, her hair is red,
  Her face is plump and pretty.
She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl,
  And her front name stands for Kitty.
    Bung yer eye! bung yer eye!

3 I took her to a dance one night,
  A mossback gave the bidding —
Silver Jack bossed the shebang,
  And Big Dan played the fiddle.
We danced and drank the livelong night
  With fights between the dancing,
Till Silver Jack cleaned out the ranch
  And sent the mossbacks prancing.
    Bung yer eye! bung yer eye!

34

Fragments of Shanty Songs

I

'T was on the Grand River near the falls of Chaudiere,
And these four men got into a boat and for them did steer.
There was Benjamin Moore and William Wright, and likewise A. C. Young.
These three men were drowned and from their boats were flung.

But James McCullum was preserved and safely swam ashore
Down by those rocks and islands where the mighty waters pour.
Let us not say in Nature God made one thing in vain,
For beneath those foaming waters does hideous rocks remain.

A little boy standing on the shore this dreadful sight did see,
And unto Benjamin's parents with the news did quickly flee.
There were fathers and mothers, kind brothers and sisters too,
They all came running to the shore to see if it were true.

And when they found their sons were lost and buried in
the deep,
Their mournful cries did rend the skies, and they bitterly
did weep,
Saying, "O you cruel waters, that brought our sons to rest,
What is your troubled motion to what lies on my breast?"

Look in the works of Nature, by water and by land,
And see the many ways God brings us to an end.
And yet, though blooming as you are, and death seems
far away,
How soon it may overtake us for its easy prey.

II

Way down near Alpena in a far-distant land,
There's a hard-hearted, hard-spoken band,
Called paython, gorilla. They don't use much care,
And they're hard to keep track of when they get on a
tear.

Chorus

Hurray, hurrah! For the fruit you can bet.
Less taken of the drink, boys, for their credit's good yet.

The other night they got on a tear.
Sam Gluffin he vowed he could whip any man there.
Charlie Kittson he climbed him as he laid on the sod.
Sam Gluffin fears nothing on the footstool of God.

The other night in Jim Woodrickson's saloon
Jim Todrick whipped Donnell, who thought himself some.

Sam Gluffin brought home a gallon to wind up the spree,
Saying, "That is the kind of a hairpin I be."

Whiskey, dear whiskey, from the hour of my birth,
Is dearer to me than what else on earth.
For days have I labored and days have I toiled,
And many a dollar for you I have spoiled.

III

Gilboyd gave orders to James to their assistance go,
To steer the boat through Miller's Falls that lurks the hidden foe.
Kenneth Cameron, he being standing by, those words to James did say,
"You stay on shore, and I will go, for it's dangerous to delay."

Three times the foreman warned him not, but it was of no use.
He sprang into the waitin' boat an' cut her loose . . .

35

The Backwoodsman

From Mr. Dwight Bale, Grand Forks, North Dakota

1 As I got up one morning in eighteen hundred and five
I found myself quite happy to find myself alive.
I geared up my horses my business to pursue,
And went to hauling wood as I used for to do.

2 The still-house being open, the liquor being free,
As one glass was empty there was another filled for me.
Instead of hauling five loads, I never hauled but three,
For I got so drunk at Darby town I could hardly see.

3 On my way home I met an old acquaintance,
He told me that night where there was to be a ball.
Hard to persuade, but at length I did agree
To meet him that night where the fiddle was to play.

4 I took the saddle on my back and went into the barn.
. . . . . .
I saddled up old Grey and rode away so still,
And scarcely drew a long breath until I got to
Toureneville.

5 My father followed after me, as I have heard them
say.
He must have had a pilot or he could n't have found
the way.

He peeped through every keyhole where he could spy
a light,
Till his locks were all wet with the dews of the night.

6 Then four of us got upon the floor for to dance.
. . . . . .
The fiddler being willing, his arm it being strong,
Played "The Crowns of Old Ireland" full four hours
long.

7 The morning star has dawned, my boys, and we have
dance enough.
We will spend one half an hour a-gathering cash for
Cuff.
We'll go home to our plows and we'll whistle and
we'll sing,
And never be caught in such a scrape again.

8 Come all you old people who carry the news about,
Come all you old people who make such a fuss,
. . . . . .
You are guilty of the same, or perhaps a damn sight
worse.

36

Ole from Norway

From Mrs. Flo Hastings, Laramie, Wyoming

1 I just come down from Minnesota,
I've been in this country three years.
When I got off at the depot,
Oh, how the people they cheer!
They say, "Here comes Ole from Norway!
He's been on a visit up there,
His sister she lives in Dakota,
And his father has got light hair."

Chorus

And they call me Ole and Ole,
But Ole is not my name.
Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole just the same.
They say I'm a Norsk from Norway,
Som lever po Lutfisk ock Sil.
They say I'm a rat and I better go back
to Norway.

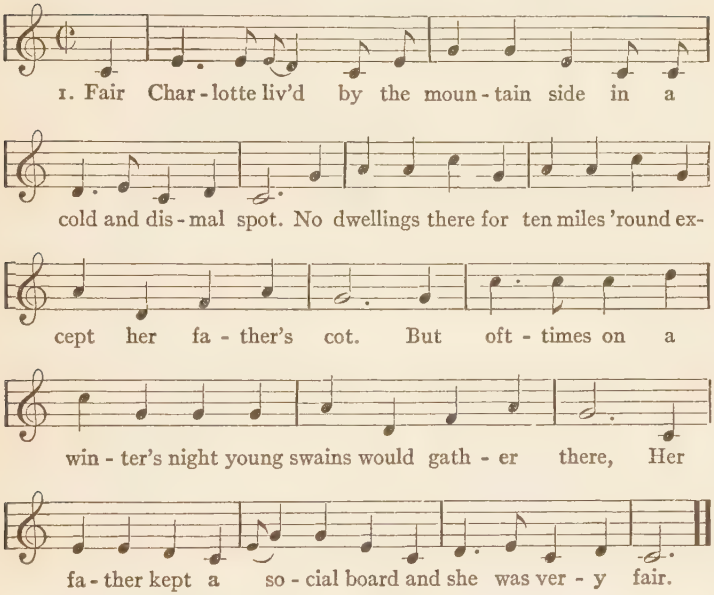
2 I got one fine job in the river
A-chasing the ties down the stream.
With a big pole in hand, oh, was n't it grand?
It seemed just like a dream.
When the ties make a bend down the river,
I give a big whoop and a yell,
My feet went co-splash in the water,
And I think I bane gone to — well —

Chorus

37

Fair Charlotte

Sung by Mr. Andrew Ross, Charlevoix, Michigan


1. Fair Char - lotte liv'd by the moun - tain side in a
cold and dis - mal spot. No dwellings there for ten miles 'round ex-
cept her fa - ther's cot. But oft - times on a
win - ter's night young swains would gath - er there, Her
fa - ther kept a so - cial board and she was ver - y fair.

1 Fair Charlotte liv'd by the mountain side in a cold and dismal spot.
No dwellings there for ten miles round except her father's cot.
But ofttimes on a winter's night young swains would gather there,
Her father kept a social board and she was very fair.

2 Her father loved to see her dressed prim as a city belle.
She was the only child he had and he loved his daughter well.
In a village some fifteen miles off there's a merry ball to-night.
Though the driving wind is cold as death, their hearts are free and light.

3 And yet how beams those sparkling eyes as the well-known sound she hears,
And dashing up to her father's door young Charles and his sleigh appears.
"O daughter dear," her mother said, "those blankets round you fold,
For it is a dreadful night to ride and you'll catch your death of cold."

4 "Oh nay, oh nay," fair Charlotte said, and she laughed like a gipsy queen;
"To ride with blankets muffled up one never would be seen."
Her gloves and bonnet being on, she stepped into the sleigh,
And away they ride by the mountain side, and it's o'er the hills and away.

5 There's music in those merry bells as o'er the hills we go.
What a creaking noise those runners make as they strike the frozen snow!

And muffled faces silent are as the first five miles are passed,
[When Charles with few and shivering words the silence broke at last.]

6 "What a dreadful night it is to ride! My lines I scarce can hold."
When she replied in a feeble voice, "I am extremely cold."
Charles cracked his whip and urged his team far faster than before,
Until at length five other miles in silence were passed o'er.

7 "Charlotte, how fast the freezing ice is gathering on my brow!"
When she replied in a feeble voice, "I'm getting warmer now."
And away they ride by the mountain side beneath the cold starlight,
Until at length the village inn and the ball-room are in sight.

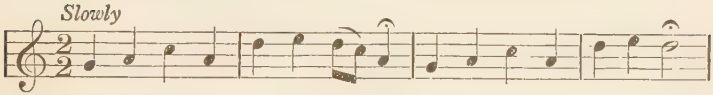
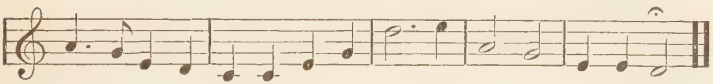
8 When they drove up, Charles he got out and offered her his hand.
"Why sit you there like a monument that hath no power to stand?"
He asked her once, he asked her twice, but she answered not a word.
He offered her his hand again, but still she never stirred.

9 He took her hand into his own. 'Twas cold as any stone.
He tore the veil from off her face and the cold stars on her shone,
And quick into the lighted hall her lifeless form he bore.
Fair Charlotte was a frozen corpse, and a word she ne'er spoke more.

10 He took her back into the sleigh and quickly hurried home;
And when he came to her father's door, oh, how her parents moaned.
They mourned the loss of their daughter dear, while Charles wept o'er their gloom,
Until at length Charles died of grief and they both lay in one tomb.

38

James Bird[1]

As sung by Mr. George M. Hankins, Gordon, Wisconsin

1. Sons of freedom, list-en to me, And ye daughters too give ear,

You a sad and mournful sto-ry As was ev-er told shall hear.

Sons of freedom, listen to me,
And ye daughters too give ear,
You a sad and mournful story
As was ever told shall hear.

. . . . . .

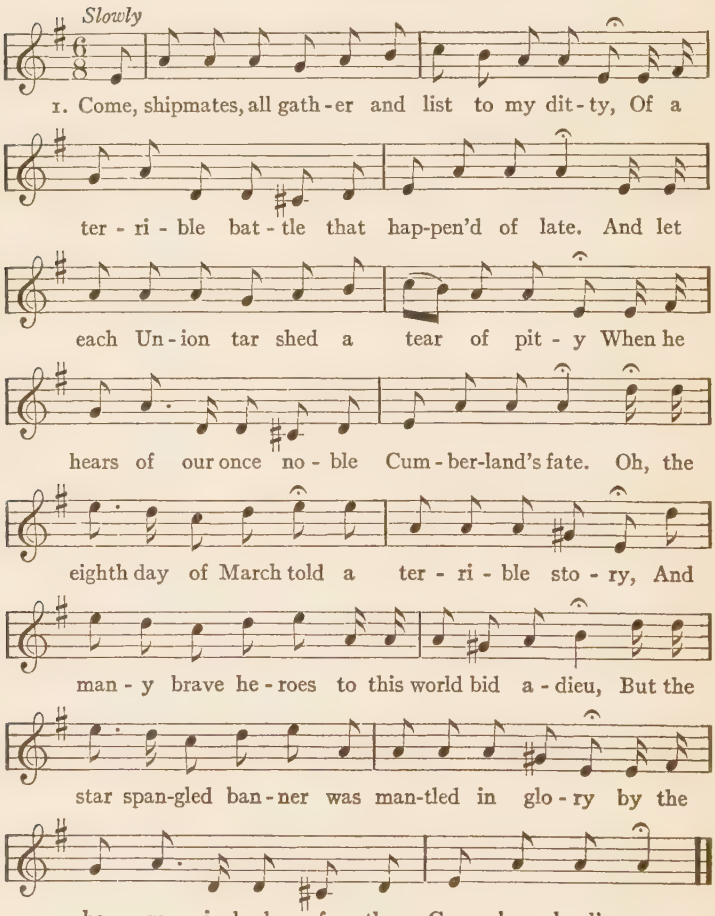
Farewell, Bird, farewell forever,
Friends and home he'll see no more;
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

[1] The full texts of "James Bird" and "The Cumberland's Crew" are omitted here because they are not appreciably different from those already printed many times and therefore generally accessible.

39

The Cumberland's Crew[1]

As sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


Slowly
1. Come, shipmates, all gath-er and list to my dit-ty, Of a
ter-ri-ble bat-tle that hap-pen'd of late. And let
each Un-ion tar shed a tear of pit-y When he
hears of our once no-ble Cum-ber-land's fate. Oh, the
eighth day of March told a ter-ri-ble sto-ry, And
man-y brave he-roes to this world bid a-dieu, But the
star span-gled ban-ner was man-tled in glo-ry by the
he-ro-ic deeds of the Cum-ber-land's crew.

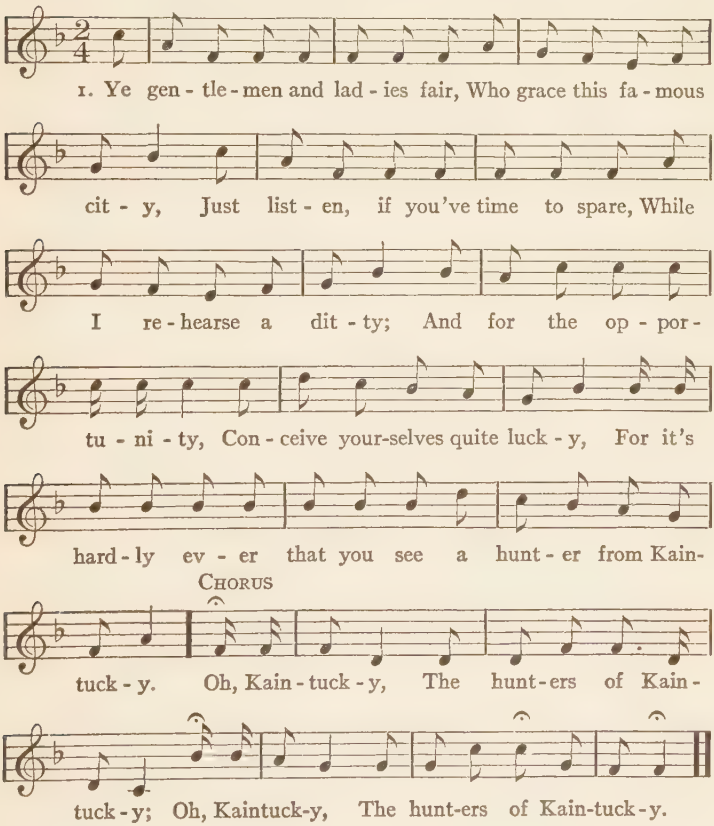
[1] See footnote, p. 139.

40

The Hunters of Kaintucky

A

As sung by Mr. George M. Hankins, Gordon, Wisconsin


1. Ye gen - tle - men and lad - ies fair, Who grace this fa - mous
cit - y, Just list - en, if you've time to spare, While
I re - hearse a dit - ty; And for the op - por -
tu - ni - ty, Con - ceive your-selves quite luck - y, For it's
hard - ly ev - er that you see a hunt - er from Kain-
Chorus
tuck - y. Oh, Kain - tuck - y, The hunt - ers of Kain -
tuck - y; Oh, Kaintuck-y, The hunt-ers of Kain-tuck - y.

B

The Hunters of Kentucky

Air: "Miss Baily"

From *Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads*, by Samuel Woodworth, New York, James M. Campbell, 1826 pp. 221–223.

1 Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if ye've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 't is not often that you see
A hunter from Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

2 We are a hardy free-born race,
Each man to fear a stranger,
Whate'er the game, we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are "alligator horses."
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

3 I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted

To make Old Hickory JACKSON wince,
But soon his scheme repented;
For we with rifles ready cock'd
Thought each occasion lucky,
And soon around the General flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, etc.

4 You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans
Is famed for wealth and beauty —
There's girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty;
So Packenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,
In spite of Old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, etc.

5 But JACKSON, he was wide awake,
And was n't scared at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take,
With out Kentucky rifles;
So he led us down to a cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull, in martial pomp,
And here was Old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, etc.

6 A bank was raised to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to rest
Unless the game is flying;

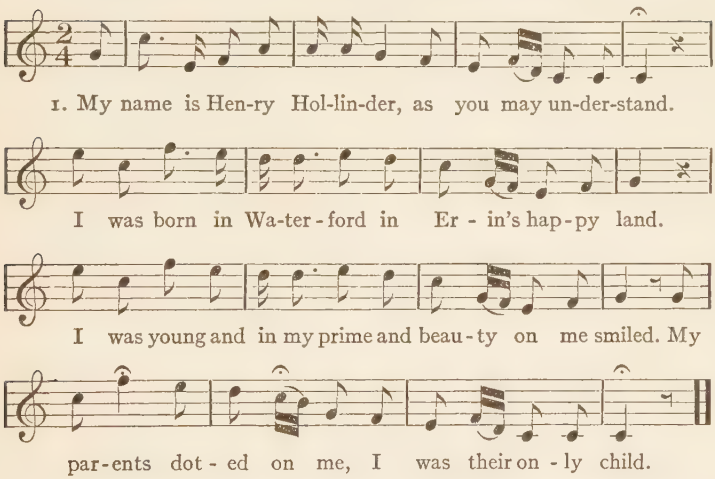
Behind it stood our little force —
None wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
Oh! Kentucky, etc.

7 They did not let our patience tire,
Before they showed their faces —
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places;
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop them;
And 't would have done you good, I think,
To see Kentucky pop them.
Oh! Kentucky, etc.

8 They found at last 't was vain to fight
Where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all the beauty.
And now, if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is,
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect you, Ladies.
Oh! Kentucky, etc.

The Flying Cloud

Sung by Mr. Arthur C. Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota


1. My name is Hen-ry Hol-lin-der, as you may un-der-stand.
I was born in Wa-ter-ford in Er - in's hap-py land.
I was young and in my prime and beau-ty on me smiled. My
par-ents dot - ed on me, I was their on - ly child.

1 My name is Henry Hollinder, as you may understand.
I was born in Waterford in Erin's happy land.
I was young and in my prime and beauty on me smiled.
My parents doted on me, I was their only child.

2 My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's fair town.
He bound me to a cooper there by the name of William Brown.

I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
And I stepped aboard the Ocean Queen bound for Belfraser's shore.

3 When I landed at Belfraser, I fell in with Captain More,
Commander of the Flyin' Cloud goin' out from Baltimore.
He asked me if I'd hire on a slavin' voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa, where the sugar cane does grow.

4 The Flyin' Cloud was as fine a ship as ever sailed from shore.
She could easily sail round any craft going out from Baltimore.
Her sheets was as white as the driven snow and on them not one speck,
And forty-nine brass powder guns she carried on her deck.

5 In about three weeks sailing we reached the African shore.
We took five hundred negro men to be slaves for evermore.
We made them march out on our plank and stowed them down below.
Scarcely eighteen inches to a man was all they had to go.

6 Next day we set sail again with our cargo of slaves.
It would have been better for those poor souls if they were in their graves.
The plague and fever came on board, swept half of them away.
We dragged their bodies across our decks and hove them in the sea.

7 In about six weeks after, we reached the Cuban shores,
And sold them to the planters there to be slaves for evermore,
To sow the rice and coffee seed and toil out in the sun,
And lead a hard and wretched life till their creear[1] was done.

8 When our money was all spent, brave boys, we put to sea again,
And Captain More he came on board and sayed unto his men,
"There's gold and silver to be had if with me you'll remain.
We'll hist aloft a pirate's flag and scour the Spanish main."

9 We all agreed but five brave lads. We told those boys to land.
Two of them were Boston boys, two more from Newfoundland.

[1] career.

The other was an Irish lad from the town of sweet Trymore.
I wish to God I'd joined those lads and gone with them on shore.

10 We robbed and plundered many 's the ship down on the Spanish main.
We left many 's the widow and orphan in sorrow to remain.
Their crews we made them walk our planks, gave them a watery grave.
The saying of our captain was that dead men tells no tales.

11 Pursued we were by many a ship, by liners and frigates too,
. . . . . .[1]
But 't was always in our stern-ways their cannons roared aloud.
It was all in vain for them to try to catch the Flyin' Cloud.

12 At length the Spanish man-o'-war with vengeance hove in view.
They fired a shot across our decks, a signal to lay to.
We paid to them no answer, but flew before the wind,
When a chain-shot broke our mizzen-mast and then we fell behind.

[1] The missing line reads: "But for to catch the Flying Cloud was a thing they ne'er could do." [Dean]

13 We cleared our decks for action as they hove up
'longside,
And across our quarter decks, brave boys, they fired
a crimson tide.
We fired till Captain More was shot and eighty of
his men,
And a bomb-shell set our ship afire; we were forced
to surrender then.

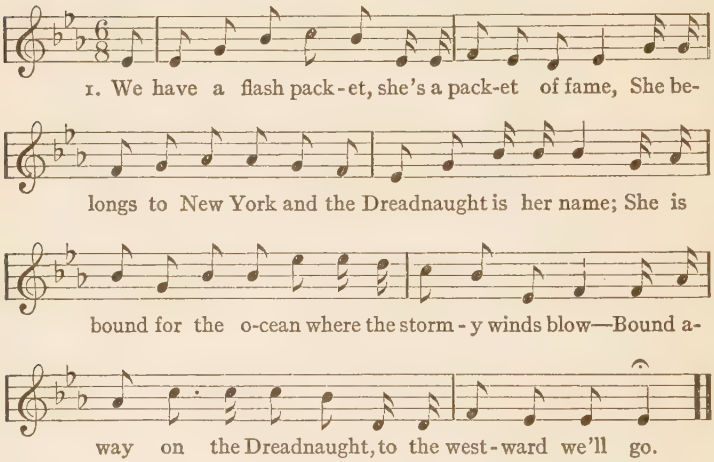
14 Fare ye well to the shady groves and the girl that I
adore.
Her dark brown eyes and curly hair I'll never see no
more.
I'll never kiss her ruby lips nor press her soft white
hand,
For I must die a scornful death out in some foreign
land.

15 It's next to ——[1] I was brought, bound down in iron
chains,
For the robbing and plundering of ships we saw
down on the Spanish main.
It was whiskey and bad company that made a rake
of me.
So, youth, beware of my sad fate and shun bad
company.

[1] New Gate [Dean]; Newgate [Colcord].

The Clipper Ship Dreadnaught

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. We have a flash pack-et, she's a pack-et of fame, She be-
longs to New York and the Dreadnaught is her name; She is
bound for the o-cean where the storm-y winds blow—Bound a-
way on the Dreadnaught, to the west-ward we'll go.

1 We have a flash packet, she's a packet of fame,
She belongs to New York and the Dreadnaught is her name;
She is bound for the ocean where the stormy winds blow —
Bound away on the Dreadnaught to the Westward we'll go.

2 Now we are lying at the Liverpool dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pier-heads do flock,

And they gave us three cheers while their tears down did flow —
Bound away on the Dreadnaught to the Westward we'll go.

3 The Dreadnaught is lying in the River Mersey,
Waiting for the tug Constitution to tow us to sea;
She tows around the Black Rock where the Mersey does flow;
Bound away on the Dreadnaught to the Westward we'll go.

4 And now we are howling on the wild Irish Sea,
Where the sailors and passengers together agree,
For the sailors are perched on the yardarms, you know;
Bound away on the Dreadnaught to the Westward we'll go.

5 Now we are sailing on the ocean so wide,
Where the great open billows dash against her black side,
And the sailors off watch are all sleeping below,
Bound away on the Dreadnaught to the Westward we'll go.

6 And now we are sailing off the banks of Newfoundland,
Where the waters are deep and the bottom is sand,
Where the fish of the ocean they swim to and fro,
Bound away on the Dreadnaught to the Westward we'll go.

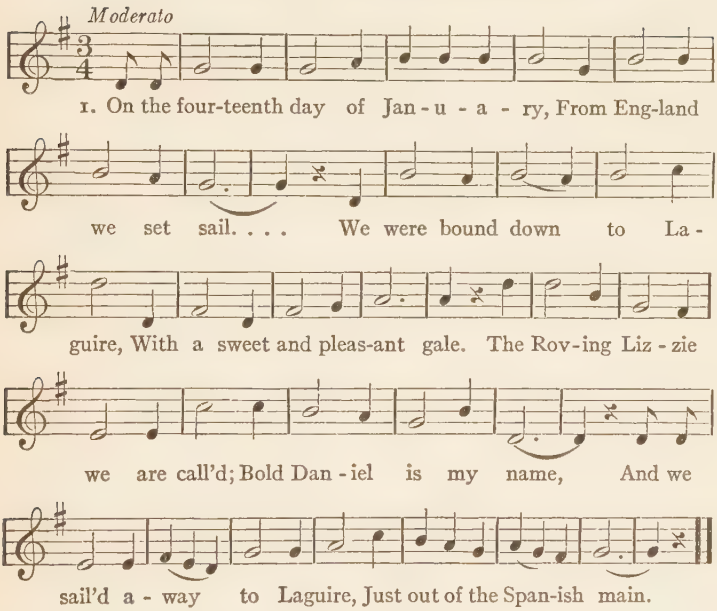
7 And now we are howling off Long Island's green shore,
Where the pilot he bards [1] us as he's oft done before,
Fill away your maintopsails, port your main tack also,
She's a Liverpool packet, Lord God, let her go.

8 And now we are riding in New York Harbor once more,
I will go and see Nancy, she's the girl I adore,
To the parson I'll take her, my bride for to be;
Farewell to the Dreadnaught and the deep stormy sea.

[1] boards.

43

Bold Daniel

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota

Moderato
1. On the four-teenth day of Jan - u - a - ry, From Eng-land
we set sail. . . . We were bound down to La -
guire, With a sweet and pleas-ant gale. The Rov-ing Liz - zie
we are call'd; Bold Dan - iel is my name, And we
sail'd a - way to Laguire, Just out of the Span-ish main.

1 On the [1] fourteenth day of January
From England we set sail.
We were bound down to Laguire,
With a sweet and pleasant gale.
The Roving Lizzie we are called;
Bold Daniel is my name,

[1] Dean (p. 39) prints: "It was on the . . ." But this is as he sang it.

And we sailed away to Laguire,
Just out of the Spanish main.

2 And we reached Laguire,
Our orders did read so:
"When you discharge your cargo,
It's sail for Callao."
Our captain called all hands right aft,
And unto us did say,
"Here is money for you to-day, my lads,
For to-morrow we'll sail away."

3 It was early the next morning,
As daylight did draw nigh,
The man from at the mast-head
A stranger sail did espy;
With a black flag under her mizzen peak
Came bearing down that way;
"I'll be bound she is some pirate,"
Bold Daniel he did say.

4 In the course of three or four hours,
The pirate ranged alongside,
And with a speaking trumpet,
"Where are you from?" he cries.
"The Roving Lizzie we are called,
Bold Daniel is my name,
And we sailed away from Laguire,
Just out of the Spanish main."

5 "Come, back your topsails to your mast,
And heave your ship under my lee."
"Oh, no! oh, no!" cried Daniel,
"I'd rather sink at sea."
They hoisted up their bloody flag,
Our hearts to terrify;
With their big guns to our small arms
At us they did let fly.

6 We mounted four six-pounders
To fight a hundred men,
And when the action did begin,
It was just about half-past ten.
We mounted four six-pounders,
Our crew being twenty-two;
In the course of an hour and a quarter
Those pirates we did subdue.

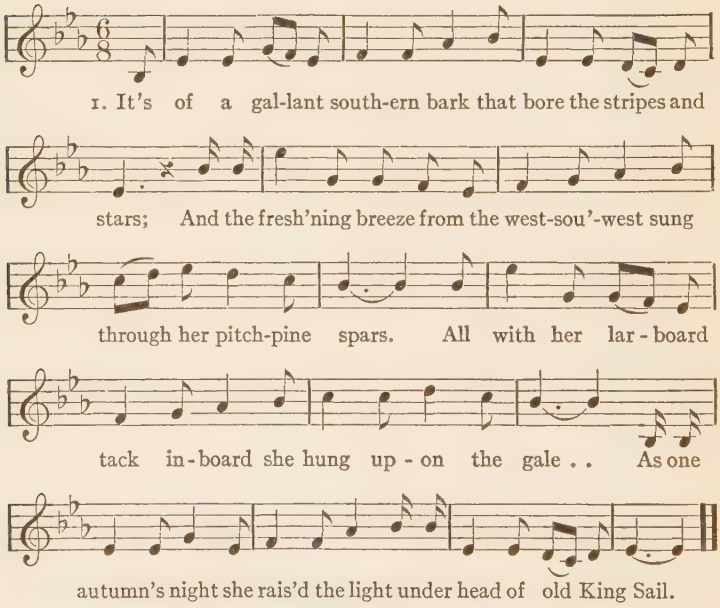
7 And now our prize we've taken
Unto Columbia's shore,
To that dear old place in America
They call sweet Baltimore;
We'll drink success to Daniel,
Likewise his gallant crew,
That fought and beat that pirate
With his noble twenty-two.

44

Paul Jones, the Privateer

A

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. It's of a gal-lant south-ern bark that bore the stripes and
stars; And the fresh'ning breeze from the west-sou'-west sung
through her pitch-pine spars. All with her lar-board
tack in-board she hung up-on the gale . . As one
autumn's night she rais'd the light under head of old King Sail.

1 It's of a gallant southern bark that bore the stripes and stars,
And the freshening breeze from the west-sou'-west sung through her pitch-pine spars.

All with her larboard tack inboard she hung upon the gale
As one autumn's night she raised the light under head of old King Sail.

2 It being a clear and cloudless night, though the wind blew fresh and strong,
But lightly o'er the channel waves the frigate she rolled on,
And far beyond her foaming bows the dashing waves did spread,
With her bow so low in the drifting spray she buried her lee cat-head.

3 No thought was there of shortening sail by him who trod her poop.
And by the weight of her ponderous jib her boom bent like a hoop,
And her groaning cross-trees told the strain that lay on her stout main-tack.
But he only laughed as he glanced abaft at her bright and sparkling track.

4 On Hook Bay Point that starry set four bells had tolled the hour.
The beacon light shines brightly forth that burns in Wicklow Tower.
The mist lies heavy along the land and reaches off from shore
To the outer point of Cape Bantra, to the heights of Conamore.

5 What did this daring stranger do when a shot came from ahead?
Hauled up his courses to the wind and his flowing topsails spread.
With his booms inboard came running down with the white swell on his bow.
"Fear not, my gallant southern men! Spare not your good ship now."

B

The Yankee Man-of-War

From *American War Ballads*, (pp. 80–82), edited by G. C. Eggleston[1]

1 'T is of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew through the pitch-pine spars, —
With her larboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale,
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old head of Kinsale.

2 It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gaily over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,

[1] Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York

And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat-head.

3 There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom bent like a hoop!
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held her stout main-tack,
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white and silv'ry track.

4 The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone to Dunmore,
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock where the old bell tolls each hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was quench'd on Waterford Tower.

5 The nightly robes our good ship wore were her three topsails set,
Her spanker and her standing jib — the courses being fast;
"Now, lay aloft! my heroes bold, let not a moment pass!"
And royals and top-gallant sails were quickly on each mast.

6 What looms upon our starboard bow? What hangs
upon the breeze?
'T is time our good ship hauled her wind a-breast the
old Saltee's,
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts
four,
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

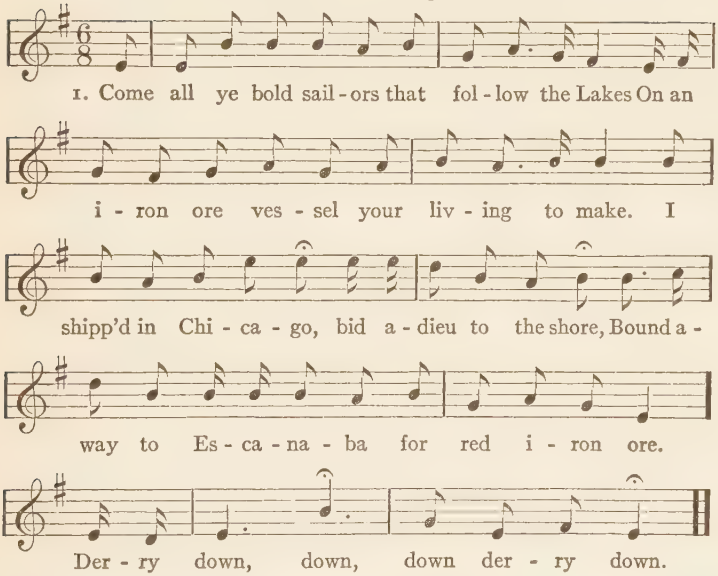
7 Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of
us past —
"Haul snug your flowing courses! lay your topsail to
the mast!"
Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the
deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the
decks of our patriot bark.

8 "Out booms! out booms!" our skipper cried, "out
booms and give her sheet";
And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot
ahead of the British fleet,
And amidst a thundering shower of shot with stun'-
sails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at
the break of day.

45

Red Iron Ore

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. Come all ye bold sail - ors that fol - low the Lakes On an
i - ron ore ves - sel your liv - ing to make. I
shipp'd in Chi - ca - go, bid a - dieu to the shore, Bound a -
way to Es - ca - na - ba for red i - ron ore.
Der - ry down, down, down der - ry down.

1 Come all you bold sailors that follow the Lakes
On an iron ore vessel your living to make.
I shipped in Chicago, bid adieu to the shore,
Bound away to Escanaba for red iron ore.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

2 In the month of September, the seventeenth day,
Two dollars and a quarter is all they would pay,
And on Monday morning the Bridgeport did take
The E. C. Roberts out in the Lake.

3 The wind from the south'ard sprang up a fresh breeze,
And away through Lake Michigan the Roberts did sneeze.
Down through Lake Michigan the Roberts did roar,
And on Friday morning we passed through death's door.

4 This packet she howled across the mouth of Green Bay,
And before her cutwater she dashed the white spray.
We rounded the sand point, our anchor let go,
We furled in our canvas and the watch went below.

5 Next morning we hove alongside the Exile,
And soon was made fast to an iron ore pile,
They lowered their shutes and like thunder did roar,
They spouted into us that red iron ore.

6 Some sailors took shovels while others got spades,
And some took wheelbarrows, — each man to his trade.
We looked like red devils, our fingers got sore,
We cursed Escanaba and that damned iron ore.

7 The tug Escanaba she towed out the Minch,
The Roberts she thought she had left in a pinch,
And as she passed by us she bid us good-bye,
Saying, "We'll meet you in Cleveland next Fourth of July!"

8 Through Louse Island it blew a fresh breeze;
We made the Foxes, the Beavers, the Skillagalees;

We flew by the Minch for to show her the way,
And she ne'er hove in sight till we were off Thunder Bay.

9 Across Saginaw Bay the Roberts did ride
With the dark and deep water rolling over her side.
And now for Port Huron the Roberts must go,
Where the tug Kate Williams she took us in tow.

10 We went through North Passage — O Lord, how it blew!
And all round the Dummy a large fleet there came too.
The night being dark, Old Nick it would scare.
We hove up next morning and for Cleveland did steer.

11 Now the Roberts is in Cleveland, made fast stem and stern,
And over the bottle we'll spin a big yarn.
But Captain Harvey Shannon had ought to stand treat
For getting into Cleveland ahead of the fleet.

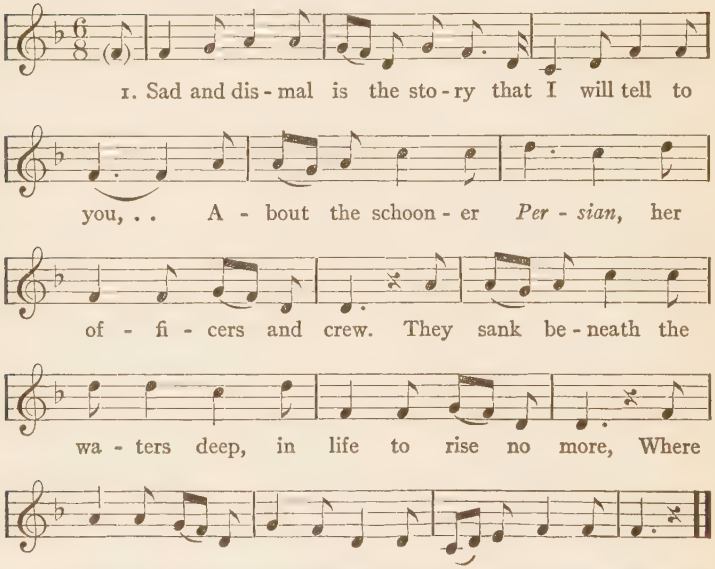
12 Now my song it is ended, I hope you won't laugh.
Our dunnage is packed and all hands are paid off.
Here's a health to the Roberts, she's staunch, strong and true;
Not forgotten the bold boys that comprise her crew.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

46

The Persian's Crew

A

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. Sad and dis - mal is the sto - ry that I will tell to
you, . . A - bout the schoon - er *Per - sian*, her
of - fi - cers and crew. They sank be - neath the
wa - ters deep, in life to rise no more, Where
wind and de - so - la-tion sweeps Lake Hu-ron's rock-bound shore.

1 Sad and dismal is the story that I will tell to you,
About the schooner Persian, her officers and crew.
They sank beneath the waters deep, in life to rise no more,
Where wind and desolation sweeps Lake Huron's rock-bound shore.

2 They left Chicago on their lee, their songs they did resound;
Their hearts were filled with joy and glee, for they were homeward bound.
They little thought the sword of death would meet them on their way,
And they so full of joy and life would in Lake Huron lay.

3 In mystery o'er their fate was sealed. They did collide, some say.
And that is all that will be revealed until the Judgment day.
But when the angels take their stand to sweep these waters blue,
They will summon forth at Heaven's command the Persian's luckless crew.

4 No mother's hand was there to soothe the brow's distracted pain.
No gentle wife for to caress those cold lips once again.
No sister nor a lover dear or little ones to moan,
But in the deep alone they sleep, far from their friends and home.

5 Her captain, he is no more; he lost his precious life.
He sank down among Lake Huron's waves, free from all mortal strife.
A barren coast now hides from view his manly, lifeless form,
And still in death is the heart so true that weathered many a storm.

6 There was Daniel Sullivan, her mate, with a heart as
true and brave
As ever was compelled by fate to fill a sailor's grave.
Alas! he lost his noble life; poor Daniel is no more.
He met a sad, untimely end upon Lake Huron's shore.

7 O Daniel, Dan, your many friends mourn the fate that
has on you frowned.
They look in vain for your return back to Oswego
town.
They miss the love-glance of your eye, your hand
they'll clasp no more,
For still in death you now do lie upon Lake Huron's
shore.

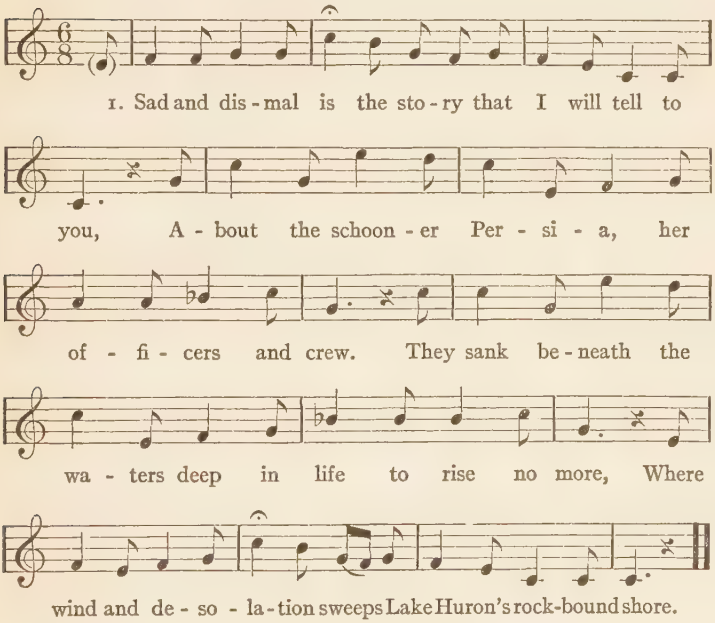
8 Her sailors' names I do not know, excepting one or
two.
Down in the deep they all did go, they were a luckless
crew.
Not one escaped to land to clear the mystery o'er,
Or to lie adrift by Heaven's command in lifeless form
ashore.

9 Now around Presque Isle the sea birds scream their
mournful notes along,
In chanting to the sad requiem, the mournful funeral
song,
They skim along the waters blue and then aloft they
soar
O'er the bodies of the Persian's crew that lie along the
shore.

B

Lake Huron's Rock-bound Shore

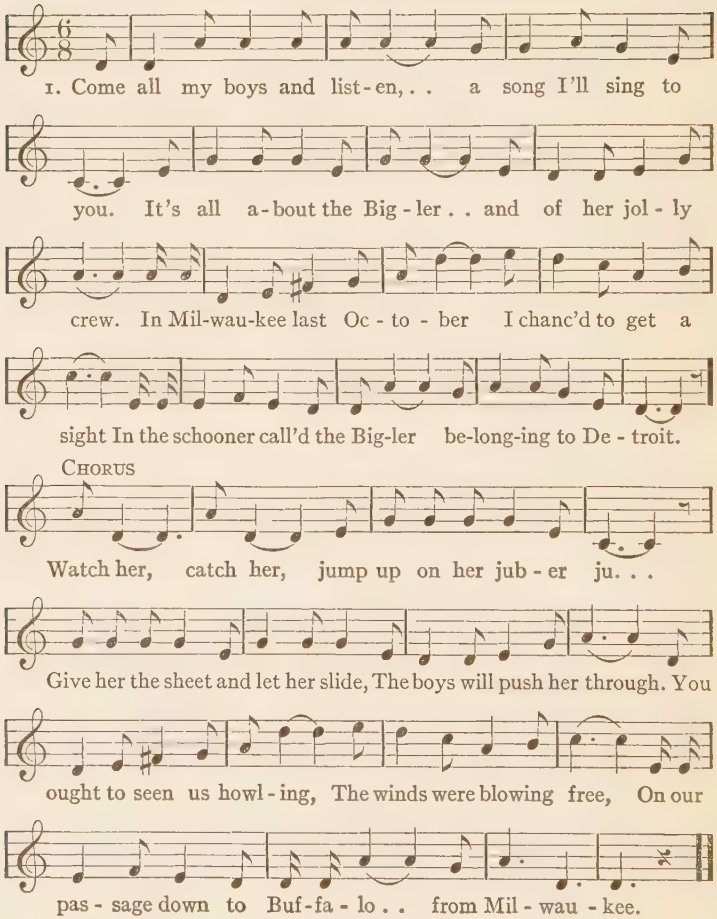
As sung by Mr. Art C. Milloy, Omemee, North Dakota


1. Sad and dis - mal is the sto - ry that I will tell to
you, A - bout the schoon - er Per - si - a, her
of - fi - cers and crew. They sank be - neath the
wa - ters deep in life to rise no more, Where
wind and de - so - la - tion sweeps Lake Huron's rock-bound shore.

47

The Bigler's Crew

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. Come all my boys and list-en, . . a song I'll sing to
you. It's all a-bout the Big-ler . . and of her jol-ly
crew. In Mil-wau-kee last Oc-to-ber I chanc'd to get a
sight In the schooner call'd the Big-ler be-long-ing to De-troit.
Chorus
Watch her, catch her, jump up on her jub-er ju. . .
Give her the sheet and let her slide, The boys will push her through. You
ought to seen us howl-ing, The winds were blowing free, On our
pas-sage down to Buf-fa-lo . . from Mil-wau-kee.

1 Come all my boys and listen, a song I'll sing to you.
It's all about the Bigler and of her jolly crew.
In Milwaukee last October I chanced to get a sight
In the schooner called the Bigler belonging to Detroit.

Chorus

Watch her, catch her, jump up on her juber ju.
Give her the sheet and let her slide, the boys will push her through.
You ought to seen us howling, the winds were blowing free,
On our passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee.

2 It was on a Sunday morning about the hour of ten,
The Robert Emmet towed us out into Lake Michigan;
We set sail where she left us in the middle of the fleet,
And the wind being from the south'ard, oh, we had to give her sheet.

3 Then the wind chopped round to the sou'-sou'west and blew both fresh and strong,
But softly through Lake Michigan the Bigler she rolled on,
And far beyond her foaming bow the dashing waves did fling.
With every inch of canvas set, her course was wing and wing.

4 But the wind it came ahead before we reached the Manitous.
Three dollars and a half a day just suited the Bigler's crew.
From there unto the Beavers we steered her full and by,
And we kept her to the wind, my boys, as close as she would lie.

5 Through Skillagalee and Wabble Shanks, the entrance to the Straits,
We might have passed the big fleet there if they'd hove to and wait;
But we drove them on before us, the nicest you ever saw,
Out into Lake Huron from the Straits of Mackinaw.

6 We made Presque Isle Light, and then we boomed away,
The wind it being fair, for the Isle of Thunder Bay.
But when the wind it shifted, we hauled her on her starboard tack
With a good lookout ahead for the Light of the Point Aubarques.

7 We made the Light and kept in sight of Michigan North Shore,
A-booming for the river as we'd ofttimes done before.
When right abreast Port Huron Light, our small anchor we let go
And the Sweepstakes came alongside and took the Bigler in tow.

8 The Sweepstakes took eight in tow and all of us fore and aft,
She towed us down to Lake St. Clare and stuck us on the flats.
She parted the Hunter's tow-line in trying to give relief,
And stem and stern went the Bigler into the boat called Maple Leaf.

9 The Sweepstakes then she towed us outside the River Light,
Lake Erie for to roam and the blustering winds to fight.
The wind being from the south'ard, we paddled our own canoe,
With her nose pointed for the Dummy she's hell bent for Buffalo.

10 We made the Oh and passed Long Point, the wind was blowing free.
We howled along the Canada shore, Port Colborne on our lee.
What is it that looms up ahead, so well known as we draw near?
For like a blazing star shone the light on Buffalo Pier.

11 And now we are safely landed in Buffalo Creek at last,
And under Riggs' elevator the Bigler she's made fast.

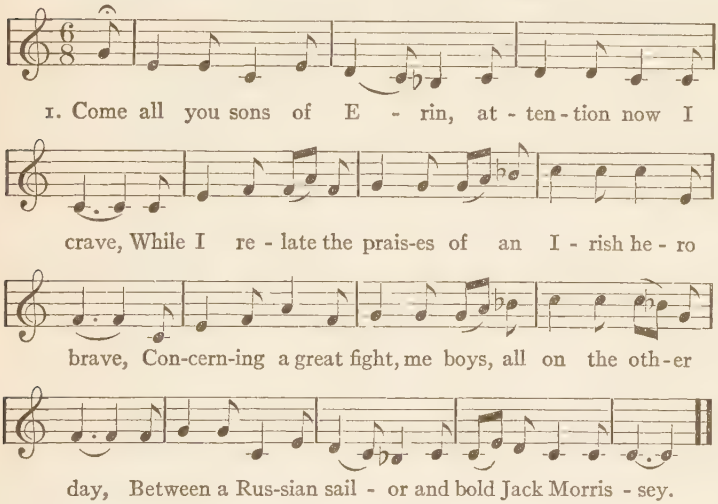
And in some lager beer saloon we'll let the bottle pass,
For we are jolly shipmates and we'll drink a social glass.

Chorus

Watch her, catch her, jump up on her juber ju.
Give her the sheet and let her slide, the boys will push her through.
You ought to seen us howling, the winds were blowing free,
On our passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee.

Morrissey and the Russian Sailor

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota


1. Come all you sons of E - rin, at - ten - tion now I
crave, While I re - late the prais-es of an I - rish he - ro
brave, Con-cern-ing a great fight, me boys, all on the oth - er
day, Between a Rus-sian sail - or and bold Jack Morris - sey.

1 Come all you sons of Erin, attention now I crave,
While I relate the praises of an Irish hero brave,
Concerning a great fight, me boys, all on the other day,
Between a Russian sailor and bold Jack Morrissey.

2 It was in Terra del Fuego, in South America,
The Russian challenged Morrissey and unto him did say,
"I hear you are a fighting man, and wear a belt I see.
What do you say, will you consent to have a round with me?"

3 Then up spoke bold Jack Morrissey, with a heart so
stout and true,
Saying, "I am a gallant Irishman that never was
subdued.
Oh, I can whale a Yankee, a Saxon bull or bear,
And in honor of old Paddy's land I 'll still those
laurels wear."

4 These words enraged the Russian upon that foreign
land,
To think that he would be put down by any
Irishman.
He says, "You are too light for me. On that make no
mistake.
I would have you to resign the belt, or else your life
I 'll take."

5 To fight upon the tenth of June these heroes did
agree,
And thousands came from every part the battle for
to see.
The English and the Russians, their hearts were filled
with glee;
They swore the Russian sailor boy would kill bold
Morrissey.

6 They both stripped off, stepped in the ring, most
glorious to be seen,
And Morrissey put on the belt bound round with
shamrocks green.

Full twenty thousand dollars, as you may plainly see,
That was to be the champion's prize that gained the victory.

7 They both shook hands, walked round the ring, commencing then to fight.
It filled each Irish heart with joy for to behold the sight.
The Russian he floored Morrissey up to the eleventh round,
With English, Russian, and Saxon cheers the valley did resound.

8 A minute and a half our hero lay before he could rise.
The word went all around the field: "He's dead," were all their cries.
But Morrissey raised manfully, and raising from the ground,
From that until the twentieth the Russian he put down.

9 Up to the thirty-seventh round 't was fall and fall about,
Which made the burly sailor to keep a sharp lookout.
The Russian called his second and asked for a glass of wine.
Our Irish hero smiled and said, "The battle will be mine."

10 The thirty-eighth decided all. The Russian felt the smart
When Morrissey, with a fearful blow, he struck him o'er the heart.
A doctor he was called on to open up a vein.
He said it was quite useless, he would never fight again.

11 Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Clipper too;
The Benicia boy and Shepherd he nobly did subdue.
So let us fill a flowing bowl and drink a health galore
To brave Jack Morrissey and Paddies evermore.

49

Heenan and Sayers

A

From Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota

1 It was in merry England, the home of Johnnie Bull,
Where Britons fill their glasses, they fill them
brimming full;
And of the toast they drank, it was to Briton's brave,
And it is long may our champion bring victories o'er
the wave.

2 Then up jumps Uncle Sammy and he looks across the
main,
Saying, "Is that your English bully I hear bellowing
again?
Oh, has he not forgotten the giant o'er the pond
Who used to juggle cannon-balls when his day's work
was done?"

3 "Remember, Uncle Johnnie, the giant stronger grows;
He is always on his muscle and ready for his foes.
When but a boy at Yorktown I caused you for to sigh,
So whene'er you boast of fighting, Johnnie Bull, mind
your eye."

4 It was in merry England all in the blooming spring,
When this burly English champion he stripped off in
the ring.

He stripped to fight young Heenan, our gallant son of Troy,
And to try his English muscle on our bold Benicia Boy.

5 There were two brilliant flags, my boys, a-floating o'er the ring.
The British were a lion all ready for a spring.
The Yankee was an eagle, and an awful bird she was,
For she carried a bunch of thunderbolts well fastened in her claws.

6 The coppers they were tossed, me boys, the fighting did begin.
It was two to one on Sayers the bets came rolling in.
They fought like royal heroes until one received a blow,
And the red crimson torrent from our Yankee nose did flow.

7 "First blood, first blood, my Tommy boy," the English cried with joy.
The English cheer their hero, while the bold Benicia Boy,
The tiger rose within him, like lightning flared his eye,
Saying, "Mark away, old England; but Tommy, mind your eye."

8 The last grand round of all, my boys, this world has ne'er seen the beat,
When the son of Uncle Sammy raised the champion from his feet.

His followers did smile while he held him in the air,
And from his grasp he flung him, which caused the
English men to stare.

9 Come, all you sporting Americans, wherever you have
strayed,
Look on this glorious eagle and never be afraid.
May our Union last forever and our flag the world
defy,
So whenever you boast of fighting, Johnnie Bull, mind
your eye.

B

The Bold Benicia Boy

Printed by R. W. Gordon in *Adventure* Magazine, September 20, 1923

1 It was down in merrie England
All in the bloom of spring,
And England filled her glasses,
She filled them to the brim;
She drank this toast to Englishmen:
"The bravest of the brave,
Who rule all men or whether it be
On land or on the wave."

2 Then Uncle Sam put on his specs
As he looked o'er the main.
"And is this your English bully
A-bellowin' again?

Oh, does n't he remember
Ben Franklin good and strong,
Who used to play with lightning
When his day's work was done?

3 "Johnny Bull, don't you remember
Our Washington of old,
And likewise Lake E-ri-e,
With Perry brave and bold?
It was there you got a lesson
Which caused you for to sigh;
So beware of Yankee muscle —
Johnny Bull, mind yo' eye."

4 It was down in merrie England
All in the bloom of spring,
And England's bold champion
Stood stripped within the ring
To fight the noble Heenan,
The valiant son of Troy,
And to try his British muscles on
The brave Benicia Boy.

5 Oh the copper was now tossed in air;
The minutes did begin.
"It's two to one," said England;
They both went rushin' in.
They fought like noble heroes
Till one received a blow,
And the red crimson tide
From the Yankee's nose did flow.

6 "We have got first blood," cried Johnny Bull,
"Let England shout for joy,"
Which cheered the British bully.
And the brave Benicia Boy,
The tiger rose within him,
The lightning seized his eye;
"You may smile away, old England,
But, Johnny, mind yo' eye."

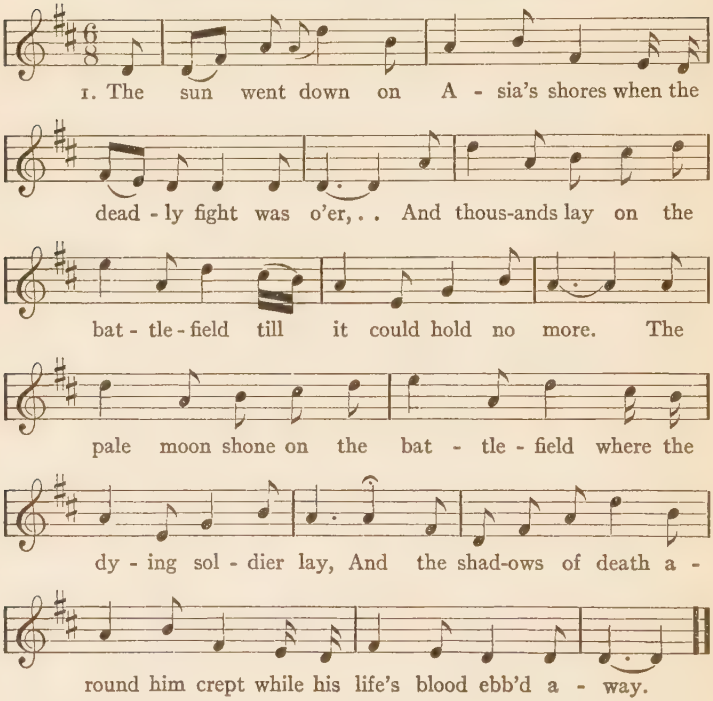
7 Then the grandest round of all
That the world has ever seen:
The son of Uncle Sam took up
The champion off his feet,
And with his grasping withers
He hurled him in the air,
And over the ropes he knocked him —
How the Englishmen did stare.

8 Then come all you Yankee heroes
Whose fame and fortune's made,
Look on that lofty eagle
And never be afraid!
May the Union last forever!
The flag is now unfurled
And the Star-Spangled Banner
Proudly floats o'er the world!

50

The Dying Soldier

Sung by Mr. Andrew Ross, Charlevoix, Michigan


1. The sun went down on A - sia's shores when the
dead - ly fight was o'er, . . And thous-ands lay on the
bat - tle - field till it could hold no more. The
pale moon shone on the bat - tle - field where the
dy - ing sol - dier lay, And the shad-ows of death a -
round him crept while his life's blood ebb'd a - way.

1 The sun went down on Asia's shores when the deadly fight was o'er,
And thousands lay on the battlefield till it could hold no more.

The pale moon shone on the battlefield where the dying soldier lay,
And the shadows of death around him crept while his life's blood ebbed away.

2 A passing comrade heard a moan and quickly the sufferer found,
Saying, "Gently lift my aching head from off this cold damp ground."
Saying, "Softly, gently, comrade dear; not long with you I'll stay.
I will no more roam in my childhood's home in old Erin far away.

3 "A lock of my hair I'd have you bear to my mother far over the sea,
And every time that she'd look at it she would fondly think of me.
Tell her although on India's shore my mold'ring bones shall lay,
That my heart still clings to old Ireland, to old Erin far away.

4 "Go tell my sister though years have passed since last I saw her face,
Her form is still present in my mind, her features I can trace;
Tell her at home I will no more roam where in childhood we oft did play,
In those merry green glades and grassy shades in old Erin far away.

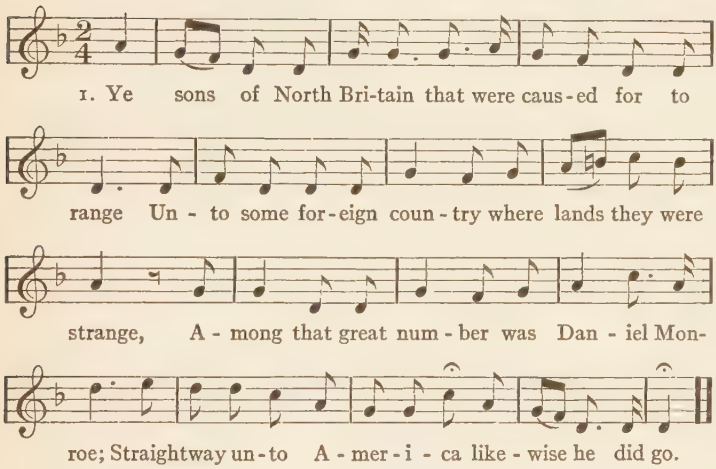
5 "Go tell my brother how nobly we fought, and just
like our fathers, died,
With bayonets charging on the foe and scabbards by
our side.
It nerves my heart to conquer, these Sepoys for to
slay — "
When a vision so bright rolled over his sight of old
Erin far away.

6 The dying soldier heaved a sigh as he tried to raise his
head.
His spirit went from this wide, wide world and the
soldier he lay dead.
His grave was made and in it laid that doom of a
warrior's day,
Far, far from his home and the friends he loved in old
Erin far away.

7 His comrades gathered around his grave for to take
their last farewell.
'T is of as brave and true a heart as ever in battle fell.
And as they lowered him in his grave, his spirit seemed
to say,
"I will no more roam in my childhood's home, in old
Erin far away."

Daniel Monroe

Sung by Mr. Andrew Ross, Charlevoix, Michigan


1. Ye sons of North Bri-tain that were caus-ed for to
range Un - to some for-eign coun-try where lands they were
strange, A - mong that great num-ber was Dan - iel Mon-
roe; Straightway un-to A - mer - i - ca like - wise he did go.

1 Ye sons of North Britain that were caused for to range
Unto some foreign country where lands they were strange,
Among that great number was Daniel Monroe;
Straightway unto America likewise he did go.

2 Two sons it was their father advised them to stay.
The price of their passage he could not well pay.
"But be ye contented; stay with your uncle here.
The price of your passage, you know, will be dear."

3 Being discontented, they roamed till they found
Afloat brig-a-mantle to America bound,
In which they enlisted, cross over the main,
In hopes for to meet their parents again.

4 When they landed, America they spied,
Surrounded by ruffians on every side.
With humble submission these two brothers went
Unto their good captain to gain his consent.

5 To which their good captain was pleased for to say
They might go up the country their parents for to see.
And leaving the ship, with a boy for a guide,
To show them the place where their parents reside,

6 They travelled along till they came to a grove.
The leaves and the branches they all seemed to move;
There being two ruffians concealed in the wood,
Presented their pieces where the two brothers stood.

7 Lodging a bullet in each of their breasts,
They rushed on their prey like two ravenous beasts,
To take all their money and rip up their clothes,
And if they're not dead, for to give them some blows.

8 One of them lived. He lifted up his eyes.
As death is approaching, these words he then cries:
"You ravenous villains, you blood thirsty hounds,
You ought not to kill up us until we had found,

9 "Found out our dear parents whom we've sought
with care.
We have not seen them for seven long years.
They left us in Scotland, some seven years ago.
Perhaps you might know them; their names were
Monroe."

10 The old man astonished with wonder he stood
A-gazing on his sons who lay bleeding in the wood.
"A curse on my hands! I slainèd my son!
I've blamed my hard fortune for what I have done."

11 "If you be my father," the young man then cries,
"I'm glad for to see you before that I die.
And since it is so, no better it can be,
We'll blame our hard fortune, dear father, not thee."

12 "Oh who is this young man that lies by your side?
Oh who is this young man?" the old man then cried.
" 'T is my only brother, and your youngest son.
The crime would be less had I fallen alone.

13 "There is one advice I'd give you, dear father," he
cries,
"To leave off rebellion, and in time to be wise.
And don't tell my mother, if yet she doth live,
That we are both dead, for I fear she would grieve."

14 "I sink beneath sorrow, give way to despair.
I'll linger awhile until death ends my care.
I hope for to meet you on a happier shore
Where I won't be able to kill you any more."

NOTES

NOTES

1. JACK HAGGERTY'S FLAT RIVER GIRL

This ballad, usually known by its shorter name, *Jack Haggerty*, is native to the Flat River in southern Michigan. It was a great shanty favorite and is still widely met with in the Lake states. Furthermore, every man who has sung or recited this ballad for me has stoutly averred that he "knew Jack Haggerty himself." B. L. Jones records the piece, with specimen stanzas (*Folk-Lore in Michigan*, p. 4). Shoemaker prints a version (*North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, 2d ed., pp. 212–213).[1]

I quote the following from Mr. C. L. Clark, of Greenville, Michigan, from whom I secured Version A:

"I found one old-timer who told me that this song was sung by thousands of men on the Flat River, which flows through Greenville, and on the big river [Big Muskegon], and by farm girls in this neighborhood. . . . Jack Haggerty was a lumberjack, and from a man who used to run a livery stable and rent him horses I have learned that he was not quite so rough as most of those birds, and was a little more dressy. Also was n't very strong on fighting. In other words, he was a sort of gentleman lumber-jack. It is believed he died about eight years ago [1915]. Thousands of people hereabouts knew and sang the song, and many knew the heroine."

The manuscript sent me by Mr. Clark (Version A), which was not in his own handwriting, closes with this legend: "As written and sung by Jack Haggerty." The version, though close to Jack's day, is plainly not the original.

[1] References to Shoemaker are to the first edition (1919), unless the second (1923) is specified.

I include three versions of this ballad because of its popularity and of the interesting variations of phrase which occur. Other strange variations, in versions not recorded here, are as follows: "the strong darts of Cupid" becomes "a dartsman of cubic"; "my heart it's asunder" becomes "my heart's a broken cinder"; "Flat River" becomes "Platt River"; "to her mother, Jane Tucker," becomes "her mother, Jane, took her."

2. GERRY'S ROCKS

This ballad, one of several celebrating death by that most spectacular of all hazards in lumbering, the log jam, was easily the most widely current of all lumber woods songs. Some of the old fellows have told me that anyone starting *Gerry's Rocks* in the shanties was summarily shut off because the song was sung to death; others vow that of all songs it was ever and always the most welcome.

The nativity of the ballad, like that of many another, is variously assigned. All the singers I have met have ascribed the song either to Canada or to Michigan, usually the latter. Professor Gray, in his recently published *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*, pp. xv–xvi, 3–9, wherein he records several versions of the ballad (cf. Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, pp. 236–238), calls it a native of Maine, the accident having taken place on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. His evidence is not quite conclusive. The line that refers to Monroe's sweetheart as "a girl from Saginaw town," which occurs in every version I have seen, at least accords with the Middle-West assumption that the song was composed in Michigan. The discovery of a place known as Gerry's Rocks in Michigan, or of a Saginaw town in Maine, would help considerably!

In Dean's text, p. 25, we have "Garry's Rocks"; in a version which I have from Mr. C. M. Forbes, of Perth, Ontario, the name appears as "Garie's Rocks." A much wider variation appears in the spelling of the name of the town for which the boys are to steer after the jam is broken (stanza 2, line 4). Besides "Agonstown" and "Eagleton," we have "Egantown," "Hagenstown," "Eagontown," "Eganstown"; two versions disown the place entirely, one steering for "Saginaw town," and the other for "freedom's land." The date of the hero's burial appears as the first, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, or twelfth of May.

The popularity of the ballad is further attested by the fact that it was parodied. To the best of my knowledge these parodies were far from quotable. The following line was given me as coming originally from one of these, apparently an American-made satire: "The Canadians were drownded, but the oxen swum ashore."

One of the most interesting elements in the story, one which appears in all versions, and happily one reflecting a well-authenticated shanty-boy habit, is the subscription presented to the bereaved sweetheart. In actual life this contribution was sent the wife or other dependent; but the practice was common. In *The Blazed Trail* Mr. White, showing in the course of his story this practice in operation, gives the following glint from this facet of shanty-boy character: "The men were earning from twenty to thirty dollars a month. They had, most of them, never seen Hank Paul before this autumn. He had not, mainly because of his modest disposition, enjoyed any extraordinary degree of popularity. Yet these strangers, as a matter of course, gave up the proceeds of a week's hard work, and that without expecting the slightest personal credit. The money was sent 'from the boys.'"

3. JIM WHALEN

The ballad of Jim Whalen, the stirring Canadian counterpart of *Gerry's Rocks*, was composed in Ontario but enjoyed a wide popularity in our pine woods. The following letter from Mr. Christopher Forbes, of Perth, Ontario, gives the facts:

"The Phalen family live in this district. The name is pronounced Whalen locally. James's brother, Thomas, whom I knew intimately, died a few years ago. [The letter was written in 1923.]

"Regarding the James Phalen tragedy, John Smith, of Lanark Village, an old timer and singer of the 'come all ye' type, wrote the words which I now enclose [Version B]. He sings the Jim Whalen song with much pathos, and with that peculiar dropping off of the last word from a singing tone to a speaking voice. This style of finishing a song is used by sailors and shanty-men.

"I was fortunate in meeting an old shanty foreman, Peter McIlquham, well known on the Mississippi River for over half a century, who told me he was present at Jim Whalen's death.

"It happened 45 years ago [1878] at King's Chute on the Mississippi River. Whalen was a riverman under 'Old Quebec,' a French-Canadian whose real name was Edward Leblanc. McIlquham was also a foreman on the River at this time. Both rafts of logs had come out of Cross Lake, known as Crotch Lake by the rivermen. McIlquham came to assist 'Old Quebec' putting over King's Chute. A dangerous and difficult jam formed in the Chute. 'Quebec,' McIlquham, and Phalen were close together when the jam shifted and precipitated Phalen into the water.

"Immediately he was swept under the logs, but as the jam was close and tight he went only a short distance. Foreman 'Quebec' called for a pike-pole in an attempt to release Phalen. He, however, gave such a mighty pull that the pike-pole broke and he himself overbalanced into the water and was hurled and tossed all the way through the Chute. Others tried to get Phalen, and in about an hour's time were successful by forming a bight on the end of a small sweeping-line and getting it over one of Phalen's boots, by which means he was recovered from the jam, McIlquham assisting in pulling him out. . . .

"The Peter McLaren referred to is the lumberman who operated on the Mississippi for many years. He accumulated a large fortune and became a Canadian Senator. Died a few years ago."

In response to further inquiries Mr. Forbes described King's Chute thus: "King's Chute is in the township of Palmerston, county of Frontenac. It is a small white water section of the Mississippi River, difficult and dangerous for the driving of logs. It is caused by the contraction of the stream flowing over a pegmatite dyke at this point."

According to Mr. Hannah, the singer of Version A, there were in the course of King's Chute two particularly precipitous passages known as the Falls, Upper and Lower. Mr. Hannah was born and raised in Canada, not ten miles from the scene of the Phalen tragedy. He remembered Phalen's death very well, being sixteen years old at the time. His account of the affair accords with that of Mr. Forbes, even to the names of the two men referred to in the first line of stanza 4. — A version from Michigan (*James Whalen*) is published by Tolman and Eddy, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxxv, 383–384.

4. THE LOST JIMMIE WHALEN

The ballad of which these stanzas are a part plainly has no relationship to the ballad just preceding, although it may have arisen from the same tragedy. The melody is similar to the first part of that given for *The Cumberland's Crew* (No. 39), which was a great favorite in the woods.

5. THE BANKS OF THE LITTLE EAU PLEINE

This ballad, widely current in Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, is interesting as being one of those whose origin and authorship are definitely known. The author, Mr. W. N. ("Billy") Allen, having received considerable attention in the General Introduction, needs no comment here. The song is compounded wholly of imagination except for the character of Ross Gamble, who was a well-known pilot on the Wisconsin River at the time the verses were composed. Mr. Allen placed the time of composition "somewhere in the 70's." He was living at Wausau, Wisconsin, at that time.

The following old-world song, some lines of which are reprinted from Mr. Dean's *Flying Cloud* collection, pp. 47–48, seems to have been Mr. Allen's pattern.

THE LASS OF DUNMORE

As I went a-walking one morning,
  Bright Phœbus so early did shine,
And the meadow larks warbled melodious,
  While the roses in the valley did twine;
It was down by a grove where I wandered
  Awhile to repose in the shade,
On my destiny for to ponder,
  It was there I beheld a fair maid.

I raised up on my feet for to view her,
  And those tender words I did say,
"Who are you, my fairest of creatures?
  How far through this grove do you stray?"
. . . . . .

"Oh, once I did love a bold seaman,
And he too my fond heart had gained;
No mortal on earth could love dearer,
But now he is crossing the main
With Nelson, that hero of battle,
In the English navy so brave,
Where cannons and guns loud do rattle,
For to fight the proud French on the wave."

Version A is the original. The words are from a manuscript in Mr. Allen's handwriting sent me by Mr. William W. Bartlett, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin. The melody I secured from Mr. Allen himself upon visiting him later at his home in Wausau. The manuscript of the stanzas was headed thus:

THE BANKS OF THE LITTLE EAU PLEINE
By Shan T. Boy
Tune, "Erin's Green Shore"

For *Erin's Green Shore*, see Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, No. 181.

The ballad is a peculiar composite of humor and pathos, a combination characteristic of Mr. Allen's work. In singing it in public, I have noted the varying reaction, a sort of ebb and flow of emotions, in the audience. Through the first five stanzas the story builds well, its genre in no wise indicated. The description in the following three stanzas seems to be a bid for smiles, if not for outright laughter. But the initial lines of stanza 9 prepare the hearers for the answer, which falls with brutal realism and invariably precipitates a tense and sympathetic hush. The episode of the hatful of water again is rather more humorous than not. The protracted curse in stanzas 11 and 12 is remarkable for its completeness and its extremity, and is in no way comical for those audiences familiar with the lumbering industry. The final stanza is saved by its last two lines.

The Little Eau Pleine is a small tributary of the Wisconsin River, lying entirely within Marathon County, Wisconsin.

Fifty-foot oar: a reference to the long oars or sweeps, operated by several men, used in propelling, or more especially for guiding, rafts of logs or lumber on the large rivers. Note how, in Folk-Version B, the dimension shrinks. I have never found it "fifty" in any variant.

The ballad is often known as *Johnny Murphy*. An interesting variant of "a field of ripe grain" (stanza 11), a remarkably effective simile, is "a fever-wracked brain," which sounds terrible, but in this connection means nothing. "Ross Gamble" appears usually as "Ross Campbell."

6. THE SHANTY-MAN'S ALPHABET

A far cry from true balladry, but a genuinely interesting bit of shanty-boy composition for the light it throws, not only on certain phases and facts of camp life and atmosphere, but also on the character of the group which found entertainment in such song. It is an example of that singing of self which so characterized the old-time shanty-boy.

For Maine and Michigan versions of this song see Gray's *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*, pp. 10–14.

The "iron" mentioned in stanza 3 is the tool with which logs were marked to denote ownership. The mark usually consisted of a letter, a figure, or some specific design. It was put in the end of the log and called the "end mark." The "bark mark," which was also used, was notched in the side of the log with an axe. Paul Bunyan, the greatest logger who ever lived (ask any shanty-boy if he was n't!) never troubled himself to use an axe for this, but simply pinched a piece out of the log with his thumb and forefinger.

To "stag" a camp with moss (stanza 4) was to stuff the cracks of the log shanties with it. It made a very warm camp.

The varying injunction in the refrain is noteworthy. Some of the old-timers have explained to me that the appeal for liquor must have been an addition of later years; that, although the shanty-boy off duty was and had always been devoted to whiskey, the early camps had no whiskey in them, and no shanty-boy of that day expected to have it there. On the other hand, the men did like to have reasonably comfortable quarters and good food, especially plenty of the latter.

7. SAVE YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

Through the words and notes of this song move the dim spirit-beings of thousands of shanty-boys, the story of whose improvident lives is dramatically implied in the reiterated admonition born of sad experience, one which needs no glossing, either in our generation or in any to come. As many an old fellow sang this, or heard it sung, there must have welled up and overflowed within him a poignant but unavailing regret that life for him should have come to this: all the glory and strength of his young manhood gone, his thousands of hard-earned dollars poured periodically into the fathomless tides of dissolute hours; his earning capacity far waned and more swiftly waning, but life lingering on, demanding support; all his magnificent heritage of warmth and recuperative power and the length of days miserably bartered for a mess of pottage.

If a ballad can be defined as "a song which tells a story," then I might still feel prompted to call this song a ballad!

8. MICHIGAN–I–O

The general sentiment found in this ballad seems to have developed into quite a "family" of songs commemorating the hardship involved in going to one place or another. It seemed to be applicable to any locality or occupation against which a singer wished to inveigh.

Gray records two adaptations of it, one from Maine (called *Canaday-I-O*), the other from Pennsylvania (*The Jolly Lumbermen*), the latter with the refrain line, "On Colley's Run, i-oh!" He mentions also a railroad adaptation of it, retailing the hardship of a man who agreed to go and work on the Oregon Short Line " 'way out in Idaho." Lomax, in his *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 158–163, records another adaptation known as *The Buffalo Skinners*, or *The Range of the Buffalo*. Still another (*Boggus Creek*) refers to cowboys and "the hills of Mexico" (Webb, *Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society*, No. 2, p. 45).

The melody recorded here for *Michigan-I-O* is substantially that given by Mr. Lomax for *The Range of the Buffalo* (pp. 162–163).

The preacher of the gospel: according to Mr. Milloy, this was a fancy name for the agent recruiting men to go across into the Michigan woods.

9. THE SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE

The life of the shanty-man was undoubtedly a rigorous one, as all kinds of pioneer life were. And if one judges from the number of songs in which the shanty-man spoke of the fact, he was fond of telling himself and others that it was a rigorous life. But all this was in no spirit of complaint or whining. At the bottom of his heart he was proud of the fact that he was "both stout and hardy and fit to stand the squall." It was part of his intense belief in himself.

Gray includes a New Brunswick version of this song in his *Songs and Ballads*, pp. 53–55. A broadside version (also given by Gray, pp. 55–57), printed by Andrews, New York (List 5, No. 98), purports to have been "composed and written by Geo. W. Stace, La Crosse Valley, Wis." See Dean, pp. 87–88. Cf. *The Cowboy's Life*, in Lomax's *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 20–21.

10. THE SHANTY-BOY AND THE FARMER'S SON

This song (Dean, pp. 51–52, *Shanty-Boy*), in form reminiscent of the mediæval *dêbat*, owed its popularity to the fundamental fact of a social distinction. Although the farms came to furnish the camps with many an efficient woodsman in the winter seasons, it could hardly be otherwise than that the dyed-in-the-wool shanty-boy, the courageous, daring, pent-up animal who, after the spring drive, roared into the cities and towns for his riotous and spendthrift holiday, should hold in some degree of contempt the quieter, more provident farmer fellow with his less hazardous occupation, who, if he did winter in the camps, pocketed his stake and retired to his friendly acres, or his father's. But the shanty-boy's contempt, for all his singing about it, was more apparent than real; for in his innermost being the shanty-boy, unattached and utterly without home except the camps, knew that, although his experience was the larger, it was the more costly. He knew that the "mossback," with all his diffidence and handicapping greenness, was the better off. There were probably very few shanty-boys who did not form and nourish annually the intention of acquiring farms of their own. This hypothesis finds support in the final stanzas of many shanty songs and ballads. It was thus over a substance of tragedy that the shanty-boy laid his veneer of fun and had his flings at the "mossback."

The rivalry, barring the action of liquor, was not deep or vital, and did not reach the fatal intensity of that between the cowboy and the sheep-herder, or the ranchman and the fence-farmer, in our western country. For there the dominant motif was self-preservation — always potentially terrible. There was no such rivalry between shanty-boy and farmer, for where one plied his trade the other, by the very nature of things, could not.

Over the padded lists of this jousting quite frequently hovered the spirit of Woman. On the one side it was righteous and lovely.

[Big Junko, one of Thorpe's men, has announced his intention of securing a wife and a farm with that year's stake.] "Thorpe looked at his companion fixedly. Somehow the bestial countenance had taken on an attraction of its own. . . . 'You've changed, Junko,' said he.

" 'I know,' said the big man. 'I been a scalawag all right. I quit it. I don't know much, but Carrie she's smart, and I'm goin' to do what she says. When you get stuck on a good woman like Carrie, Mr. Thorpe, you don't give much of a damn for anything else. Sure! That's right. It's the biggest thing top o' earth.' "

But on the other it was destructive and hideous.

"The towns of Bay City and Saginaw alone in 1878 supported over fourteen hundred tough characters. Block after block was devoted entirely to saloons. In a radius of three hundred feet from the famous old Catacombs could be numbered forty saloons where drinks were sold by from three to ten 'pretty waiter girls.' When the boys struck town, the proprietors and waitresses stood in their doorways to welcome them. . . .

"Or if Jack resisted temptation and walked resolutely on, one of the girls would remark audibly to another, 'He ain't no lumber-jack! You can see that easy 'nuff. He's just off the hay-trail.'

"Ten to one that brought him." [1]

For a version from Michigan (with further references) see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxxv, 399–401. Cf. Shoemaker, 2d ed., pp. 215–217.

[1] Both of these quotations are from Mr. White's *The Blazed Trail*.

There is an old-world song, called *I love my Sailor Boy*, or at least recorded under that name in Mr. Dean's *Flying Cloud* collection, which expresses an earlier and similar comparison between the farmer's son and the sailor. It may have been the pattern for the later song. I reprint the following lines to show points of similarity.

I LOVE MY SAILOR BOY

Abroad as I rambled one morning in May,
So carelessly I rambled down Liverpool's streets so gay.
I overheard a fair maid, and this was all her cry,
"And let my friends say what they will, I love my sailor boy.

"For he is constant and true-hearted; he's proper, tall, and trim.
No country clown or squire's son could ever equal him.
He is crossing the wide ocean now where the tempests loud do roar,
My blessings do attend him, he's the lad I do adore."

Then up spoke her mother, those words to her did say:
"You are but a young and foolish girl, take counsel now, I pray.
Forsake your tarry sailor; he'll rove from shore to shore,
Leave his sweetheart broken-hearted, have wives on every shore.

"Then wed a steady farmer's son that whistles at the plow,
And then you will have time enough to tend both sheep and cows.
But your sailor he'll carouse and drink whenever he comes on shore,
And when his money is spent and gone, he'll sail the seas for more."

"A fig for all your farmer's sons! Such lovers I disdain.
There is not one among them dare face the raging main.
And when the winds are howling and the billows are white as snow,
I'll venture my life with the lad that dare go where stormy winds do blow."

11. THE SHANTY-BOY ON THE BIG EAU CLAIRE

This is another of old Billy Allen's creations, written, he told me, in 1875 or 1876. It is in his characteristic style, which leaves one wondering a good deal of the time if he was not composing with his tongue in his cheek. This ballad achieved almost as wide a popularity as his *The Banks of the Little Eau*

Pleine. Versions of it exist among the cowboys and on the homesteads of the Middle West. Mr. George F. Will, of Bismarck, North Dakota, comments on the ballad thus (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii, 259):

"This song, which has been transplanted from the Wisconsin camps of the seventies, . . . hardly belongs with the cowboy songs, but it seems permissible to insert it as it has become quite widely known in this region [central and western North Dakota]. It came from Wisconsin with some of the first settlers in this region and is more properly a shanty than a cowboy song."

Shoemaker prints a text (2d ed., pp. 178–179) and credits the piece to Charles Evans.

This ballad, like *The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine*, is entirely without historical basis except that Sailor Jack (Jack O'Brien) was a real character just as Ross Gamble was, and, like him, was a widely known pilot on the Wisconsin River in the later eighteen-seventies. The inclusion of these characters of course gave the songs significance and flavor locally, but variants show in what esteem the folk hold proper names. The "fleet of Sailor Jack's" usually becomes "a fleet of lumberjacks." Similarly, "a suburban pest-house" becomes "Asa Baldwin's pest-house," "a rapids piece" becomes "a precipice," and "grim death" becomes "old Grimdad." The three cities mentioned are all well-known cities in Wisconsin, and the names have remained unaltered in the singing, so far as I have seen. But alterations would have taken place had the ballad lived longer as a folk-possession, and travelled farther afield.

Mr. Allen said that he himself introduced this ballad to the camps a great deal, in his travels from community to community as timber cruiser. But unfortunately he was unable to

recall for me the melody he had used for it. The tune, whatever it was, was that of another old song. This was his usual method of obtaining melodies for "new" songs, he explained to me.

12. YE NOBLE BIG PINE TREE

There may be some question as to the eligibility of this composition of Mr. Allen's for a place in these pages, as I do not know that it ever had any folk-currency. The composer sang it a great deal, however, on his rounds, and it is exactly the sort of detailed account of familiar processes that one finds elsewhere appealing to the shanty-boy.

At the head of the manuscript from which I copied this text, a manuscript in Mr. Allen's handwriting, appeared the words, "Air — Will the Weaver"; later, when I visited him, he sang "Ye Noble Big Pine Tree" as here recorded, and told me that the following were the opening words of the old song whose melody he had appropriated for his verses:

> Gentlemen of every station,
> 'Tend unto this kind relation.
> As to you the truth I bring,
> Never was so strange a thing.
>
> A lady left by her good grand-ma'am
> Full five thousand pounds per annum,
> This she held 'neath her control.
> Thus she did in riches roll.

It seems, however, that these words do not belong to *Will the Weaver*, although *Will the Weaver* may have been sung to the recorded tune. *Will the Weaver* begins —

> Mother, mother (O, dear mother) I am married,
> I wish that I had longer tarried;
> For the womankind, I do declare,
> They often will the breeches wear.

See broadsides printed by H. P. Such (London, No. 843) and W. Armstrong (Liverpool); Ford, *Massachusetts Broadsides*, Nos. 3045, 3046, p. 449; Ford, *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, New Series, xxxiii, 101; Shoemaker, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, pp. 115–116; A. Williams, *Folk-Songs from the Upper Thames*, pp. 106–108; Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii, 187.

13. THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS

This is an old Wisconsin classic, dating from the days when oxen were used in the woods almost entirely. It resounds with that valorous spirit of the days when supremacy among men and animals was measured in terms of ability to do work, to stand physical exertion. Competition between camps, teams, and even individual men, was a tremendous driving force. A direct reflection of this is found in stanza 3 of *The Merry Shanty Boys* (No. 31). One cannot help regretting the ballad "leap" between stanzas 9 and 10; for, although one gets from the ballad as it is a considerable reflection of the spirit in which the contest was waged, there is no word of the battle itself, which must have had its Homeric aspects.

According to Mr. Fred Bainter, the singer of Version A, the ballad was composed in Mart Douglas's camp in northwestern Wisconsin in 1872 or 1873. It was in this camp and at this date, he said, that the contest between the big spotted steers and the little brown bulls was waged.

When he drew the stick: that is, the goad.

On skidding was full: "thought he was O. K. at it" (Fred Bainter).

Said Gordon to Stebbin: Stebbin was the chainer, Gordon's team-mate, whose full name was evidently "Kennebec" John Stebbin, very likely a "State of Maine" man. In the previous stanza McCluskey addresses his chainer, not named.

With the belt ready made: the championship belt, a symbolism taken over from the prize ring, of which every shanty-boy was a devout follower. The idea of defeat was evidently entirely foreign to the big Scotchman. He of course did not know Gordon's score, as the two had probably not worked in sight of each other. The scaler was the only person, with the possible exception of the foreman, in actual possession of the tally.

The refrain used in Version A is common among woods and lake ballads. Mr. Underwood sang no refrain to his version, but upon being asked, he said he had heard this one used with this ballad: "Down, down rye derry down."

14. JIM PORTER'S SHANTY SONG

Here is a general song, one of the "Shanty-man's Life" type, apparently appropriated to celebrate a special crew by the addition of a particularized final stanza. The tendency to celebrate special crews is further illustrated by *Fred Sargent's Shanty Song* (No. 21); adaptation by the method used in *Jim Porter's Shanty Song* was probably the easiest solution of the problem.

Gray, *Songs and Ballads*, p. xvii, mentions a song "called *The Shanty Boy*, which originated about 1847 near Muskegon, Michigan," and prints the initial and final stanzas thus:

Come boys, if you will listen, I'll sing to you a song.
It's all about the pinery boys and how they get along;
A set of jovial fellows, so merry and so fine,
They spend a jovial winter in cutting down the pine.

So now my song is ended, you'll find those words are true,
But if you doubt one word of this, just ask Jim Lockwell's crew.
'T was in Jim Lockwell's shanty this song was sung with glee,
And that's the end of *The Shanty Boy*, and it was composed by three.

Comparison with homologous stanzas in *Jim Porter's Shanty Song* is basis for two suggestions: (1) the song was probably thus appropriated rather frequently by various crews and sung to celebrate themselves; (2) such information as to authorship as is directly offered in folk-song is not necessarily authentic. I am reminded of the following line from the ballad of *Jesse James:* "This song was made by Billy Gashade." Billy's argument would have been more convincing, as would that in the present instance, if it had been offered somewhere free of the requirement of rhyme!

The melody used for Version B is the same as that given for *The Bigler's Crew* (No. 47). I have it also for *California Joe* and another interminable ballad known as *Grandfather's Story*. If the truth be known, I think that this was the tune originally heard for this song by Mrs. Murphy, the singer of Version A; she sang fairly definitely, but was unable to recognize a tune when it was "sung back" to her.

Shoemaker prints a version in his *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, 2d ed., pp. 90–93.

15. THE THREE McFARLANDS

Mr. Gallagher insisted on calling this ballad, in a deprecatory way, "just a home-made song," although he knew nothing of what camp it was made in and knew no such people as the McFarlands, or any of the rest; nor could he locate any of the three towns mentioned in stanza 1. He sang a version of *Gerry's Rocks* to the same melody that he gave for this. It was apparently his general utility tune.

A fine concern team: a team belonging to the company, or "concern."

16. YE MAIDENS OF ONTARIO

The Long Soo: a rapid in the St. Lawrence River.

Lake St. Peter: a lake in the course of the St. Lawrence; the "Lac San Pierre" mentioned in No. 22.

Red pine oars: long sweeps used in controlling rafts on the rivers. Seven or eight men were used at each oar. (See *The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine.*) (The foregoing glosses are by Mr. Hannah.)

The same melody, with a change in rhythm, is used for this and *Morrissey and the Russian Sailor* (No. 48).

17. THE FALLING OF THE PINE

According to Mr. Dean (who prints the piece, pp. 73–74), this song comes from the Georgian Bay region and belongs to the day of "square timber logging," a process once used in Canada. The following explanatory note is from *A Historical Sketch of Canada's Lumber Industry*, by James Lawler, issued by the Department of the Interior, Canada:

"For many years the export trade consisted largely of square timber, that is, timber squared by the axe in the woods. This trade, which employed many hundred sailing ships, had its centre at the port of Quebec, where sometimes as many as three hundred ships were to be seen loading at one time. It reached its highest point about 1870 and since that, owing to the wastefulness of the trade and the dangerous condition in which it left the woods, owing to the chips and débris, it has . . . dwindled away to almost nothing."

A version of this song in Shoemaker, 2d ed., pp. 197–199, shows amusing corruptions. The "Bright Phœbus" of stanza 4 appears in strange guise:

Feeble Phœbie there doth sit,
And we never shall forget,
And our work we will not quit
Till the sun it doth not shine.

18. THE PINERY BOY

Mrs. Olin said she learned this quaint little ballad, which is redolent of the fragrance not only of the pine woods, but of classic balladry as well, shortly after she came to Wisconsin, which she did in 1867. She learned it from a neighbor boy, one Thomas Ward, "a great singer."

The following fragment, given me, without title, by Mrs. M. W. Deputy, of Bemidji, Minnesota, is a part of an older ballad which was apparently the pattern for *The Pinery Boy:*

O father, father, build me a boat
That I may over the ocean float,
And every ship that I sail by,
'Twill be that I'll inquire for my sweet
William, the sailor boy.

O captain, captain, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail with you?
Oh no, my dear, he is not here,
He's drownded in the gulf below.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Just like a lady in dying despair . . .

O father, father, dig me a grave,
And dig it wide and deep.
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,
And a turtle dove upon my breast.

This is the well-known English song *Sweet William*, or *The Sailor Boy*, often met with in this country; for references see Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, p. 353.

19. THE MAINE-ITE IN PENNSYLVANIA

The genuine shanty-boy was a rover. Not only Pennsylvania, but Michigan and Wisconsin, had their full quotas of "State of Maine" men, many of them excellent foremen and bosses.

Mr. Underwood learned this song in 1879.

No artificial German text: shanty-boy's tribute to Pennsylvania's heavy German settlement.

20. DRIVING SAW-LOGS ON THE PLOVER

Another creation of Billy Allen's (composed in 1873), which he sang greatly in the days of singing and which had some currency in Wisconsin. Again the story has no historical basis, except that the Plover was an actual stream, a small tributary of the Wisconsin, joining it just below Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

The tune used, according to Mr. Allen, is that of an old song about a mother's words to her son who went away to the Crimean War. *The Persian's Crew* (No. 46) uses the same tune.

21. FRED SARGENT'S SHANTY SONG

Mr. Horen had no name for these stanzas. Noting certain points of similarity between this and *Jim Porter's Shanty Song*, I suggested the title here given, which was accepted.

22. ON THE LAC SAN PIERRE

A fragment of some folk-version of *The Wreck of the Julie Plant*, by the Canadian poet, Drummond. Described by Mr. Hannah as a "Canuck" song, very popular among the French-Canadian shanty-boys both at home and abroad.

23. THE FESTIVE LUMBERJACK

This song, a sort of cross-section of lumberjack temperament, may be said to illustrate folk-song-making in its decadence. Springstad said that he and a negro called Bill made the song, about 1900, one day during harvest near Crystal, North Dakota. A group of lumberjacks had gone out there from the camps of Minnesota to work in the fields. Springstad re-

ported that he furnished most of the terms and expressions belonging to the lumberjack vernacular, along with certain facts concerning the lumberjack's inner nature. The negro, who was "quite a poet," moulded all this material into verses. My informant said also that the tune had the same source as the stanzas, and examination of the result seems to leave no reason for doubting him. The song was very well known, in Minnesota at least, and lumberjacks have often told me of its having been made famous by "a big nigger" who used to work in the camps. It may have been Bill. According to many who must be regarded as authorities on the matter, the song presents an amazingly faithful picture of its subject.

Porky: porcupine.

Moose-cat: a slang expression, hard of translation, but applied to anyone possessing great ability, strength, or what not.

The long white-aproned man: the bar-keep.

Within a year of time, etc.: further evidence that the shanty-boy was not unaware of the difference between the steadiness of farm life and his own improvident existence.

Peakers: top logs on sled-loads. Jack here poses as a crack loader.

Every jack's a cant-hook man: men skilled in the use of the cant-hook were valuable and highly paid.

That birls the crooked steel: "the crooked steel" was a fancy name for the cant-hook. To "birl" the cant-hook was to twirl it in the hands before taking hold of the log with it — an added mark of skill. The whole expression sometimes had a general meaning of handling the cant-hook skilfully.

24. THE CROW WING DRIVE

Another example from the ravelled ends of song-making, composed by the "White Pine Tom" mentioned in it, who

made it and "sung it on" Springstad ("Arkansaw") when they all returned to Bemidji after the Crow Wing drive here commemorated. The year of composition was not stated, but must have been comparatively recent, as the utilization of the *Casey Jones* tune indicates.

Crow Wing River: a small stream in central Minnesota, joining the Mississippi near Brainerd.

The old Pine Tree: The Pine Tree Lumber Company.

Pushing: a later term for logging, or, perhaps more specifically, driving.

Long Jim Quinn: a foreman.

M. & I.: the Minnesota and International, a short line of railroad from Bemidji south to Brainerd, county seat of Crow County; familiarly known as the "Mike and I."

Humpy Russell: the oldest engineer in the service of the M. & I. at the time. In fact, Springstad accounted for all the characters in this song, — all "real," and good cronies of his in times past. The tendency to include one's friends and locality, a tendency which merely tints the lines of Billy Allen, here usurps the entire song and impoverishes it.

25. THE M. & I. GOO-GOO EYES

And here lies the Song of the White Pine Woods, *sans* originality, *sans* meaning, *sans* everything. The song that was once the embodiment of virile pioneer virtues, a faithful reflection of the ideals of a picturesque and hardy group, and the record of its deeds of valor; the song that rose, filled with the strong and simple qualities of those who made and sang it, drifting up out of the shanty clearings to melt away among the silent pines and the bright white stars, lies here in the ditch of maudlin parody.

This is Arkansaw Springstad's own work, composed at the time when *Just because She made those Goo-goo Eyes* was

popular. He could sing only the chorus for me, and could not recall quite all of the final stanza. Perhaps it is just as well.

26. THE HANGING LIMB

The story of this ballad belongs to Michigan, but the verses may have been composed either there or back in the native country of the hero, who was clearly one of the many hundreds of men who came across into the Michigan woods to work, and who carried to those woods, and later to the camps of Wisconsin and even Minnesota, the large number of "American" woods songs born in Canada.

The falling limb was one of the three or four outstanding dangers which haunted shanty-boy life. The author of *The Blazed Trail* describes it thus:

"When the tree had fallen it had crashed through the top of another, leaving suspended in the branches of the latter a long heavy limb. A slight breeze dislodged it . . . .

"This is the chief of the many perils of the woods. Like crouching pumas the instruments of a man's destruction poise on the spring, sometimes for days. Then swiftly, silently, the leap is made. It is a danger unavoidable, terrible, ever-present."

The text of Version B was copied from a scrap-book of Mrs. Hopkins's, wherein it was written in a miserable handwriting. The blanks in stanzas 8 and 12 indicate undecipherable manuscript. The owner of the book herself could not read it at these places. B. L. Jones records this song (*Folk-Lore from Michigan*, p. 4).

27. HARRY BAIL

The tragedy of this ballad, which the first line of stanza 2 would seem to locate in Michigan, is not strictly one of shanty life; but it still belongs to the pine woods. These mills, of

varying size and capacity, on the lakes and rivers of the logging country, gave employment to many woodsmen at one time or another, especially in the summer. The hero of *The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire* in the summer time "tail-sawed in a mill at Mosinee."

The maker of this song, however, shows a decided leaning toward moralizing. The narrative of the piece and the manly qualities of the hero seem to be present only that the moralizing may go forward.

LaPeer County is in the southeastern part of lower Michigan.

Mrs. Hopkins's scrap-book is again replete with undecipherable words. Some of these the context made clear; others were even beyond surmise.

This ballad has already been printed by Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 172–173 ("Harry Bale"); Shoemaker, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, pp. 79–80 ("Harry Bell"); Tolman and Eddy, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxxv, 375 ("Harry Bale"). Lomax's version gives the date of the accident as April 29, 1879; Shoemaker's as April 10, 1879; Tolman and Eddy's, which is fragmentary, omits the date. Stanza 4, line 3, which is unintelligible in the present text, runs, in Lomax, "In lowering of the feed bar throwing the carriage into gear"; in Shoemaker, "He took hold of the lever, threw the carriage into gear."

28. SHANTY TEAMSTER'S MARSEILLAISE

This text is from a manuscript sent me by Mr. George F. Will, of Bismarck, North Dakota, who secured the stanzas from the recitation of Mr. E. R. Steinbrueck, of Mandan. The following comment, from Mr. Steinbrueck, accompanied the manuscript:

"When that song was sounded nights in the lumber shanty there was a break-up of the teamsters in the morning that you could bet your last pair of mocassin strings on. At no other occasion the thought of that song, among many others, entered the head of anybody. . . . That was during the years 1871–76."

The ballad has been printed by Mr. Will in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi, 187.

29. THE FATAL OAK

The text of this song was sent me by Mr. Lee Todd, of Cornell, Wisconsin, with this comment: "The following verse was written by Mrs. Abbie Payne, a past resident of North Bear Lake, Wisconsin. I cannot say definitely where the accident took place, but it was on the Kickapoo River somewhere between Steuben and Wauzeka. It happened about fifty years ago [1873]. Anson DeJeans, the captain of the party, was somewhere between twenty and twenty-five years of age."

The cause of the tragedy is more easily comprehended when one remembers that the risen streams in the spring often undermine the roots of trees along the banks and cause them to fall.

Mr. Todd told me that these verses were sung in the early days, and named two old pioneers who could still sing them. Mrs. Payne was well known as a local song-maker who used as the basis of her songs happenings (usually tragic) which took place in her locality. She is credited with another song, known as *The Shattuck Song* or *The Song of Mrs. Shattuck*, which records an accident much the same as that of *The Fatal Oak*, and which was well known in southern Wisconsin in the seventies and eighties.

30. THE RIVER IN THE PINES

Mr. William Bartlett, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, sent me this piece, which he secured "from Ruth F. G." Beneath the title in the manuscript of the melody was the gloss, "The Chippewa River, Wisconsin."

31. THE MERRY SHANTY BOYS

I am indebted to Professor Kittredge for this text, which pictures in vivid detail and in the most jovial of moods shanty life of the earlier day.

32. SILVER JACK

The following comment is from Mr. Lomax, from whose *Cowboy Songs*, pp. 331 ff., the present version of *Silver Jack* is reprinted: "I have always especially enjoyed another lumberjack ballad which you do not mention, entitled 'Silver Jack.' Silver Jack was a well-known character in the Michigan yards." As Mr. Lomax indicates, this ballad was adopted by the cowboys of the southeast. He printed the same text in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxviii, 9–10 (1915), with the following note: "'Silver Jack' . . . was sent to me by Professor Edwin F. Gay. . . . He says that he got it from a lumber-camp in northern Michigan, and that it is probably not an original lumber-jack ballad. It is, however, very popular among the lumbermen. And Silver Jack, the hero of the poem, was a real person who lived near Saginaw, Michigan, and was well known among the camp and lumbermen as a hard case. About the same time that Professor Gay sent me this song, I received practically the identical song from Bay City, Tex. Thus one copy has come to me from lumbermen near Canada, and another from the canal-diggers close to the line of Old Mexico. . . . This particular ballad has a suspicious resemblance to newspaper verse." See also Pound, *Poetic Origins and*

the Ballad, p. 229, where there are conjectures as to the authorship.

33. BUNG YER EYE

This text is reprinted from *The Blazed Trail*. No title is given the song there; but on the strength of the fact that there was a well-known song called *Bung yer Eye*, and by reason of several encouraging hints, which I reproduce below, I presume to the extent of naming the song. This version of three stanzas, although it forms a sort of unity, is perhaps not the whole of the piece. Lomax, pp. 252–253, prints a text (*The Shanty Boy*) which is almost word for word identical with this.

The following comments have bearing on this song one way or another. The first is from *Paul Bunyan and his Big Blue Ox*, written and illustrated by W. B. Laughead, for the Red River Lumber Company, of Minneapolis: "After supper they [Paul's Seven Axemen] would sit on the deacon seat in the bunk shanty and sing *Shanty Boy* and *Bung Yer Eye* till the folks in the settlements down on the Atlantic would think another nor'wester was blowing up." Mr. Lomax ascribes the authorship of some song having the same refrain as this one to the aforementioned Silver Jack: "And I have another song by him which has the refrain 'Bung your eye, bung your eye!'" And in reply to an inquiry of mine concerning this song and a fragment (printed below), Mr. Stewart Edward White wrote: "The two songs you mention I can say very little more for than that in the eighties they were favorites with the shanty-boys. The Danny Randall song was probably 'Bung Yer Eye,' as you suggest. All these songs — like genuine cowboy songs — had many verses that varied with the locality. As to the other, I don't know its official name. Both songs are genuine, however."

In *The Blazed Trail* Mr. White describes the singing of *Bung yer Eye* thus: "A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure [here is given the stanza] . . . and then with a rattle and a crash the whole Fighting Forty shrieked out the chorus." The melody of the stanza he describes as "a mere minor chant."

The fragment (from *The Blazed Trail*), which belongs to *The Logger's Boast* (Gray, pp. 18–21), is worth printing because it shows local adaptation:

Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan,
Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to a shanty-man.
On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow,
Oh! — we'll range the wild woods o'er and a-lumbering we go.

The music of our burnished axe shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine shall tumble to the ground.
At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow.
Oh! — we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumbering we go.

Gray's text has "throughout the State of Maine" and "on the banks of the Penobscot."

Another fragment of this same *Logger's Boast* corresponding to Gray's sixth stanza, was recited for me by Mr. Emmet Horen, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin:

When spring it does come and our ice-bound streams are free,
We will drive our logs to market our southern friends to see.
Our sweethearts they will welcome us, their eyes with rapture glow;
We'll spend the summer with them and again a-lumbering go.

34. FRAGMENTS OF SHANTY SONGS

I. An unnamed fragment given me by Mrs. Douglas McKay, then of Park River, North Dakota. Her father, an old woodsman in Canada and Minnesota, recited the lines for her.

II. A ragged fragment of a Michigan woodsman's bacchanal, recited for me by Mr. Ava Smith, of Charlevoix, Michigan. I cannot vouch for the spelling of the proper names. The reciter could give me no help in the matter beyond reproducing the sound he remembered hearing.

III. A fragment of a ballad called *Kenneth Cameron*, Mr. Springstad told me. The story of the song runs thus. Two drivers, Reading and McCrae, were out breaking a centre jam which had formed on a rock in a rapids. Their boat was washed away from them, leaving them stranded on the jam, which was beginning to loosen. (In here occur the lines given.) Springstad was not sure whether Cameron succeeded in reaching the two men, but the bateau was poled for nearly an hour, he said, either by Cameron or the three of them, when finally he, or they, let the boat get too far crosswise and the swift current swamped it and the men were lost. Gilboyd was the foreman. James was a driver, and a married man. Cameron was an experienced boatman, and single. (Springstad.)

35. THE BACKWOODSMAN

Mr. Bale secured this song from his grandmother, Mrs. M. A. Bearfield, of Ollie, Montana. Mrs. Bearfield was born in Wisconsin in 1851, and had learned *The Backwoodsman* from her grandparents, who came, Bale thought, from Connecticut.

36. OLE FROM NORWAY

Mrs. Hastings told me that *Ole from Norway* was a song from the "tie drive" in the Medicine Bow Mountains in southeastern Wyoming, where it has been used for the past thirty years. She knew no melody for it. The words were probably poured into the mould of some music-hall tune.

Som lever, etc.: that is, *Som lever paa Lodsfisk og Sil*,— "who lives on pilot-fish and launce."

37. FAIR CHARLOTTE

A widely prevalent song, supposed to be a native of Vermont and to be based upon an actual event. Barry (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii, 367, 442; xxv, 156) ascribes it to William Lorenzo Carter, of Benson or Bensontown, Vermont, before 1833. For further references see Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, p. 286. Dean prints a version, pp. 57–58, and sang the ballad for me, using a variant of the melody here recorded, which he said he learned in the shanties over in New York State in the eighteen-seventies.

38. JAMES BIRD

This ballad, written by Mr. Charles Miner, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was first printed in Mr. Miner's paper, *The Gleaner*, sometime in April, 1814. Though Mr. Miner was not a singer, and wrote the poem with no thought of its being used as a song, it was appropriated almost overnight by the folk, and for nearly a century it held a dominant position among the songs of the American people. The stanzas have been printed so often, and with such uniformity of text, that their inclusion here is deemed unnecessary. For a text of the ballad see Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, pp. 93–97. For the original text, and an interesting account of the composition of the ballad and of the facts out of which the ballad grew, see Charles Francis Richardson and Elizabeth Miner (Thomas) Richardson, *Charles Miner, a Pennsylvania Pioneer*, pp. 67–76.

Mr. Hankins learned this shanty-boy version of the ballad while working in the Minnesota woods about 1874. He had a typical folk-impression of Bird's "murder."

39. THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW

This ballad, celebrating the dramatic sinking of the Cumberland by the Confederate iron-clad, Merrimac, off Newport News in 1862, was described to me by Mr. Milloy as "a great favorite among the boys." He said further that many a time after he had sung it in the shanties one of the gang would speak up to say that if *he* could sing that song like Milloy could, *he*'d quit workin'! This was a common form of strong approval.

For a text of this ballad, with references and variant lines, see Gray, *Songs and Ballads*, pp. 162–165. Dean, pp. 36–37, also prints a version; also Shoemaker, 2d ed., pp. 211–212.

40. THE HUNTERS OF KAINTUCKY

The Hunters of Kentucky — often printed anonymously in song-books and broadsides, and included as by an "unknown" author in B. E. Stevenson's *Poems of American History*, pp. 326–327 — was written in 1822 by Samuel Woodworth, the poet of *The Old Oaken Bucket*. It may be found in his *Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads* (New York, 1826, pp. 221–223), where it is said (p. 252) to have been written for "Keene" (that is, Arthur Keene, a native of Ireland, who appeared first on the American stage in 1817, and soon became famous as a tenor singer) and the tune is designated as "Miss Baily" — that is, of course, Coleman's famous song beginning "A captain bold of Halifax." A copy in *The American Naval and Patriotic Songster* (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 56–58, is marked "As sung by Mr. Ludlow in the New-Orleans and Western Country Theatres." See N. M. Ludlow, *Dramatic Life as I Found It*, pp. 237–238, 241, 250–251. I give the tune that was sung for me by Mr. Hankins, but as his text of the poem is slightly defective, I print instead, as

Version B, the text from Woodworth's volume. Note that Mr. Hankins's refrain differs slightly from that of the original.

For this tune and an account of it, see W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii, 713–714, under the title "The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess." I quote the following from the comment there: "The earliest form in which I have found this tune is as 'No more, fair virgins, boast your power,' introduced in *Love in a Riddle*, in 1729. It has three other names, *The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess*, *Ally Croaker*, and *The Unfortunate Miss Bailey*."

The hunters of Kentucky were the Kentucky riflemen, about two thousand in number, who figured so dominantly in General Andrew Jackson's repulse of the forces of the British General, Packenham, at New Orleans, January 8, 1815.

For most of this note I am indebted to Professor Kittredge and Mr. R. G. Shaw.

41. THE FLYING CLOUD

This is the ballad of which it was said that, in order to get a job in the Michigan camps, one had to be able to sing it through from end to end!

Gray, *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*, pp. 116–123, prints two versions, one from Maine and the other from Michigan, and refers to still others from Nova Scotia (Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, pp. 151–153) and Scotland (Greig, *Folk-Songs of the North-East*, cxviii). Colcord, *Roll and Go*, pp. 72–75, also prints a version with a melody and several paragraphs of comment on the song and its background. The name of the speaker varies: "Edward Hollohan" (Maine), "Edward Hallahan" (Michigan), "Robert Anderson" (Nova Scotia), "William Hollander" (Scotland), "Willie Hollander" (Dean, pp. 1–2), "Edward Hollander" (Colcord). The melody recorded by Colcord is a variant of the one given here.

42. THE CLIPPER SHIP DREADNAUGHT

Properly a sea ballad. But the "woods were full" of Irishmen who had literally sailed the Seven Seas. The high seas, mixed with piracy or not, had a largeness about them which appealed to shanty-boy nature. For other texts see Colcord, *Roll and Go*, pp. 89–91; Whall, *Sea Songs and Shanties*, 4th edition (Glasgow, 1920), pp. 12–13; S. B. Luce, *Naval Songs*, 2d edition, p. 63; *Partridge's New National Songster*, ii, 131; Wehman broadside, No. 742.

The text here printed is from Dean, pp. 58–59. Colcord records a melody whose relationship to the present one is slightly traceable.

43. BOLD DANIEL

Bold Daniel has some resemblance to *The Saucy Dolphin* (Greig, *Folk-Songs of the North-East*, cxxv), which begins:

> On the fourteenth of June, my boys,
> In Liverpool where we lay,
> A-waiting for fresh orders,
> Our anchors for to weigh.

Both songs may be imitated from *Hawke's Engagement* (Firth, *Naval Songs and Ballads*, p. 217: "The Fourteenth of September, in Torbay as we lay"). The present text is from Dean, pp. 39–40.

44. PAUL JONES, THE PRIVATEER

Colcord, *Roll and Go*, pp. 60–62, prints a text of this vigorous old sea ballad, which is known also as *The Ranger*, *The Yankee Man-of-War*, and *The Stately Southerner*, and which "recounts an exploit of John Paul Jones off the Irish coast in his privateer, the Ranger, which was fitted out in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1777" (p. 61). The melody recorded by Colcord resembles faintly the one given here.

King Sail: i.e., *Kinsale.*

45. RED IRON ORE

A Great Lakes ballad celebrating the earlier traffic in iron ore from Michigan. It follows perfectly its model, the sea ballad of the *Clipper Ship Dreadnaught* type, a sort of log of the trip. The element of monotony is somewhat relieved in this case by the feat of overhauling the Minch.

This text is printed by Dean, pp. 12–14. The melody given here is a variant of that used for *The Little Brown Bulls* (No. 13). The refrain words are identical.

46. THE PERSIAN'S CREW

An elegiac ballad commemorating a tragedy shrouded in mystery. An instance of how the old singers put themselves into their songs is afforded by Mr. Milloy, the singer of the version of which only the melody is given (B). Instead of singing "they" he sang "we," quite forgetting that no one escaped from the unhappy Persian.

The text of Version A is printed by Dean, pp. 29–30. The melody given for this version is that of Billy Allen's *Driving Saw-Logs on the Plover* (No. 20). Colcord also prints the ballad *The Persian's Crew*, pp. 111–112, with a melody different from either of those recorded here.

47. THE BIGLER'S CREW

This time from Milwaukee to Buffalo. Otherwise not very different, if one excepts the refrain, which makes the singing of the ballad almost an all-day affair. The various "crew" songs and ballads are parallel to the "shanty-man's life" songs in many respects.

This text is printed by Dean, pp. 19–20. Colcord prints a version (*The Cruise of the Bigler*), pp. 109–111, with a melody which varies very little from the one given here.

48. MORRISSEY AND THE RUSSIAN SAILOR

This text is printed (without the tune) by Dean, pp. 4–5. A variant may be found in *Delaney's Song Book No. 17*, p. 21. This puts the fight on the tenth of March, and has one more stanza after the eighth of Mr. Dean's version:

> The Irish offered four to one that day upon the grass,
> No sooner said than taken up, and down they brought the cash.
> They parried away without delay to the 32d round,
> When Morrissey received a blow that brought him to the ground.

See also Manus O'Conor, *Old Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland*, p. 30.

The hero of this ballad, — John Morrissey (1831–1878), pugilist, gambler, M. C. from New York, State Senator, — fought many battles — with George Thompson ("Pete Crawley's Big 'Un," whose real name is said to have been Bob M'Laren), on Mare Island, California, in 1852; with James Sullivan (known as Yankee Sullivan) at Boston Corners, New York, in 1853; with Heenan, the Benicia Boy, at Long Point, Canada, in 1858: — not to speak of less formal combats like that with Bill Poole celebrated in the ballad of *Rough and Tumble, or The Amos Street Fight* (Andrews broadside, New York, List 1, No. 91). But no trace of any combat with a Russian sailor has been discovered in Morrissey annals. See *Life of John Morrissey, the Irish Boy who Fought his Way to Fame and Fortune* (New York, 1878); *The World* (New York), May 2, 1878; *New York Semi-Weekly Tribune*, May 3, 1878, p. 12; John B. McCormick, *The Square Circle* (New York, 1897), pp. 100–111; *The Great Prize Fight which Took Place at Boston Corners* (Andrews broadside, List 1, No. 90); *Morrissey and Heenan Fight* (De Marsan broadside, List 7, No. 69; cf. O'Conor, *Irish Com-all-ye's*, p. 44). (Kittredge.)

49. HEENAN AND SAYERS

Professor Kittredge has given me the following note:

This ballad (printed by Dean, pp. 24–25), celebrates the great fight between Tom Sayers (1826–1865), then champion of the prize ring, and John C. Heenan (the Benicia Boy), which took place on April 17, 1860, at Farnborough, Hampshire. In the thirty-seventh round, after two hours and six minutes of fighting, the ring was invaded by the mob. The struggle went on, after a fashion, for five rounds more, so that its actual duration was two hours and twenty minutes (see H. D. Miles, *Pugilistica*, Edinburgh, 1906, iii, 427–433; Ed. James, *The Life and Battles of John C. Heenan*, pp. 5–17). The result was declared a draw, but Sayers retired from the championship in the following month. A broadside song of the period (Bebbington, Manchester, No. 495), entitled *Heenan the Irish Yankee*, makes Heenan say:

> "Well! here I am, my lads! your bouncing will not daunt me;
> I am the bold Benicia Boy — the proud Hibernian Yankee;
> I am come to lick your man; right well I begin it,
> Before him I did stand two hours and six minutes."

It is interesting to note the contradiction between the accounts given by two distinguished men who witnessed the fight. According to Locker-Lampson, "the battle ended in a disgraceful scene of riot and blackguardism, especially among the backers of Sayers, who as soon as they saw their money was in extreme peril, broke into the ring" (*My Confidences*, 2d edition, 1896, p. 258). Lord Redesdale (then Mr. Mitford) saw with other eyes: "There can be no reasonable doubt that if Heenan's friends, seeing his plight, had not forced their way inside the ropes and broken the ring, five more minutes must inevitably have given Tom Sayers a glorious victory" (*Memories*, 5th edition, 1915, i, 121). John Mackenzie of New York,

the author of a broadside ballad on "Heenan and Sayers," of course agrees with Locker-Lampson:

But then the thirty-seventh round came on to be the last;
The Briton's friends they plainly saw their man was failing fast;
When Heenan gave him another blow, which made them feel
forlorn —
The Briton's friends jumped in the ring and said the fight was
drawn.

(De Marsan broadside, List 11, No. 37; Wehman broadside, No. 690; *Henry de Marsan's Comic and Sentimental Singer's Journal*, ii, 21.)

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 12, 1860, gives a full account of the fight, with remarkable pictures from ringside sketches by Alfred Berghaus. One of them covers four pages. That which figures Round 37 includes in its legend the statement: "The friends of both parties break into the ring, and the scene becomes one of the wildest excitement, amidst cries of 'Police! police!'"

An English song sounds impartial:

And when the Hampshire bobbies did break into the ring,
There was no doubt tho' both good men were glad for to give in,
Long tifling, boxing, fighting, lots of claret they did spill.
Like two game cocks they would have fought till they did each
other kill.

(*Sayers and Heenan's Struggle for the Championship and £400*, broadside, Bebbington, No. 475). The police did, in fact, interfere when the disorder became violent.

Punch (April 28, 1860) published a poetical account of the fight in the style of *Horatius at the Bridge: The Combat of Sayerius and Heenanus, A Lay of Ancient London* (reprinted in *Pugilistica*, ii, 439–443). This has been ascribed to Thackeray.

There are several other British and American songs on this fight: see De Marsan broadsides, List 10, No. 24; List 11, Nos. 22, 25, 34–38, 84; *Arlington's Comic Banjo Songster* (Philadelphia, copyright 1860), pp. 12–14.

50. THE DYING SOLDIER

An immigrant song growing out of Irish service in the British army in India. "Brittania's Queen," referred to in some versions of the song, became Empress of India in 1876. Dean (pp. 5–6) prints a version of this song.

Mr. Ross has sung a great many songs and ballads for me. On one occasion we were sitting at this work, and Mrs. Ross was sewing near-by. Upon hearing her husband state after at least five or six songs that evening, "I learned that one my first winter in the woods," she remarked quietly, "You must have had a lot to do that first winter in the woods!"

51. DANIEL MONROE

For this song — also known as *Donald Monroe*, *Monroe's Tragedy*, and *The Sons of North Britain* — see Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack*, 1869, pp. 413–415 (from a Scottish chapbook of about 1778); Mackenzie, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxv, 184–185; Barry, the same, xxvi, 183–184. The two latter variants are from Nova Scotia. (Kittredge.)

This was another ballad that Mr. Ross learned that "first winter in the woods."

GLOSSARY AND INDEXES

GLOSSARY

The following definitions are those of a few of the terms and expressions found in the shanty-boy's vocabulary.

Bateau. A flat-bottomed but not ungraceful boat of the skiff variety, varying somewhat in pattern in different localities, used on the waters of the logging country.

Birl. To revolve or whirl. Specifically applied to revolving a log in the water while standing on it; "rolling it squirrel fashion with the feet" (White). Broadly it came to mean to handle or manipulate skilfully, as applied to anything. "To birl the crooked steel" (*The Festive Lumber-jack*) meant to handle the cant-hook or peavy skilfully.

Birler. One skilled in birling or rolling. A "white water birler" meant a skilful and daring riverman generally. Paul Bunyan was said to be able to "birl a log till the bark came off and then run ashore on the bubbles." The "broncho busting" of the riverman was the "log rolling," a birling contest between two men on the same log, the object of each being to dislodge the other.

Boom. An enclosure formed by logs chained end to end, in which other logs were gathered and held — corralled, the cowboy would say. When different owners had logs driven down the same stream at the same time, the logs were thus separated at their destination. Such enclosures, filled with logs and secured by chains and lines, were often towed long distances, as across lakes, to the mills.

Boot-pack. A heavy and roomy foot-wear, usually of rubber, somewhat higher than a shoe, buckled or laced. Its roominess allowed the wearing of several pairs of thick woolen socks. This was worn mainly in the winter or cutting period, giving way to the calked shoe or boot on the drive.

Cant-hook. An implement consisting of a strong handle perhaps five feet in length, from about the lower third of which swings a large steel hook. Used in rolling or moving logs, as in loading and unloading, decking, or piling, the logs at the roll-ways. Although simple in design and principle, a difficult instrument to learn to use efficiently.

Centre jam. A log jam which forms free of the banks of the stream, usually upon some rock or obstruction amid stream.

Corks (*calks*). Sharp spikes screwed or driven into the soles of the riverman's boots. They were indispensable in driving logs, as they alone guaranteed sureness of footing on floating logs.

Crib. A raft.

Cross-haul. A line (chain) used in the early days in loading logs. Cross-haul loading, in spite of the fact that it has been superseded by the modern (but less romantic) steam loaders, served the shanty-boy long and well. The process required four men: a loader, or top-loader, whose position was on the sled; two cant-hook men, who controlled the progress of the log up the incline; and the cross-haul man, who drove the animal by which the log was drawn up. The cant-hook men having put a log in position at the base of the pieces inclined from the ground against the sled, or the load, at whatever stage it might be, a line was passed across the load from the side opposite the log to be loaded, over and under the log, and the end hooked firmly to the sled-bunk or the load. When this was done, the cross-haul man hooked his animal to the other end of the line and drove forward, rolling the log up the incline. The two cant-hook men saw to it that the log went up evenly. At the psychological moment the loader shouted the cross-haul man a halting signal, and putting his cant-hook to the log, dropped it squarely where it was needed on the load. This makes clear the degree of the lumber-jack's boasting when he intimates that his "peakers" rise so high that his cross-haul man has to work by a code of signals, as the loader's "Whoa!" could not be heard so far below! (See *The Festive Lumber-jack.*)

Cruiser. A "land-looker." "The cruiser's duty is to establish definitely the company's boundary lines and to estimate the amount of lumber that can be obtained from the land within these confines. Using his compass, the cruiser paces off the boundaries of an acre of land. Though going through thick underbrush, often having to chop his way through, or clambering up a steep hillside covered by a slippery carpet of pine-needles, the cruiser will not miss his paced measurement by as much as a foot. After measuring off the acre, he looks at the trees and estimates the exact size of each one large enough for cutting, the amount of lumber obtainable from each such tree in the acre, and thus how much there will be to the acre. It is uncanny to see an old cruiser at

work. A mere glance at a tree tells him its circumference in inches, another its height in feet; and almost as by magic he sets down the amount of linear feet of lumber which, with the most economical cutting and sawing, can be had from that tree." (Miss Helen Blymyer, Pomona College: Student essay on *Logging*.)

Deacon seat. A bench, or more properly a shelf, consisting usually of a single wide board, projecting from the lower tier of berths or bunks in the bunk-shanty or sleeping quarters. This seat extended thus practically entirely around the room. In the centre stood the stove. The deacon seat was the only seating facility offered by the ordinary camp, if one excepts the floor. It was the shanty-boy's throne, where of olden days he sat after supper and smoked and talked, told stories, or sang. See illustration, page 70.

Drive. The shanty-boy's "round-up." The floating of the winter's cut down the stream to market when the ice went out in the spring. It was the climax of the year's work, significant somewhat for its many dangers, but mainly for the fact that it immediately preceded the shanty-boy's annual celebration: the spending of his stake.

Driver. A man employed on the drive. A riverman.

Fleet. A group of rafts under the command of a pilot.

Go-devil. A stubby, sled-like affair, three or four feet in length, shaped like the letter A with the point turned up. Used in skidding logs, especially large ones. The front end of the log was hauled up on the go-devil and secured by a single wrap of chain. The skidding team, or yoke of oxen, was hitched to the point of the diminutive sled and the log half-sledded, half-dragged to the skidways. See illustration, page 66.

Jam. A congestion and piling-up of logs on the drive. Preventing jams, or breaking them if they formed in spite of him, was the principal care of the driver. Some logging rivers were famous, or notorious, for their jams, literally dozens of them occurring on every drive. Jams were variously caused: by a sharp turn in the channel of the stream, by obstruction amid stream, by the confluence of two streams, or by any condition which interrupted the straight flow of the current and set the logs to swirling, or as the cowboy might say, "milling."

Jam-pike. An implement consisting of a pole or shaft twelve or fifteen feet long, with a combined spike and hook at one end. The

point of the spike had a slight spiral twist, so that, when once struck forcibly into a log, it stuck fast until the pole was given a turn backwards — unscrewed, as it were. The jam-pike was used in "punching" logs — handling and guiding them, especially in still water. Also called a pike-pole.

Jobber. One who takes a contract to get out the timber in a certain territory for a company.

Landing. A place along the stream where the winter's cut of logs is piled on the bank, and even down onto the ice. The logs are piled parallel to the stream, and when the ice goes out in the spring, the landings are "broken down" into the swollen river, inaugurating the drive.

Loader. Specifically, the man who stands on the sled and receives and guides into place the logs drawn up by the cross-haul. Sometimes called the top-loader. A position requiring skill with the cant-hook, and considerable agility and presence of mind.

Peavy. A tool exactly like the cant-hook except that the handle ends in a spike. The peavy is the driver's constant companion and is indispensable to him.

Mossback. A farmer. Sometimes spelled "mothback."

Pike-pole. See Jam-pike.

Pilot. A man in charge of a fleet of rafts. He is, of course, a skilled riverman and thoroughly familiar, not only with the river on which he is rafting, but also with rivers and their ways generally. The Ross Gamble mentioned in *On the Banks of the Little Eau Pleine*, and the "Sailor Jack" O'Brien mentioned in *The Shanty-boy on the Big Eau Claire*, were such pilots.

Raft. Logs or lumber banded together for floating down the larger rivers. *See also* Rapids piece.

Raftsman. One employed in managing rafts, as against driving loose logs.

Rapids piece. A section of a raft. So called because when approaching a dangerous rapids the raft was divided for easier handling in the passage.

Riverman. A shanty-boy employed on the drive. A driver.

Roll-way. Logs or trimmed trunks laid down, twelve or fifteen feet apart, to receive the logs piled at the landings. They facilitated piling or decking the logs through the winter and breaking them out and rolling them into the river in the spring.

Scaler. The man who computed the amount of lumber in the logs cut. He computed this by a mathematical process based on the diameter of the log at the smaller end. As he scaled each log, he marked it. He usually worked at the landings.

Shanty. Any of the several buildings comprising a logging camp. In the plural, means a camp. Thus: "To the shanties he will not go."

Shanty-boy. A member of a logging crew. A lumber-jack. In the golden days of logging the woodsman evidently preferred the name "shanty-boy." At least it is the word he uses most generally in referring to himself. Probably owes its prevalence to the Irish.

Shingle-bolt. A short billet of wood, usually cedar, from which shingles were hewn or sawed.

Skidding. The process of drawing the saw-log from where the tree was felled to the skidway. The log was dragged by oxen or horses. The skidding of larger logs was facilitated by the use of a go-devil. See illustration, page 66.

Skidway. The point to which the logs were skidded, and where they were piled convenient for loading on sleighs for hauling to the landings. The skidways were at points along the prepared roads from the river back into the timber.

Stake. Specifically, the collective term for the shanty-boy's earnings for a season, which he drew in a lump after the drive, or when he quit the camp for any reason. The amount of a full year's stake varied between two hundred and six hundred dollars, depending upon the rate of pay. More generally, a "stake" was any considerable sum of money in the shanty-boy's possession and at his disposal.

Sucker. A derisive term applied to the new man in the shanties, or more particularly on the river, as in rafting.

Swamper. A man whose work was that of clearing the fallen tree of limbs, knots, etc., and preparing the way generally for the sawyers, who cut the trunks into logs. Also worked at cutting and clearing the roads. The swamper stood on the first and lowest rung of the shanty-boy ladder.

Switch-hog. A small engine used on log trains. A switch engine.

Tote team. The team used in bringing supplies overland by sled from the trading centres to the camps. In early days these hauls were scores of miles. Horses were used, even in the days of oxen,

because of their superior speed and endurance. The sled was the *tote sled.*

Wanigan (also *wangan* and *wanagan*). (1) The store or canteen in the camp, maintained by the company, where the shanty-boy obtained what he needed or wanted in the way of clothing, tobacco, etc. (2) A large, heavy boat or scow, generally enclosed, in charge of the cook and his helpers, which followed the drive down and was the base of provisions and supplies and the general headquarters on the drive. See illustration, page 47.

White water. The riverman's highly descriptive name for rapids or any rough passage in a river. "Paul Bunyan was a 'white water bucko' and rode water so rough it would tear an ordinary man in two even to drink out of the river." (W. B. Laughead, in *Paul Bunyan and his Big Blue Ox*). See illustration, page 47.

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